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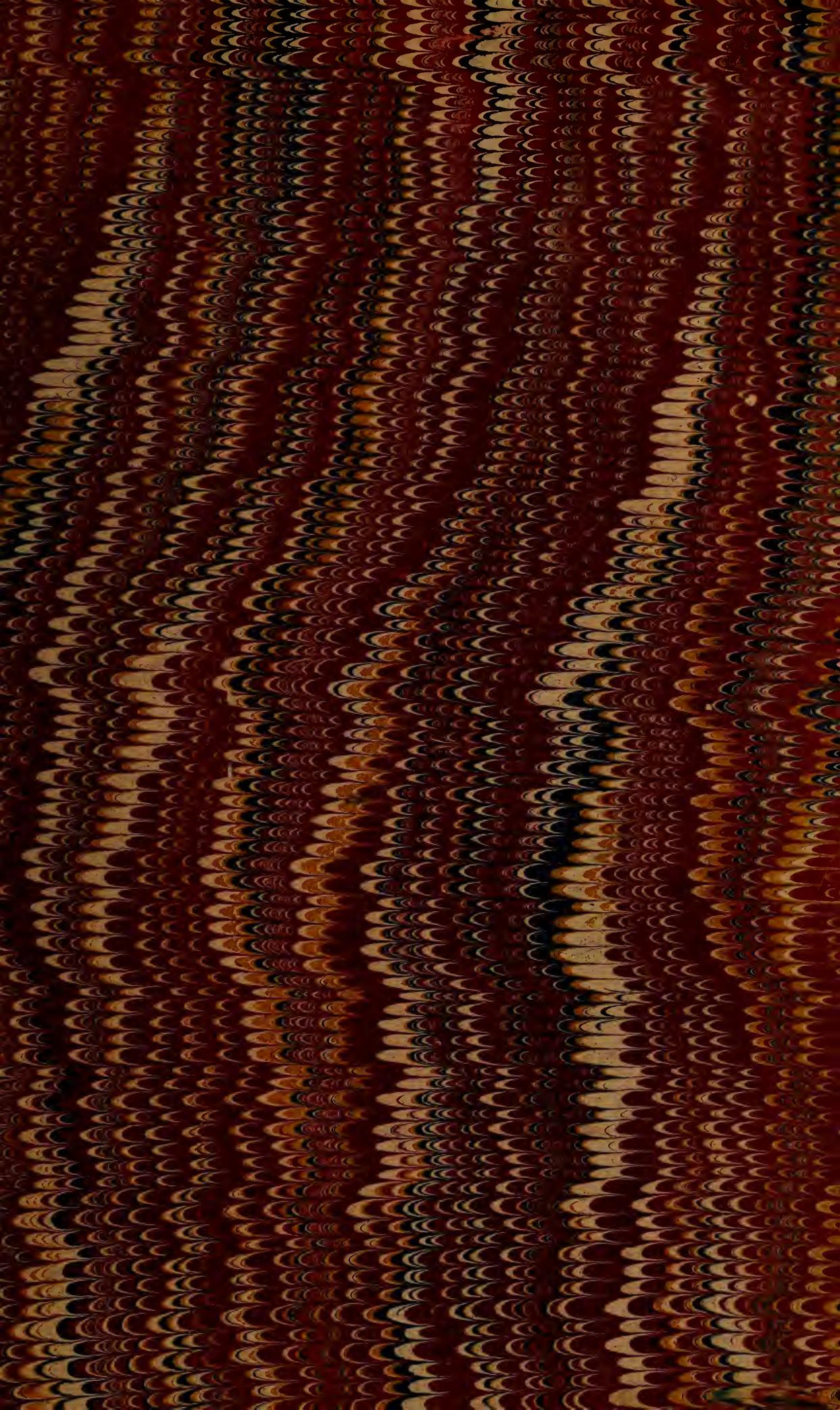
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NAZARITE THEOLOGY,

EMBRACING

Some Things Old and many Things New

FROM GOD.

Including an Experience of the Writer,



A. REDDY, a *Cosmopolite*,

SIX MONTHS A PRISONER FOR THE WORD OF GOD, THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST, AND THE GUIDINGS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

“Behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison.”—JESUS.

“So I come to do Thy will, O God!”—THE NAZAREN.

“Earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the Saints.”—JUDE.

“We speak the wisdom of God in a MYSTERY—even the hidden wisdom which was ordained for our glory.” “According to the revelation of the MYSTERY, which hath been kept secret since the world began.”—PAUL,

PUBLISHED BY

A. REDDY & DE WITT BAKER,

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INTRODUCTION.

In giving these thoughts to the reader, I remark:

1st. It was not sought or chosen nor even thought of as making a book, but I was brought in sight of it in a manner *providentially* by reading a published *article*, which I saw to be injurious to the *truth* and to the Church of God. Hence God called me to write the author a friendly and faithful letter, calculated to clear up the *mist*, and thus do away its mischievous tendencies, requesting its publication. But having little hope in that direction, and before mailing the letter, I saw an amount of truth which should be *published* that *could not* be embraced in a single letter. I then began to see as I wrote a simple *tract* before me; but here it is—a *Book*, a good many times the size anticipated.

2d. It has been half a year in writing, it is now two years and more; hence it is not the production of *hasty impulse*, but *thoughtfully, carefully* and *prayerfully* written and prepared. Some parts of it have been written and *examined* in the *forest* or “*wilderness*” where Jesus spent much of his time—his short stay on the earth, where the air is pure, and where the influence of *unbelief* and *prejudice* is not so *directly* felt. And then, too, like the Apostle Paul, “I had no certain dwelling place,” or like Jesus, “had not where to lay my head.”

3d. I have written what *I believe* and what God calls me to preach and *defend*. And with all my caution to avoid *prominence*, I am called to stand in the *forefront* of the hottest battle in this *aggressive* war and *fight of faith* against *unbelieving religious devils* of this generation.

4th. I have written some thoughts which will be “*new*” to the reader, which are not found in books. Don’t reject them because they *are new*, but *examine* them; you *may* see the *truth* and bearing, and profit by them. Some “*new*” *ideas* and thoughts have been found of great advantage to men, though repulsed at first.

5th. I have written some things for which I shall be *dispised* and *persecuted*, because I have written *against the devil*, and the inexperience and *unbelief* which gives him such advantage in this *war*. Satan don’t want this *secret* region lighted up, exposed and taken from him.

6th. I have written some things, which I have tried to avoid, and *I would have softened*, lest it should strike too heavy on the *acute sense*, and also upon the *senseless* and *false* modesty of this “*adulterous generation*.” But, on examining each sentence, each word, *I could not* alter it and please God. Yet I have used none other than *chaste* language, and a reference to Scripture history and *intent*.

7th. I have been pressed by the Spirit for many years, at times, to do what I could to perfect “*that which is lacking*” in the *faith* of the church,—so called. To bring her up or back to the Spirit of Pentecost, to that *faith* so much needed, which others also preach and argue the necessity of, and complain of its *absence* in the church as the cause of “*lean-ness*” and want of efficiency and power, viz: “*The faith* which was once delivered to the *saints*,” *which casts out devils, which believes and obeys God*, and sees men, and devils too, just the same as ever, except more skilled on the side of *evil*, because of more experience by

eighteen centuries of conflict against the Holy Ghost and the church.

8th. I have written the "words of truth and soberness," and yet I may be called by some, to use their phrase, a "monomaniac," *i. e.* sane on all subjects except religion. *I am that* just in the same sense as Paul the Apostle was, as expressed in these words, *viz.*: "I determined to know *nothing* among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." "A fool for Christ's sake, that ye may be *wise in Christ*."

9th. The writing of *some* of my *miraculous*, wonderful experience in my *religious* history, was *not* contemplated in this work till of late. I have been directed to *write it*, while with some other parts the *general end or design* was contemplated soon after the commencement. Give the whole a candid and patient investigation. God bless you with the knowledge of Christ Jesus as *your* Saviour, that the reader and the writer may be "found in him" without *spot, or wrinkle, or blemish*, on the general and *final* "judgment of the great day."

A. REDDY.

YATES COUNTY, Highway, near Penn Yan,
June 15th, 1867.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT INTRODUCTION.

I have been led by the Lord to speak against public collections,—subscriptions and donations for "hirelings,"—and have invariably discouraged and *refused them* for the last seven years, except individual presents. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret, that thy Father who seeth in secret himself may reward thee openly." I opposed also the Daguerreotype idolatry of the dead and of the living in *pictures*, because I saw that most of this is run into *fashion* for and by the devil. I never had mine taken, though many times proposed. I have been held under a close *check-rein* by the Lord, subject to be turned *around*, or to the right or left, at *His will* and not my own,—not allowed to follow even *forms* where he has led me before, but as under his special *guidance, inspiration and direction*, subjecting and keeping my *will* subdued to *His will* in all things.

But I have seen of late that *these views, given me from the Lord too*, had become stereotype somewhat in mind, a *habit* and a cross for me to deviate from them. But God *broke* me across the first of these, *viz.*: public collections after preaching in the streets of Penn Yan, last May, 1867, when one of the preachers present proposed a collection to make me a present while God's power was on me. He kept me laughing so that I *could not stop it*. They handed me over ten dollars. I then said "this is the *first* I ever consented to, but this is of God." One instance since, while on my knees, at Alpine, Schuyler County, the Lord told me to *consent*, and tell them I would preach again, and they might do as they chose about money, they would not do wrong; so I had to pull up all these stakes.

I am shown this morning that these thoughts, *now matured* in my mind, are from the Lord, in reference to my *portrait* or engraving, to preface this work or book on "*Nazarite Theology*," which God has so mysteriously led me to write. These deep and wonderful truths which He has *revealed* and led me to compile in this book, in this age, and adapted to this generation, and to these times.

A. REDDY.

January 9th, 1869.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

This work was thought to be nearly ready for the printer about a year ago, as the introduction would seem to show in the *dates*. But God's ways are not as our ways; *He* had much *valuable truth*, and many interesting incidents of *healing* and of *travail*, which *He*, no doubt, designed from the beginning of the writing of it, to have published to the world. Some of which, it would seem, could *only* be brought out by the writer being *held* (though not all the time confined) as a *prisoner, caged*, so he could be kept still.

Order in time has not been observed in all cases because of no diary, but written almost *entirely from memory*, inspired and quickened by the Spirit of the Lord. Many have been waiting and wanting it for some time. But it is out at last. God bless you with the same Comforter who inspired its lines and thoughts. Amen.

THE PUBLISHERS.

HORNELLSVILLE, January 1st, 1869.

NAZARITE THEOLOGY.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE.

I WAS born in Cayuga county, State of New York, on the 17th of February, 1809. I was born again—converted to God—on the 28th day of March, 1831; I was sanctified by the Holy Ghost, perfected in love, on the same night on my bed, at home, about three hours after my conversion, in Orleans county, Western New York, at Millville, or what was then called Maple Ridge School-house. I had then a wife and one child.

Three nights previous to the one on which I was converted, I went to a prayer meeting where there were about twenty persons. The Lord told me to rise up and tell them I wanted religion, and I wanted them to pray for me. I consented in mind to do so before the meeting closed, but I soon began to weep and tremble. It seemed to shake all that part of the house. Soon the suggestion was made to my mind that it was theague—that it was not conviction. But when I arose the trembling all left me, and they did pray for me heartily. This was on Friday night. The next Monday night a circumstance transpired which I could not for the moment account for. At the time of the closing prayer of the meeting, while sitting in the corner of the school-house, my eyes being closed, my handkerchief in my hand and over my face, with things looking a little uncertain whether I would find the Saviour that night. Immediately I saw him standing *outside* near the corner of the school-house, and myself laying at his feet, on my face, looking up and thinking I must believe in him to be saved. Just then a blazing candle seemed before me, entirely controlling my attention, dazzling so bright I could not see any thing else. I reasoned, I am sure I don't see that candle, my eyes are closed and my hand over them. But the meeting about closing, I dismissed the strange phenomenon for the present, and fixing my attention again on the Saviour and myself at his feet as before. But just as I was thinking I must believe *He will save me now*, the candle was dazzling before my eyes brighter than before. Now it was suggested "*That's the power of the Devil.*" I resisted it as from the devil, with all my might. Instantly, just as I heard the amen to the prayer closing the meeting, I ventured on Jesus, believing *He will save me now*. And He did, for I felt something *within me* I never had felt

before. The change was so great that the first one I saw was a man I had laid up something against. I never saw any body look so good as he did. I put out my hand and he said, "here is a happy soul." I suppose he saw the change in my countenance. Immediately I had a thrust from the devil—That I had deceived myself, and was now attempting to deceive others. I dropped my head and looked *carefully* to see if I could discover any thing wrong, or any mistake; but I could see *no flaw*. I then intended to pray for an evidence when I reached home. I soon found myself very happy—wanted to laugh at everything that was said.

O how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

The first recollection after leaving the door of the school-house, I was standing in my own house (half a mile distant) reading the Bible; a light shining on the book, and on me, and above me, so that I could not *endure it*. Closing my eyes and struggling with my *emotions*, the light became so clear at last that I could not look on the book. A *strange happiness* which seemed almost like distress. I closed my eyes to get strength to know more of God and his word, but I would be filled with such *awe*, reverence and bliss, that I could not read or look at the book, but I thirsted for the knowledge of God, I gave it over, thinking I shall be able sometime, and went to bed. My wife and child lay asleep by my side. I lay thinking about Jesus, how he looked when I found him first. Presently he was there in my room, and myself lay prostrate at his feet. I tried for an hour to look in his face but could not. There seemed a glory so bright that was hidden, that appeared too much for me to *endure* as I was so unlike him. I then thought I shall be good enough sometime to "*see him as he is*," and to *endure* the light of his face.

I then thought I would compose myself to sleep, but so strong was my desire to be acquainted with him now, I was hardly willing to sleep. I then thought of his blood, that it was *spilt for me*, and I could look at that. My attention was instantly fixed on the stream of blood flowing from and down his side—his *naked body*—I felt such a *craving*—such a *will to drink it now*. I saw my lips touch his side, turning the *crimson stream* into my mouth, and

I was conscious of drinking it in my heart. It sent a prickling sensation through my entire being, body and soul, I saw him coming into me, his face dazzling with splendor, the glory sparkling about his head and face, and around him. I at once lost all consciousness, but I found when I came back I had been clapping my hands and shouting glory to God. I then waked my wife by "kissing" her. I was so happy I felt like letting no one be easy until they were made as happy as I, and felt so pressed to give some appropriate expression of love which I felt had now control of me, that I could not keep still. My wife began to weep, and asking me, saying: "Why don't you talk to me about religion?" I began to tell her how I found Jesus at the first. Then I would see him present right in my room — would see his blood running a stream down his right side, and again lose all consciousness until I would hear her say, "Alanson, are you going to die?" while she would be weeping aloud. I noticed I had not been breathing for some time, but was so happy that I had no concern whether ever I breathed any more. But her entreaties to talk to her "about religion" would start me again to tell her how I had found Jesus, but I would proceed only a little when I would see his blood again, and the "Refining fire" would "go through my heart," through body and soul. So I passed off several times in about the same manner. Once, when I returned to consciousness, I saw a little child, a boy apparently about two years old or under, entirely naked, sitting on the floor under the bleeding side of Jesus; his hair of a brown color, and shingled very close, and cut very even, and trimmed nice; his flesh was white and seemed as pure as snow. I was deeply impressed with the purity; while three angels stood in a row before Jesus and the child. Then immediately I was that child and looked at the angels from that position, and saw that the angels were glad that I was converted,—joy among them over one sinner that repented. And my purity, being washed in the blood of the Lamb, was thus shown me. I suppose the angels were thus presented as my *Guardian Angels*. My body also was shown me as all in small parts, about the size of a rice corn, white as snow, and each happy as could be, independent of the rest, making me restless for an hour—so happy I could not sleep. After an hour or so I fell asleep after tossing about with such new and strange happiness. I could not sleep until it cured me all through.

"O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood.
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God."

The next morning I read a chapter in the Bible and prayed in my family, and have continued to do so ever since when at home, and in other families when abroad. My wife found the Lord the same week. After hearing and reading on the doctrine of *Christian Perfection*, I am clearly satisfied that I received the blessing of *purity* or *sanctification* in about three hours

after my conversion to God. My only concern was to know and to do the will of God, to be led by His Spirit, who I found moving me to converse with all I could find access to about salvation and the way to heaven. Thus I found myself preaching the gospel to every creature before I had any knowledge or thought of being called to preach. But losing my victory over the world and the devil, and had become confused. A year from the next fall I went to a camp-meeting and the Lord restored me. Then I saw I must preach. But opposition from friends (mostly) as well as foes, made it seem like hard work. My family to support by mechanical labor, and but little or no encouragement from the church. Having joined the M. E. Church about eight weeks after my conversion to God, a private agreement was made between the leader and myself, that instead of him I should conduct the meeting on the next Sunday. So I took a text and preached the first time, I guess, a good long sermon, from John iii. 36. I held an exhorter's license for seven years, and in 1836 I was licensed to preach as a local preacher, holding meetings on the Sabbath, traveling on foot, sometimes fourteen miles, and preaching twice, returning home happy in the Lord, praising God for the Sabbath of rest. Then at my trade—carpenter and joiner—another week to support my family through the summer, spending much time in the winter in protracted meetings, helping the preachers, and many times filling their appointments on the circuit. I was once recommended to the Genesee Conference as a traveling preacher, by the joint Quarterly Conference of Old Ridgeway circuit and Albion Station, composed of about forty members. All but one voted for my recommendation. But my family being large, and so many single men to join that year, the preachers and Presiding Elder concluded, while at conference, to withhold my name that year, and give me work under the Presiding Elder on the Niagara District, and take my name up the next year. There was something mysterious to me for years about my being a traveling preacher only a few months, and such a unanimous and spirited recommendation, they and myself too, being so blest of God, I could not account for it until since I was called to leave all, seven years ago last June, in 1860, and go only where and when the Lord should specially direct me the rest of my life. That mystery has been explained, viz: That my priesthood was not after the order of "Aaron," but after the order of "Melchisedec," an isolated priesthood. And I can see now that God has been trying to let me see this for thirty years past, and I have lost perfect love, my freedom and victory several times for want of that independence which I find so essential to be a successful servant of Jesus Christ, especially in this generation.

On the last night of the Bergen Camp-meeting, Western New York, in 1860, I was called to make some confessions which greatly humbled me; and also to make the following pledge or vow to God, He requiring me to promise Him "That I would never take my tools again

to procure a living for myself or family, if they went to the poor-house and I died a martyr; and be at his disposal and direction the of rest my life." I had been called the year before, having a reformation in our place, viz: Water-port, Orleans county, where about forty were converted. Our hired girl and two of our sons were among the converts. But I kept delaying—did not know where to begin such an untrodden path. Soon my horse ran away with me, or from me, taking the buggy from under me leaving me on my back in the road. The next spring, while on my knees in my shop chamber, the Lord showed me that he would lay me in the grave before fall if I did not go out as Abraham did, "*not knowing whither he went.*" That I must go and encourage the desponding and succor the tempted of his flock. I saw myself going from the judgment seat down towards hell with a multitude hanging to my skirts. The scene was so fearful in its aspect that suddenly I yelled at the top of my voice, "*I'll be right with God!*" I went into the house and told my wife. She said "Go, for I know it's your duty, and I'll try to take care of the children." I was four or five hours on my knees at this camp-meeting before my unbelief was worn away. A young sister lay prostrate, and in *deep travail*, being burdened for me, giving such screams at intervals, which pierced me through. I at last saw, without a single doubt, that it was the God that made me who was *now talking to me*, showing me His *will*, and also what opposition I would meet, which I have proved to be true. After the contract was entered into, I saw that I must *have power from God, and of God*, to keep the contract *inviolate*. I began to pray, and I could not get much further than "*O Jesus! O Jesus!*" I began to weep. In the light and *sight* of God and of his holy law, showing the offensive nature of *unbelief* on my right hand, while Jesus would appear on my left hand on the cross, and sometimes see him in the garden in his bloody sweat, I began to fall, and as soon as I found myself down I would rise on my knees and try to pray, and could get but little more than "*O Jesus,*" or "*Eternal death*" which I saw Jesus suffered for me. My breath seemed to be demanded—that I must give up my breath. I roared and cried, and fell perhaps twenty times. At last it seemed that if I yelled again I would break or burst a blood vessel, and die—burst open. But I had become *reckless* in view of the *awfulness* of things around me, and of the holiness of God and what he now *claimed*, viz: *my breath, I didn't care if I did die.* I broke over all restraint of *fear*. I consented to let my voice go out to the utmost—roared with all my might, I felt better, found *relief*, was strong, *could not burst*. I heard the sound of many voices, perhaps a dozen, weeping like children around me, being *struck* under conviction. I got up once more but my strength was gone; I fell again and could not rise; then I surrendered my *breath* without *fear* or thought of *future heaven, hell or life*. It seemed but a minute of unconsciousness, but others have told me that it was near an hour—that my

chest fell when the breath left my lungs—that the blood settled under my nails—the paleness of *death* was on my lips, &c. I don't know but I was a *dead man that hour*. I knew nothing—*had no thought*, until I felt something in my heart which seemed very sweet coming up my throat, growing sweeter and sweeter. I knew not what was coming out until I heard these words: "*Thy will be done,*" the *sweetest words I ever tasted*. I then had a little agency in repeating them as they came out of my mouth, and every time they were spoken they gave satisfaction, they seemed so sweet, "*Thy will be done.*" I was prostrate on my back, not able to move hand or foot, but conscious of God's presence and purity, and of being *separated unto God*. It seemed that I *had been dead*; that God had brought me to *life again*, to *live to him alone*. While reasoning thus, my thoughts were turned to my heart with these words, viz: "*You are not quite dead, you'll be liable to shrink.*" Again I *felt* two very strong hands grip my thighs; one held up each leg above my knees, pulling and gripping as if the muscles would be torn from my leg, until I wondered "*What does this mean?*" The answer came, viz: "*There is a spot; you're not quite dead;*" "*You'll be liable to halt.*" These words were in my mind considerable of the time afterwards: "*He is risen from the dead, therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him.*" Being invited to stay to a prayer meeting in the neighborhood of the camp-ground, I was requested to take charge of the meeting. One man fell by the power of God. I was conscious that I was called to a great work, the extent of which I did not fully know. But it seemed so great at times—so *wonderful* that I should be chosen to it, I *dare* not even intimate to any one my thoughts, not even to my wife when I reached home. One sister, a preacher's wife, said twice, once before her husband: "*I have been looking for and expecting that the Lord was about to raise up a leader to his church—have thought perhaps it was brother Reddy.*" But I made *no reply*. I had at least two *reasons*. The first was, it was delicate for me to say what I saw. I knew the Lord had *revealed it to her*. I think now I should have told *her*. The second reason or objection was the *jealousy* it would have awoken even among the *best of the ministers, and in many of the pilgrims*. I have since had the church *shown me*, in a dream and vision of the night, while in Lockport.*

The next winter I found the Lord *leading my hands* on several persons, praying for the Holy Ghost and his gift to come on them. The first was an exhorter; we were both standing up, but we both fell instantly while I was saying "*Let the Holy Ghost come on us both.*" I had said, let the Holy Ghost come on him, twice, trembling under a deep sense of the immediate presence of God. While I lay I saw what I had to do. I was threatened by the Devil with dreadful persecution, consequently I was very *cautious*, seldom saying any thing to any one

* See Chapter XI.

before or after laying on hands, but hoped they would keep it. "Tell no man." But the Lord intended to conquer this foe. He sent me to Wayne county a year afterwards. Having been much oppressed with this temptation to fear, He told me before I left Lockport, that I must go into the stand at that camp-meeting, and state the following, viz: "God has bestowed on me the gift of faith and power to cast out devils; the gift to lay on hands for healing the sick and imparting the Holy Ghost and his gifts to others; the gift of faith and discerning of spirits; and he has sent me here to say this, and to bid defiance to the Devil, to persecution, to mobs or martyrdom; *I am ready.*" Some fell in the altar by the power of God manifested, and soon I was slain in the stand. The next day I was set laughing while in the altar until my clothes were wet with sweat. I had fallen; others soon began to fall around me. The Ruler of the meeting fell, and his wife and others fell by the power of God. One old man went from that camp-meeting, had caught the *hallowed* and *hallowing* contagion, his wife complaining to one of the neighbors, a sanctified Christian, that her old man got that *awful* influence on him at the camp-meeting; that it would *prickle* and *benumb* his flesh, that he had to get out of bed to rub it off. The friend said that's the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost; I wish I had more of it myself. A few sick persons were healed before I left that county, and a few were healed in Cayuga county before I returned to Lockport, where I was then preaching. I had been sent to Lockport the winter before, where the society was torn into fragments and scattered by discord, only four or five persons meeting in a private house for religious exercises. The stone walls of their meeting house were up, roof on, windows in, a part of the floor laid; they had been trying to sell it. In a few days after I went there, the private houses could not hold the people. The Lord sent me to beg money to finish laying the floor, get the doors in, then dedicate the rude walls unplastered, and have a place for the people. On the 24th of January, 1861, I preached the Dedication Sermon on the Sabbath. In a few weeks, and during the spring, many Sunday nights the house would not hold the people; four hundred or more would crowd in, stand up, and hundreds, I heard, would stand outside or leave, that could not get inside. Some fourteen or fifteen were sanctified, some had lost it and were restored; some nineteen were converted and reclaimed. We seldom had a meeting but one or more (sometimes half-a-dozen) would be slain by the power of God, and sometimes keep us till twelve o'clock. I have counted six at one time prostrate on the carpet under the power; sometimes on rising to sing, to close meeting, some one or two would fall. One case, a man was cured, soul and body; he lay about half an hour. He said the next Sunday in class-meeting, "God sanctified me and cured my body of rheumatism here last Sunday night, and I never thought of my shoulder, although not a day passed without pain for almost a year till Friday afternoon." One young woman fell while

in prayer, opening the meeting one Sunday morning, and lay about seven hours, till just before night, when she arose. The report went through town that a woman was dead at the Nazarite meeting-house, which caused a constant travel back and forth to the place. The house was filled to overflowing that night. I preached and she exhorted after me. Almost the whole town was moved; children, boatmen and whisky drinkers and dealers, who would go nowhere else to meeting; children in the meetings and in the streets, were filled with the Nazarite songs. The young folks would *find* us almost every night if it was not till nine o'clock when we tried to have some meetings by ourselves. Some I found weeks afterwards, who were converted in the congregation, who had never let it be known. Such was the interest felt, and such the demonstrations of power at every meeting, that it was called "The Green Street Theatre," being situated on *Green* street. Such exhibitions and manifestations of the Holy Spirit's work among these pilgrims. Some of them, I believe, were among the most *holy* and *pure* that have walked the earth in the last fifteen centuries.* One person came who had not been in meeting in fourteen years. She became sober for a time; I think she was converted, forgiven of God. If she had been away from temptation and bad associations, she would have served God and remained happy. One boatman was converted in the winter—a poor man; I was interested for him and his family; he lived in lower town. I had a dream one night about his little *child*, which so impressed me that I had to go down to lower town to see what it meant. I found that he had just *enlisted* as a soldier. I saw what the dream meant, told them of it; warned him not to go, as some calamity awaited him or his family, but he went; and after five weeks he came home on a furlough; and instead of going to the regiment at Le Roy, he went to Canada. In the spring I was arrested, held to bail, and finally indicted before the grand jury of the United States Court, held at Rochester—the woman being secured as a "detained witness," the family drawing from the government about one hundred dollars as their fee; while the officers, as I heard, drew five or six hundred more—charged with enticing a soldier to desert the service of the United States. But the Lord delivered me, "*set me at liberty,*" in answer to prayer.

I went to the court at Rochester, without money, friends to aid, lawyer or witnesses. But God sent a lawyer to offer his services *without pay*, saying "I don't believe you ought to be convicted." The Lord having held me to answer the Judge when he should ask, "Have you counsel?" to say, "*Jesus Christ is all the counsellor I have.*" Every preparation seemed to be made by the officers to have me convicted when tried. My only witness had gone to England; but two sisters in the Lord at Lockport,

* Yet I saw of lately from the pen of a *preacher* in begging for help for a meeting house there, make his appeal to the sympathies of the people abroad on this ground, viz: "It is well known that here is where *Fanaticism culminated and went to seed.*"

agreed with each other on Saturday, to *fast and pray* on Monday for my case, that God would save me from prison. I of course knew nothing of this at Rochester. But while walking alone in the court-house, the Lord spoke these words *within me*, viz: "Know ye that our brother Timothy is set at liberty." They remained, I reasoned a little; "Timothy" was young, but I'm an old man. Still they were *in me*. I repeated them *aloud*, spoke them myself, and God blessed me. From that time the Devil could get no prison walls before me. That day (viz: Monday) I had to go and tell my lawyer of it, who was complaining of unfairness in putting my case off, as he wanted to go west. I said, V—s, I have a security about this matter. The Lord has told me that I'm going to be *set at liberty*. He laughed. Four days after this he came to me in the court room and said: "Our brother Timothy is set at liberty." I said, "Glory to God." The judge gave this lawyer one case and *fee* from the court by thus helping me, and I have understood that he was brought into notice, and into a very lucrative office, and business from the government since. *Success to such a noble man.* I heard that some said: "Well, if Father Reddy gets clear now I shall believe that the Lord leads him and takes care of him." The next fall I was made restless in the night—awakened. A brother Anthony, whom I had seen once only at a camp-meeting near Auburn, was presented with an expression of sadness and dejection on his countenance. I was deeply impressed that something ailed him. In a few days I found a *desire in me* to go to Cayuga county and see him, some forty or fifty miles from where I then was, in Wayne county. I went, and after he and his wife and myself had returned from the prayer meeting at the village, while he was reading a chapter in the Bible, his voice began to distress me. I thought I must stop him and ask him a question; but I put it off twice. But the Lord pressed me so that I had to say, 1st: "Brother Anthony, have you not been tempted to despair of ever getting to heaven?" But before he answered, I said: "Have you not been tempted to put an *end to your life?*" After a pause he answered "Yes, I have, for more than two years, and sometimes it has seemed to me I could hold out no longer." He said the next day, "I have spent two or three hours on my knees, some days in my closet, trying to get the victory." But God delivered him that night. He sent down his power on me while my hands were placed on his head crying to God "Against the Spirit unclean." I heard him and his wife weeping and praying, while I lay prostrate on the floor. His wife was sanctified a few days after, and one of his sons was saved, with five others, some after I left, in the meetings held in private houses; for about two weeks I remained in the neighborhood. A boy six years old was healed of diphteria. He was thought to be dying in the day-time. I was sent there from a meeting about two miles distant, where I was slain while in prayer in opening the meeting. I was told, while laying there, to go "before I slept;" that it wont do to put it off till morn-

ing. My consent was gained; I went, but the boy could not be aroused to any consciousness by any body. I laid on my *hands* and began to sing; he soon became uneasy. I gained the witness from the Lord, arose and left the house without ceremony or words, even to the brother who went in with me, and to whose house I went to lodge. The next day *that* boy sat with his parents and others, myself also, at the dinner table, and *lives yet*; Glory to God and the Lamb forever and ever, Amen. I saw him again; he loved me, and I loved him too, with a "*fondness*." Soon I received a letter from my wife that one of my sons was very sick—that if I ever expected to see him alive I must come soon—that she couldn't pray for him. I was *sure* he would recover. In a few days I reached home. The next day he rode out, and in a few days recovered. But he afterwards became ashamed of the report, doubted the *healing*, I suppose. The next winter but one he was taken with Asthma. "*Go in peace*," but "*sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee.*" About four months after this, while at Lockport, I was blest, sitting at the breakfast table—was set laughing and fell out of my chair, became unconscious of things around me. Soon I saw myself in the streets of Union Springs again, Cayuga county. A light was shining around me, with a very clear *intimation* that I must go there again soon. In two or three days I had direction. I took the next train. I found that the Devil and the Preacher had been making *havoc* of the good spirit of prosperity and happiness I had left them in. The preacher, as I learned, had got the meetings from the private houses, and *run them* into the meeting house, and kept them going for six weeks, till every thing that was green was now withered and dry. Nothing to oil the dry machinery; the Holy Ghost was grieved. One member of the church, in a meeting we were holding in her school district, arose and said: "I have been to all the donations I could hear of, and played "*Snap and catch them*," and if I should die as I am I should go to hell, for I have lost the blessing of holiness." But God restored—*screamed* her into the kingdom that night in her own house. Two Nazarite sisters, young women, came down to help me the next week after my arrival, whose home was at Lockport. The Lord specially directed them to go to Cayuga county. While one of them preached one Sunday on the subject of Holiness, I, at the close, set out a seat, invited them, and four of them came and *all* got the blessing. One of them fell while one of those sisters had her hand on her shoulder, praying for her. The woman rose up to talk in the meeting, but she was so happy she could say but little, and laugh, saying "*I had no thought of getting such a blessing as this.*" then laughed again. The people would come out every night, fill the house, (although the roads were muddy,) for nearly two weeks until after this Sunday's victory and triumph—*endure the searching light*, (I wonder they did so long,) but in two days after this victory and display of power, the sexton had orders from a

petty officer, an infidel trustee, to "turn those devils out of the school-house." But houses plenty were offered; some more were blest, some reclaimed. Most of the people felt *indignant* on the house being closed. But the man who was saved the fall before from committing *suicide*, had gone back through *unbelief*; he had become ashamed of his confession; become afraid he would be turned out of the church if he should *harbor* and co-operate with and *endorse me*; and yet his wife had been sanctified, and one of his sons converted the fall before, in the meetings held. And I am held now by the Lord to *here record to that man's shame*, that in less than two years after this he turned me out of his tent at a camp-meeting in that county, saying: "If I should harbor you I should be *blamed*." But one of his neighbors close by, said, "Brother Reddy, come to my tent, you're welcome any time." "They gave me hatred for my *love*."

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE—LAYING ON HANDS—ANSWER TO PRAYER—PLENARY INSPIRATION AND DIRECTION.

WHILE laboring at Lockport the first winter and in the spring, I was laying on the lounge at a house where I was afterwards invited to call it home. While in meditation I saw M—the eldest of those sisters who labored with me in Cayuga county, and traveled some with me, kneeling down by the side of the lounge where I now was laying. In *vision* I saw my left hand just moving onto the top of her head, with these words spoken, *viz* : "Ordain those girls." I listened for more words to know what to *call* them, preacher, exhorter, or prophetess. But no more came. I felt *solemn*. I knew it was God who had spoken. I sprang on my feet, told it at once to the family. Said to Sister E—, stopping there, "Won't you go along?" We went directly to an older sister of theirs in town, found them both there, I told them *all* what I had come for; took the Bible, invited them all into the parlor. I read five verses where the Holy Ghost said "Separate me Barnebas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," invited the girls to kneel down in the middle of the room before me, I raised my hands, laid one on each of their heads, closed my eyes, and waited for some words to be given me to say, saying, "O God! O Jesus!" We all three fell instantly by the power of God. One fell each way. I was turned forward on my back between them. The youngest lay near an hour. It was such hard work to give up her *will to be led so narrow* a path to public speaking. But M—, the eldest one, said, afterwards, that she was not taken by surprise, because the Lord showed her all this the week before, but said nothing to any one about it. But it was all new to me, and it took her sister and me both by surprise.

WOLF—LAMBS—COLT TIED.

Another instance.—While my wife and I were continuing a meeting in the village of Akron, Erie county, N. Y., which had been held in the grove the week before, waiting in expectation for my son to bring my horse and buggy from home—twenty miles distant—to take us to camp-meeting, some sixty miles south of Akron. While I was praying in the family, I saw, in *vision*, away to the south, in a meadow, a wolf in hot pursuit of two lambs,—his head, feet and tail on full stretch, and within two feet of one of the lambs. The hind legs of the lambs just bending to give up and be devoured by the wolf. I said to the sister of the house, "I must go to that camp meeting, I see the wolf chasing some of the Lord's lambs; I must go there and break his *infernal jaws*. She burst into laughter. But the son not coming, after a day or two, and I saw he would not come, I stepped into the bedroom, dropped on my knees to tell Jesus about the whole matter,—to ask him to provide. But I had not spoken when the words were spoken to me, or in me, *viz* : "Go into the village over against you, and ye shall find a colt tied,"—a little pause then—"And say the Lord hath need of him." I burst into a hearty, happy laugh, as a child, sat down and laughed till it was out. I then said, "Well, Jesus, I'll do it." The boarding place being over a swale, a little out of the village, made it *parallel* and *expressive*. I took my hat, said to Sister B—, as I came out of the bedroom, (early) "I'm going to see if I can't find a colt tied." She laughed as I left the door; I went to a stranger, Doctor P—, talked religiously with his wife, who was a member of the church, until he came in; I found he had never been satisfied with an experience of salvation,—said what I could, prayed with the family, and then told my disappointment of my own conveyance; told him my wants, that I was called to leave all, sent out without money or scrip, that he need not expect any pay, I had none; but the Lord wanted us to go to that camp-meeting. I wanted a horse, &c., to go sixty miles south, to be gone a week, &c. That doctor did let me have one—"A colt tied." It was the means of his salvation, he died a happy man the next winter; as one of his sons related the happy death of his father, dwelling on "That's the man that should preach the gospel," often times in his sickness.

We went to the camp-meeting, and the fore-part of the next week I found the wolf, and the two lambs of Jesus; and it cost me five hours close and hot fight with the devil—the *religious* devils—before the last one was delivered, but she came out shouting in triumph, while I was speaking in the stand. At this camp meeting at Rushford, Allegany county, was about the first manifestation of that fearfulness and fault-finding spirit among what was called the Pilgrim, or Nazarite Army, which has so distracted some of the people in Western New York. One of those lambs was sent, before this trial, by the Lord, into the stand, and said that the Lord showed her after she was sanctified, that

He wanted her to take off her hoops, and she did; and, also, some wish-rings. This hit the respectable devils, and they did what they could, obtained a committee of five, all preachers, I believe, to pass a resolution that no woman should go into the stand or pulpit, unless invited. The next morning an old Sister W—, who had found a clean heart that night, was sent by the Holy Ghost—for she knew not the action of the committee,—into the stand to testify, to tell what she had found. This bad, mean, spirit of *small*, little Popery, has been showing itself more or less ever since that meeting, grieving the Lord, and many who love Him.

DIRECT ANSWER TO PRAYER.—APOSTOLIC FAITH.

In 1836, while walking home, seven miles from a protracted meeting, the Lord gave me a discovery of the Apostolic *faith*, and the secret of the world's conversion. A reformation broke out at home, and fifteen of the youth and children about were converted. Among them was my eldest son, Albert Reddy, then about six years old; he had read the New Testament through that winter. He died *safe* in his twenty-fourth year. I had a remarkable answer to prayer the next year. Being seven miles away from home, at work, a week at a time, on Friday night, about 8 or 9 o'clock, I had word that my son was very sick, and my wife sent for me to come home; I reasoned, it was late to go on foot so far, was going the next night; could'n't find *rest*, but started, went fifty rods, turned aside by the road and kneeled down to pray; the bell rang for 9 o'clock; I asked the Lord to *heal him*. I saw Jesus, by faith, stand at the front side of his bed, and these words came with emphasis: "Go thy way, thy son liveth." I sprang to my feet, when the next words came: "And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken." I said, "I believe, I won't doubt it," went back and retired to bed easy. When home late the next night, I found my son well,—had been at play all day. Was he very sick? I inquired. Yes; he was not able to sit up any that day. But he said in the evening, "Mother, I'm most well, my head don't ache a bit." She looked up and saw it was just *nine o'clock*. The same hour (and minute may be,) in which Jesus had said, "Go thy way, thy son liveth." Thus the "Spirit and Word" are seen to agree.

Another case: While attending a prayer meeting in the place and house where I was converted and had been class leader some years previous, several prayed in the meeting for a Sister G— who lived near by, who had been sick about six months—not able to stand her entire weight on her feet. While closing the meeting by prayer, the sick sister came before my mind. I asked God: "Raise her to health," saying, "Eight, or eight and thirty years are both alike to Thee." The crooked back woman healed by Jesus in the synagogue came in sight, and the power went through my body. Soon I heard the sisters talking with each other, "Sister G—'s going to get well." I stayed there that night; the next day she walked about her house, and

has been a hearty, well woman nearly ever since, (thirty years.) Here's another instance where the *Word and Spirit agree*.

A LOST PREACHER FOUND.

I was once at a preacher's house, with six or eight others, in the evening, for a season of prayer; the preacher *absconded* to bed, up stairs. While thus praying, the case of Peter in prison, to be executed the next day by Herod, was soon shown; its application to the *preacher*;—his wife went up and tried to get him to come down. At last the Lord impressed me so deeply with his danger—told me to go up and get him, but he was afraid to come down, the light so distressed him. I went the second time, *touched* him, but did not *pull or lift him up* as the angel did Peter. We left; his wife lay till two o'clock the next afternoon before he yielded. They then came where we were, he kissed us, and said it was *all true*. "Twenty years ago I was convicted for a clean heart; being a traveling preacher, I prayed for it about a year—told no one. At last I was threatened, and became afraid I would become deranged if I did not stop—dare not pray." He now said, with tears, "teach me and help me all you can." I heard he said to the society the next Sunday, "If I had died any time in the last twenty years I should have gone to hell." But I suppose—he became ashamed of his confession—he afterwards became very *tenacious for the word*; and once since, while I was slain in a love-feast, where he was, I saw that preacher with a Bible under his arm, going swiftly down an inclined plane towards hell, which was at the other end of it—he talking about the *Bible*.

A VISION OF THE BURNING LAKE.

In 1861, while a young man, then traveling with me, and myself were in the woods in Erie county, we kneeled down to pray for a man who was very religious.—a sorcerer as seen afterwards,—who was building a horse-barn where we were stopping. He had become a mystery to me; I was in doubt if he was in reach of mercy. After closing my eyes, I saw a part of a circle on my right, which kept enlarging and more distant, until it became vast in size and distance, and was gone. A little *hope* then shone on me in his behalf, (as there are no bounds to God's mercy.) My attention was then turned to the left, thinking of the power and dominion of Jesus—was going to ask him to put an "injunction" on the devil, so he could not drive him away, if convicted, when nobody could pray for him. And while I was repeating "Angels, and authorities, and powers, are made subject to Thee," I fell. Soon I saw the man at a vast distance off, a dark spot, and the line or circle-sun dividing between him and hell—the *burning lake*: Saw men and women treading its fiery waves, meeting in fierce encounter—one tall, very slim woman, young, yet she looked old and wrinkled from extreme suffering. Horror, vengeance, and wretchedness in the extreme, was depicted on her countenance. I found the tears overflowing my eyes with joy, as I lay on my back, that that man I was praying for was *outside the burning lake*.

It is difficult for me sometimes to relate this vision of hell; it overcomes me, and God has sent his power on me several times while in the pulpit, made me roar, lost my strength and fell, taking me from such a scene.

LAYING ON HANDS.

The following article was published in the Lockport Daily *Journal* in the month of November, 1863, called out by the following circumstances, viz: The writer went to Lockport, where he had preached, and was pastor of the society. On Sunday morning the Lord told him to go to the Methodist Meeting-house, and lay his *hands* on the preacher's head and pray for him while he was praying. It was a great cross. I came into the house where I was then stopping and said, "I dont know but God has sent me here to drive the devils out of Lockport." I soon fell by the power of God, prostrate on the carpet floor, and thus went through a preparation—a fitting up process for the extraordinary work to which the Spirit had suddenly called me. I got up, and without stopping to change clothes, went to the meeting and obeyed the Lord. The next day a notice of it appeared in the "Daily," under the following head, viz: "A new feature in public service."

"Just as Rev. E. M. Buck, Pastor of the Niagara Street M. E. Church, had commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer, at the close of the public invocation yesterday morning, Rev. Mr. Reddy, Nazarite preacher, who was present in the audience, rose from his knees, ascended the pulpit stairs and laid his hands upon Mr. Buck's head. He did this, he said, by the direct influence of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Reddy was removed from the church by the trustees."

Then the Lord told me to write a *vindication*. It was written, and presented to the Editor. He said he would publish it, the writer signing the two *last initials* of his name. The editor informed the readers in the following words, viz: "The author of the article on our fourth page to-day, entitled 'a new feature in public worship.' is Rev. A. Reddy, pastor of the Nazarite Church in this place, and is a reply to an article with the same heading, which appeared in our local column a few days since." The following is the article:

"A NEW FEATURE IN PUBLIC SERVICE—A PRECIOUS GIFT—A VINDICATION.

"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee, by the putting on of my *hands*."—2d Tim. i. 6.

"This act is now regarded as 'a new feature in public service.' The imposition of *hands* is practiced by nearly all who believe in the Christian religion at the present day,—except the Quakers, who have laid aside nearly all outward forms. But where it is practiced now who witnesses *any* demonstration of power, or that the Holy Ghost is given in answer to prayer, even in the ordaining of ministers by Bishops and Elders? It was witnessed when Paul laid his *hands* on the twelve men at Ephesus. 'The Holy Ghost came on them, and they spake with tongues and prophesied.' (See Acts xix. 6.)

"Again, Ananias, a private member of the church, was sent to lay his *hands* on Saul, (afterwards called Paul,) that he might receive his sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And 'immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight.'

"Here was a precious gift received by the laying on of *hands*, because it was by the special direction of God—all time and circumstances, and that, too, by a *layman's hands*. Timothy received same gift by Paul's *hands*, which he was admonished to remember, and 'stir up.' Paul longed to see the church at Rome, that he might *impart* to them 'some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be *established*.' (See Rom. i, 2.) Here is the trouble with the ministers and the members of the church now—they are not *established* for want of those gifts which are *essential* to the *christian church* to the end of time.

"And He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Till we all come to the unity of the faith unto the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the fulness of Christ." (Eph. iv, 11-13.) These grades of officers were given by Christ to the church, to make her perfect in one body.

"Then the Holy Ghost has 'His gifts to impart to each one—(numbers and all) severally, as 'He will,' by the laying on of *hands*.' 'God wrought special miracles by the *hands* of Paul, so that from his *body* were brought to the sick, handkerchiefs or aprons, and diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.' (Acts xix, 11-12.)

"The laying on of *hands* is classed in the 6th chapter of Hebrews among the *principles* (elementary,) of the 'Doctrine of Christ,' viz.: Repentance, faith, baptism, &c., which we are exhorted to *leave* and go on to *perfection*.

"And Joshua, the son of Nun, was full of the spirit of wisdom, for Moses had laid his *hands* on him. (Deut. xxxiv, 9; see also Num. xxvii, 18-23.) 'And they brought young children to him that he should put his *hands* on them and pray, (touch them.)' (Mat. xix, 14.) Kings were set apart and anointed with oil, and by those, too, in some cases, who were to be their subjects, but were now made their servants by the special direction of God.' 'Then Samuel took a vial of oil and poured it upon his (Saul's) head, and kissed him.' (1st Sam. x 1.) 'And the Lord said, arise, anoint him, for this is he. Then Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him in the midst of his brethren, and the *spirit of the Lord* came upon David from that day forward.' (1st Sam. xvi, 12-13.) Also the case of the son of the prophet sent to anoint Jehu king; he brake the box, spake the words given him, opened the door, and fled. The captains present, said: 'Wherefore came this *mad* fellow to thee?'

"The religious assemblies would *now* regard it as disturbing their meeting, for a man thus *hastily* to be sent to pray for their ministers and his people—to aid them in their aggressive war

against the devil, the head rebel and author of all sin. But is it not rather an interruption of the messenger sent, and of his work; and, also, interrupting the gracious designs of the Lord, who sent him on that errand, for the minister to *decline through fear, unbelief*; and for the trustees to conduct the man of God out of the religious assembly, as an unsafe person to remain during the rest of the 'service?' The heathen in the desert does not know when 'good comes.'

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain."

"There are a few who are *inclined to believe the whole Bible*, especially its *living truths*, and in its *living and unchangeable author*.

"But all who represent Jesus Christ, and like him, and being led and anointed with the Holy Ghost,—whom God hath given to them that *obey* Him,—will be misunderstood; and to many in Zion they *will* be a 'stumbling stone and rock of offence,' as Jesus Christ.

"The Master himself was misunderstood. 'Set for the *fall* and raising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken again.' But that messenger would take any place to do service to a minister of Jesus Christ, or to any child of God, without complaining. 'Wash the saints' feet,' if the Spirit of the Lord should direct."

—N—Y.

Lockport, Nov. 11, 1863.

"BEWARE OF MEN," AND WOMEN TOO. "ONE SINNER DESTROUETH MUCH GOOD."

The first spring I was at Lockport there came into the place a hypocritical woman, (as seen afterwards,) as a *laborer* in the vineyard — a teacher. She collected a few children and went about begging for her poor pupils a support for them and her family — had a notice in the papers. But the greatest mischief was, in dividing, the *now* gathered Nazarite Society, and leading off the discontents — gaining the third trustee, and then securing a constable to watch *me*, as I learned afterwards — had obtained a preacher to occupy the pulpit. But the Spirit put the cross on eight or nine of the Nazarite women, who would not let the beguiled preacher proceed, when some half hour after the meeting was closed, one of the sisters, moving about with eyes closed, came against the elbow of the constable whose name was John Anderson, who grabbed the woman and started for the jail, with a multitude following in the streets, the woman singing and shouting as she went so, happy as she never was before in all her life. She was locked up in jail, but taken out that night by the sheriff to sleep with his hired girl.

The next day, while her husband and the rest of us were preparing to go down to the court, one of the brethren began to repeat the constable's name in connection with some lines of the old song, "John Anderson my Jo John," &c. Soon we had a song for the occasion, which I arranged and took to the editor of the daily paper, and he published the following lines, making sport for some of the young people with the constable, who was afraid of the consequen-

ces of false imprisonment, calling him "Jo John:"

John Anderson, my Jo John,
When we were first acquaint,
You little thought it then, John,
You'd have to lead a saint;
The ways of God are wondrous, John,
Be careful how you fight,
Because the Holy Ghost, John.
Does lead the Nazarite.

Oh, you should understand, John,
That you will surely fail,
To think you'll stop the work, John,
By taking them to jail;
The Holy Ghost is *in them*, John,
The God you do not see,
O give your heart to Him, John,
If you would happy be.

The woman figured about — making havoc of peace with many of the society. One of the trustees said "That woman's influence like to have ruined him" — nearly shipwrecked his faith while she was getting two parties in the society. But she, her husband and family, were warned out of the rented dwelling house for want of payment of the rent, and finally left the place in the night, as report says, to parts unknown there, leaving the party who could not, or *would not endure* the searching light of *truth* which would make them just right with God to "persecute those who were born after the Spirit," and obeyed him. They had hopes of getting me arrested instead of Sister T —, who went to jail — said if they could get me, then they could get possession of the meeting-house without much trouble. The path God led me to point out to heaven was a little too narrow, and brought a little more reproach than was congenial with the unsanctified elements of their nature and disposition. I could not daub with untempered mortar, nor feel easy till I saw them possessing the fullness of God. I could not be content to sing the old hymn, viz:

"Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
Ah, who against thy charms is proof,
Ah who that loves can love enough,"

While Jesus said, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but it shall be *in him* a well of water, springing up into everlasting life," — "He shall be filled!" So in view of the above experimental truth, we sing this, as being more appropriate and congenial with our experience and feelings:

Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I drink, and *never more am dry*;
Ah, who against thy charms is proof,
For here we drink and *find enough*.

Whoever attempts to get a habitation for the living God there at Lockport, especially among those discontents, they will have to clear away a great deal of rubbish before a good foundation can be obtained on which to rear a pure church of Jesus Christ. The Spirit has been grieved. Some things must be seen and confessed ere he can lead them.

FIRST IMPRISONMENT.

About the middle of July, 1861, I returned home, having been absent above eight months, —some having been turned out of the church, and most all were discouraged under the pres-

sure. But the drooping was soon cheered throughout the land on account of four of us being imprisoned five days, charged with disturbing a religious meeting, (our own meeting, too,) viz.: three men and one woman, a preacher's wife, Sydney McCreery, Henry Shingler, who had had the charge of the meeting for more than two years, my son, Russell Reddy, and myself. I was slain by the power of God, my feet lodging against the stove. The woman was taken out and lay on the platform by the power, about three hours in the night. We proved it to be *our* meeting, but the Squire, to *compromise*, as he thought, *fined* us each one dollar. But when it was intimated we were going to jail, "Oh, I'll pay your fine," said the *court*. But we could not consent to have any one pay it; we saw God wanted us in prison. They were three days trying us, and the people would gather around us while we were singing, as soon as the court adjourned for meals, etc. They wanted us to hold meetings among them,—offered us the town hall if we would consent to come. It was said as many as fifty people were turned away that came to the jail to see us the day before we were released. The pilgrims in the street would join us in singing, as we could get to the window and overlook the wall. Not ten minutes but we were happy, and from the *first* could sing from an *experience* of its truth without telling a *lie*—

"And prisons *do* palaces prove,
For Jesus *does* dwell with me there."

The Sheriff would not *permit* us to stay until the five days were "fully come," viz.: four o'clock Sunday afternoon; but insisted on our leaving early in the morning. I understood, afterwards, that it was expected that I would preach in the court-yard at 4 o'clock. The Sheriff had some fears of a disturbance. I suppose several hundreds did come, but we were gone home to Waterport to a grove-meeting, appointed for our reception, where we told our *experience*, etc. I attended eight camp-meetings and two grove-meetings that summer; saw hundreds converted and sanctified to God; the faith of the church wonderfully increased, and the devil and many others confounded, and others edified by the exhibitions of the power of God manifested in healing and otherwise.

A TRIAL OF FAITH—IMPRISONMENT.

In the fall of 1864, I was in Albion, at a prayer-meeting. While in family prayer in the morning, where I was invited to stay over night, I was much blest, and directed by the Spirit to go to Lockport—that somebody was sick there. The case of Philip, directed by the angel to go "towards the south, in the way that goeth from Jerusalem to Gaza," was presented. I had money enough to go, but not enough to return. I went. I soon found that *Catharine Courtney*, a girl thirteen years old, and once reclaimed through my efforts,—living then where I boarded—had backslidden, and had for three months been, by four doctors, given over to die, now nearly a skeleton. The

Lord soon showed me that I must go and see her. I went, but she didn't want any body to pray for her. I could scarcely keep from weeping; my sympathies were so moved for the poor sufferer and unprepared for death—I lacked courage. I went away, but God showed me, after about thirty hours trembling under the cross, that her blood would be upon me if I did not go and put my hands on her head—having an intimation of opposition from a wicked sister and also from an ungodly mother of the girl; an intimation also that I was going to be a *prisoner*. Not knowing positively for what it was required, I did finally go, and laid on my hands, saying the Lord told me to; was in the house perhaps ten seconds. In an hour or more I was arrested—charged with "assault and battery," because she didn't consent to it. I was sent to jail on Saturday, and on Monday was tried; made no defence; the court was at a loss to know whether to send me to prison or to the Insane Asylum. Catharine died, I afterwards learned, four days after. I have some hopes that the circumstances, and my subsequent sentence to prison three months at Buffalo, was the means of arousing the poor girl—that she is saved. But the house of the family took fire in the night, soon after I went to Buffalo, and almost everything they had was destroyed, and they left for Canada, as I learned when my three month's imprisonment was ended. God converted two, and made a revolution in the conduct of the prisoners in the jail at Lockport. I was put in iron *wristlets* for singing and praying, but finally taken out of the dungeon ("the inner prison, my feet were not made fast in the stocks,) and the prisoners began to ask me to pray for them. Being versed in the Bible, I could read in the dark a chapter from memory, and pray for each one by name as each would ask and tell me. One, Mary Newcomb, from Canada, had a child two months old—had been in jail four months—decoyed across the river. She became involved in censure by her husband being a deserter from the army. She had got away from God, but was blest that first night. She asked me to pray for her. A very fine and kind-hearted woman. She was so glad that I had come, and for the *change* that was wrought—all swearing stopped, the *rough tyranny* and *extortion* of the jailer, a late superannuated captain, interrupted some. Mrs. Newcomb said she had paid him as much as fifteen dollars for errands and mailing letters—two shillings for each letter, and from two to five cents for each envelope. They have more than the way of *sentence* to punish prisoners, when they get them where they *can*. But it cost me forty hours fasting and prayer to obtain victory over the *workhouse*. But when it came, then I wanted to see the officers and prisoners. And I believe I shall see some of them in heaven, as the fruit of my being a prisoner there. Some were convicted and led to praying. The overseer in the warehouse where I worked wanted me to pray for him—he and the doorkeeper both kneeling down while I prayed, and *roared*, and *shouted*,—was heard in the shop, yet no pris-

oner is allowed to talk with prisoners. Two were heard praying overhead most all one afternoon. I heard that the officers said they did not treat me hardly as a prisoner. After a little, I saw a great change in the spirit of some of the officers, and prisoners too. I have no doubt that many of them were put there for a mere trifle; some by *bribery* and some by *perjury*; some in for thirty and even sixty days for intoxication; the many officers and wealthy company hiring the labor for a mere trifle per day, (about 20 cents, without boarding them,) while these are robbed and confined of men and women. One German in for pushing a man out of his way before him, so he could pass along; the man, trying to get him to "*list*," kept close before him. The German, not being able to speak English, had plenty of money, but no friends. He was charged with assault and battery, and sent to the workhouse for six months, in less than five hours after leaving the steamboat. A widower, just from Germany, with his only child, had visited a brother at Chicago. I thought, while there, that I should have to write and expose these wrongs endured, but "*On the side of the oppressor there is strength*," and then it is next to impossible for a prisoner, if he *can write* and have *time* to get a letter *out*, to make known his wants, or where he is, even;—such treachery and want of interest is felt. They have a chaplain, but it is only in *name* and for the *pay*. Further than *reading* an essay on some abstract subject, with no *hope* that a prisoner *can* be made better. I think they are never visited by the chaplain, sick or well. I had a partial promise by the superintendent that I might preach to them at the close, or when my time was expired. I stayed four days, till the next Sunday, in the city, for that purpose. But the fear of being censured or laughed at for letting a prisoner preach stood so before him. And then his *salary* of a thousand dollars a year was something in the way of a politician more than the honor of God. I visited the poor at the county-house of Erie Co., sung and talked with the inmates, some five hundred and thirty, and about one hundred and thirty in the "*insane*" department. I was strongly impressed that God was fitting me to preach to and visit the *poor and prisoners*. After returning home, I did preach to the poor in the Orleans county house, near my own residence; and five or six were converted, one, a colored man, near death with consumption. The poor fellow wept, and prayed, and then praised the Lord for his deliverance. In the fall of 1866, I went to Albion, Orleans county, on Sunday, to meeting. I had heard that my son, John W. Reddy, was going to preach at the "*Free Methodist's*" meeting-house. When I came in sight, and to the gate, I found two *gate-keepers*, who said, "*You can't go in here—the Trustees have decided you disturb our meeting—we'll have you in jail*," etc. I was there two weeks before, and while a young brother, B—, was preaching, I was *silently* praying the Lord to help him preach the Gospel. Jesus gave me *such* love. He then told me to go and "*greet him with a holy*

kiss." But he declined, and after stepping off the platform or pulpit, going to my seat again, the power of God prostrated me on the carpet, and some two hours after, I arose and *all* were gone. I went home, but it seems they thought that my laying *silently* on their carpet was disturbing their meeting. I didn't try much to go in, but said, "*God has sent me here to pray for you*." Soon a constable came, and said, "*Go with me*." "*Are you a public officer?*" He said, "*Yes*." "*I'll go with you*." Locked arms and walked two or three rods; my strength left me *instantly*; I could not lift a finger; I would have *helped if I could*. They carried me, and I found myself locked up in a prisoner's cell, so happy and in deep love and travail for them, I couldn't sit up more than one hour out of twenty-five, before they were ready to *receive and entertain* me at the court-room. Even then they had no precept, and only one came or appeared as "*the accuser*." I told him that it was their *unbelief* which caused the disturbance, if any; that I never came except when the Lord *told me*, and sent me to help them against the devil; and they might depend on this, *viz.*: I never will come without his special direction; that many of their own members said they didn't see why they made such a fuss about Father Reddy coming to their meeting—that they were glad to have him come. "*Well, if you come again, keep still*," said the "*accuser of the brethren*." I had told my wife that the Lord had sent me to Jericho that morning. She said, "*Well, you won't get the walls down to-day*," but here they were flat.

CHAPTER III.

SATAN TRANSFORMED—A REMARKABLE VISION AT BAPTISM.

IN 1865, I preached in a Wesleyan meeting house in Allegany county, on Sunday, or first day of the week, and after the sermon I baptized two persons, one man, and a young woman by the name of Nancy W—, fourteen years old. When I raised Nancy out of the water, she saw Jesus and a multitude of holy Angels around him, all in white, and everything glistening and dazzling so bright, it seemed to distress her eyes—unconscious of being in the water, but thought she was up where Jesus and the Angels were;—that Jesus was clothed in white, and that he appeared as large as two large men; that his long beard was white, his long hair also hung down on his shoulders as white as snow; that he stood before her with a book in his hand as large as a door, written full; the reading beginning at the right, reading to the left; that he said "*tell Mr. Reddy first*"; that her mother's name was in large capital letters reaching across the book, glistening like gold; and while straining her eyes to resist the light, they came open; the vision closed; she shouted two or three times; was losing her strength and falling backwards into the water again, but I kept her from falling, led her near

the shore, and she came near falling again. But I knew nothing of the vision until the next day, when Satan tried hard to keep her from saying anything about it; but the tempter was overcome and her countenance was wonderfully lighted up. She told me what she had seen, and then told it to others; and a man was struck under conviction and blest before he left the house. The vision greatly *encouraged* me from that time forward. While I had an isolated priesthood and much opposition, and esteemed by many as doing harm and very little good in the world, the Lord Jesus had just sent me word that small as it seemed to others, yet He and thousands of his Angels interested, came down in sight to witness this baptism—great in the sight of the Lord.

Soon after this I was sent again to Chautauqua county, and then up the lake to Ohio, first to Cleveland, after three or four back-sliders who had gone away from the cross at Lockport, and a brother-in-law and his wife, back in the country about twenty miles, where I preached some for two weeks or more and saw some fruit. A Brother Strong, a young man, was sanctified and has gone to holding meetings since; others also were convicted, and said they never had seen anybody happy in religion until they saw me; some, grown up, never had conviction before.

I returned from Ohio to Allegany county, where I had left my horse and buggy, and from thence to Cazenovia camp-meeting, by way of home, staying a little more than a day. Having been gone over four months, taking with me Brother M. Tinkum, who has traveled with me some before and since. We were gone some six weeks hunting up the tempted and the down-trodden. We visited and stayed one night at the "Oneida community." But arriving at the camp-meeting a great cross came on me, an intimation of which had been given me by the Spirit, where we stayed about five miles distant. In ten minutes after coming on the ground, I had to go into the stand and speak a few minutes, and the power came; I was set laughing and slain. Soon after I arose, the committee of laymen and preachers waited on me, requesting me to leave the ground, threatening me with their authority if I did not, and if I took any part in the meeting. I told them, the Lord had sent me there; that I was not at liberty to say I would leave until He should direct me;—said, "brethren you do not know what you are doing;" I was set laughing, filled with such love for them and all the people, I threw my arms around one of the preachers' necks and fell. They were confounded. I was such a mystery. They went away and left me without obtaining any promise from me. I must say to the credit of my brother, William Reddy, the Presiding Elder of the district, that he "had not consented to the counsel and deed of them;" these words were given me by the Spirit, while I was in a *query* whether he being one of the committee was in it, but was not now among them, which I found to be the truth an hour afterwards. He came out and invited us to come into his tent to dinner. I lay on the carpet on my back, being burdened and in *travail* for the

people all the afternoon, so that I could scarcely lift my hand. On Sunday I had to go into the stand at the close of my brother's sermon; spoke a few words, after some opposition from a preacher, who had got the stairway filled up with himself and others. But I succeeded in gaining the stand, where was exhibited a *practical comment on the sermon*, which was on the nature and workings of "unbelief." The pressure was so heavy and *infernal* that it nearly suffocated me while attempting to speak a few words in favor of *union in prayer and action*, and the one preacher to reach and save the seven or eight thousand that were now before us on the camp-ground. But the want of faith among the preachers, and sympathy and co-operation with me, which I deeply felt at the time, so pressed me that God set me into a mixture of "*howl*" and *weeping aloud*, I was soon slain in the stand by the power of God. When I arose, I was grabbed by Brother H—, one of the traveling preachers, and made a prisoner in the lower part of the stand, threatened with warrant, jail, &c., if I would not promise to leave the ground. The Squire came; I told them I was under contract to another master—had promised to "do the will of God," that when He told me to go, I would cheerfully. The Justice after a while came, took me by the hand and said, this man will do you no harm, and went away leaving his law-book, till the close of the meeting.

But God soon rebuked their *pride and will—their authority*—for He sent a heavy rain suddenly that day, which continued all night and the next day, which drenched the ground well. They meddled *no more* with me; I took part in the meetings as the Lord directed me, and the last two days was a glorious returning to the blood of Jesus for the cleansing. Many were sanctified and others *restored*. I almost wondered that they would come to me and relate their experience, as if I had been almost the sole instrument in their success, although I was not present when they found the cleansing blood; yet my burden and "*travail*" had some relation to their cleansing; for while I lay in the tent the first afternoon, these words were before me and were brought to my remembrance, viz.: "He shall see his seed." Again, "he shall see of the *travail* of his soul and shall be *satisfied* by his *knowledge*, his *experience*, or *faith*, shall my righteous servant *justify* many, for he shall *bear* their *iniquities*." Jesus took me to the garden, showed me how he *travailed* for the *world* of sinners; and the satisfaction and encouragement it gave me to see the church so happy and strong in the Lord, more than compensated me for the apparent *disgrace*, the reproach and insult received, or offered; "He was despised and *rejected of men*." "Ye shall be brought before a Magistrate, for my name-sake hated of all men, but there shall not a hair of your head perish; in your *patience*, possess ye your souls;"—Jesus.

A TEST OF FAITH.

When we were about to return home from one of these camp-meetings, after preaching at a

private house in Onondaga county, one evening after going to bed, the Lord humbled and brought me to the cross, viz.: To go to the cars for home and say to the conductor, "I am a traveling preacher, this is the fourth time I've been sent by the Lord to Cazenovia camp-meetings, I have always had a ticket, till now I have none, nor money either, except about two shillings, you can have that, then do the best you can with me, God bless you, I want to go home, carry me or set me off as you can afford." I was much blessed, I had the *faith now*, but had been beset by the devil several times with this question, viz.: "How are you going to get home?" This question I could not answer the devil, for I did not know myself, and no one had offered me money, and I was not allowed to even *hint* to any one, not even to Brother T—, my companion in tribulation. We went to the depot and I stood outside the office a little to settle it in my mind; get courage so that I should not falter; I came to the door, met Brother Tinkum with two tickets, handing me one of them. The Spirit came on me, set me to *shouting and roaring*, and preaching Jesus, and salvation to the multitude thronging the depot at Syracuse. So grateful to God for his *care* for and *over me*, "whom am less than the least of all Saints," is this grace (faith) given. Brother T—, said the Lord had told him near a week previous, but he did not think to say anything to me; and I had some reason to suppose he had only enough to bear his own expenses home. This was a great test of my faith and of my *will*, yet it did head off and conquered the devil.

A KIND—AFTERWARDS A CORRECTIVE PROVIDENCE.

In 1864, I came to a brother's house where I had always found a hearty welcome, as Jesus did at the house of Bethany. While in the horse-barn one day, he said: "Do you know what you've come for?" then said: "you've come for that horse. The Lord told me to give you that horse when you came again." I said, "Are you *sure* that the Lord told you to give me that horse?" "Yes, I know it, and it is your horse." After my return from Ohio, by Allegany county, the next year, I had an offer of \$28.00 for the colt, but being out of the habit of traffic or trade, and the colt being thought young to wean, I passed on, but a break of the canal swept the colt off into the stream twice; I then had a strong *hint* to sell the colt. Afterwards I was offered \$35.00, but only half money down. The nearer I came to home, the less food for winter. I planned on *haste* home from Cazenovia camp-meeting, for to go south again to *sell that colt*. My youngest boy took us to the cars, then drove down into the village (Albion,) but just as the train came, I found my little boy hold of my hand, saying with tears, "father, the colt is dead! the thill run into the shoulder." The conductor said: "all aboard." I said, Mark, *do the best you can*. The train was off. The Lord showed me that *He laid plans* for me the rest of my life. That I must write Mark, say it was the Lord who cared more for

souls—human happiness—than for colts; that he must not blame himself, that God wanted me to *know* the colt was dead, so I could be *free away*.

SATAN TRANSFORMED.

The following is a copy of a letter written in reply to an article found in the October number of "Earnest Christian," 1866, published at Rochester, N. Y.; under the heading "Satan Transformed," in which the writer states that *satan* is not only transformed into an angel of light, but that "*Satan is transformed into an angel of love; that he enters the soul through the channel of love. Does he not most frequently do it?*" This *blind* thrust at the *vitals* of the *Christian*, and this "*blasphemy*" of the Holy Ghost, attributing to the devil this essential nature of God, viz.: *Love*, is what gave rise to these pages:

CLARKSON, Nov. 20, 1866.

A. REDDY, to the Author of "Satan Transformed":

What! back again into love? Well Brother R—, you have at last come to the stake and pulled it up. "*Satan transformed into an angel of love.*" What a queer devil that would be—a *loving devil*. Whoever heard of *such* a devil till now? The Bible, or rather the Apostle under the direction of the spirit of God, says: "*God is love, and he that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.*" Again: "*If we love one another, God (not the devil) dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.*" Again: "*We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.*" And again: "*By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.*"

Now, Brother R—, the Lord has laid it on me to sit down and say a few words in this manner for the *defence of truth* and for the protection of the Lord's *lambs*; and it may be for some of his sickly sheep, or the feeble of his flock, who have always, heretofore, under temptation and the "*fiery darts*" of Satan, had this last *stake or snubbing post* to hold their little barque against the downward current, viz.: this, That although Satan could have access to the mind in his lies and deceptive allurements—yet he *could not counterfeit love*—could not get into a heart filled with humble *love*. But now this is at last removed out of sight of your readers, if they credit what you have said; and how few will have the independence to dispute, or question what one occupying your position has said; and yet you have taken away this "*key of knowledge*" just as the devil has to many a convert thrown *this doubt*, viz.: Whether *love is God in the soul*, or whether it is not the devil making us *love*. But you have settled this in your article by saying: "*Satan enters the soul through the channel of love—does he not most frequently do it?*"

Now this had a dangerous "*heresy*," has grieved the Lord and will be, and is a cause of grief to many of the children of God, because it strikes at the *vitals* of the *Christian*. It

certainly destroys, or attributes to the devil's agency the *only essential* element of the religion of Jesus Christ, viz.: *Love*. You may speak with the tongues of men and angels—have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have all faith, so that you could remove mountains, and give all your goods to feed the poor, and give your body to be burned (as a martyr.) This is nothing without *love*—yea, it profits nothing, you are not a *Christian*. But if you *love* (have God within) even without, these constitutes a child of God a *Christian*. This is *God's nature, love*, and we are partakers of the *divine* (not the devil's) *nature*, when we *love*. “He that dwelleth in *love*, dwelleth in *God*, and *God* in him; he that loveth not, knoweth not *God*, for *God* is *love*.” “It is the children of the devil, or of the flesh, that *lust*. They that are Christ's, *have crucified the flesh with the affections and lust*.” Who believes this, viz.: That the *Christian is dead to sin*—that his *affections and passions* are not under the influence of “*Satan*,” but are *governed and controlled* by the “*Holy Ghost*,” “*guided into all truth* without making mistakes or being “*pushed*” into error. “*He cannot sin because he is born of God*.” The *Sons of God* only are *led* by the spirit of *God*.* Again, “*if ye be led by the spirit, ye are not under the law*.” What *law* is it that the *child of God is not under*, who are led by the spirit? I answer, *the law, or any law*, which shows the nature and sinfulness of sin. But especially that code of precepts referred to by Paul, in the 7th chapter of Romans, to which he declares we are *dead* by the body of Christ. That *law was our school-master to bring us to Christ*, that we might be justified by *faith*. But after that *faith is come*, we are no longer under a school-master; for that *law is dead* wherein we were held that we should serve in *newness of spirit*.

That we may see the particular law had in

*Now if *Satan can love again* and “*does most frequently enter the soul through the channel of love*.” And if *satan can impart love*—inspire it in the heart of a child of *God*.—and can turn that heart towards others in *love*; then you should call him *brother* and not *nickname him Satan*, signifying an enemy; and you ought to do what you can to remove the unwarranted fears yet existing in the minds of the people and public, of the devil as an enemy, and preach more about hell's redemption—a restoration without a Saviour, and proclaim to the world that Christ has “*delivered up the kingdom to God, even the father, (or will soon,) for he must reign till all enemies are put under his feet*.” And now that devils can and *do love again*, and can “*enter the soul through the channel of love*,” and does make the heart flow towards others in *love*, (in union,) and make them *love*; then devils are no more enemies. Jesus' work is nearly done, for he came to destroy the works of the devil which was *sin, hatred, enmity*. And to restore *love, unity and peace*—“*good will to men and among men*,” for “*love worketh no ill to his neighbor*.” You say that *Satan is transformed into an angel of love*,” then Jesus has got a *helper*. Now if *all* the devils are thus transformed into *love*, then men and women everywhere, will soon catch this spirit; for “*the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience*,” will “*transform*” others too as well as himself. So these transformed devils will soon make every one like themselves; then *selfishness, and war too, will end*. But Christ can't have all the *honor*, *Satan* must have some.

view, Paul mentions one of the precepts of what is called the ten commandments, viz.: “*Covet.*” “*I had not known lust, (or sinful desire,) except the law had said “Thou shalt not covet.”*” What? *abrogate* or set aside the *law of God* which is “*holy, just and good*.” Yes. Paul says, “*it is dead, and we are dead to it*.” The relation is dissolved between the *law* and a *righteous man*; it was not made and does not exist for a *righteous man*, “*but for the ungodly and for sinners*.” The fruit of the spirit is *love, joy, peace, long suffering, meekness, gentleness, goodness, faith*”—*Against such there is no law*. All the law is fulfilled in one word, viz.: this, “*Love*,”—*love to God and man*. “*He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law*. Dead to the law by the body of Christ, that we should be married to another, even to him that is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto *God*.” [See Rom. vii, iv.]

Now, Bro. R—, I wish you to publish this article in the “*Earnest Christian*.” It will clear up many things in which many are confused. Don't garble by extracts and exceptions, and thus try to draw into your train of thinking—for God gave me these thoughts and told me to write, first for *your* benefit, and then for others. Show it to your wife. Examine it, and God will give you light on some of these points, if your eye is single. And don't stumble over some things which you do not understand; “*Lest that come upon you which was spoken by the Prophet, ‘Behold ye despisers and wonder and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe though a man declare it unto you’*”—*Judicial blindness*.

Here the above letter ended, but the same train of thought and reasoning continued. But without Jesus, the great Commentator, to explain or to open our understanding, or the Spirit to give us an understanding—the spiritual import and design of the Scriptures—we shall be liable to depend on the mere *letter of the law*, like many of the Jews who were so tenacious of *their law* that in *transcribing* they counted even the number of letters. And yet, neither they nor their posterity kept the *law* nor done the *will of God*. They made broad their “*Philacteries* and enlarged the borders of their garments,” on which they wrote parts of the Bible—and thus made an *idol* even of the Bible—hypocritically pretending great attachment to *God's word*, while they were breaking the spirit of the very precepts which they pretended to, and taught others to keep. They passed over judgment—impartial justice—and the *love of God*. They devoured widows' houses by extortion,—or shaving money—killed the prophets; and they and their children laid out their money to garnish (decorate) the sepulchers of the righteous which their fathers had killed for standing for the truth and for *God*. Said Stephen, just a few minutes before they murdered him, “*Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted and slain, who have spoken of the coming of that Just One, of whom ye have now been the betrayers and murderers*.” The Devil thinks more of the Bible now than he used to—would not have it

out of the *religious* world on any account — his greatest success is gained here with Christians, so called — get them to make an *idol* of its *authority* and yet keep the people from *doing the will* of its Author in observing its real spirit. Moses, *God's chosen leader* of the people was opposed and vexed by this bad spirit, his task, made heavy while he lived, but as soon as God had taken and buried him, — no one knew where, — then the Devil set up a hunt to *find the body of Moses*, — to make an *idol*, of course. Now all speak *well* of Moses since he has gone; “But Michael, the Archangel, when contending with the Devil, he disputed about the *body of Moses*,” (Jude 9th verse) — So with *religious* people *now*, so soon as they lose sight of God as their *Sovereign* — *His will as their law*, — and the *Spirit as their guide*, — then they become as tenacious of the “*Word*,” (the Bible,) as the Jews, and manifest a species of *Idolatry* even of the *Bible*. Jesus said: “*None of you keepeth the law; why go you about to kill me?*” The Devil gets the *Bible* quoted *for him* so as to “*condemn the just*,” — those who are led by the *Spirit*, — setting the “*letter that killeth*,” higher than the *Author* — “*the Spirit that giveth life*,” setting the letter of the *Bible* above the *Lord*, and have become afraid to be governed and guided by *Him*. I suppose that after those who are *now led by the Spirit* have gone home to *God*, by martyrdom or otherwise, who now are persecuted. If they don’t hunt their “*Body*,” yet they’ll want their *PORTRAIT*.

The Jews were zealous of the law. Jesus broke one of its precepts, viz: the Sabbath. They said: “*This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day*.” *That was true* — as to the letter he did work on the Sabbath, and said: “*My Father worketh hitherto and I work*.” What did Jesus do on the Sabbath day? This, viz: He put his hands on the woman in the synagogue that Satan had crooked over — “*bound for eighteen years*;” — And also he healed the man at the pool of Bethesda, and then told him to break the Sabbath, that is, the letter: “*Take up thy bed, and walk; and on the same day was the Sabbath*.” The Jews met and stopped him, and said, this man is not of God — is not a Christian, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day, that is, broke one of the commandments. James says, if we break one *command* we are “*guilty of all*.” But Jesus shows that he is not *under that law*, but that the *law* is *under him* and all of his *disciples*, — in this, viz: “*Man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath was made for man*. The Son of Man is Lord (or ruler) of the Sabbath.” He said also, that the priests in the temple *profane* the Sabbath and are *blameless*.

Abraham was told by the *Lord* himself to go and make a burnt offering — kill his son Isaac — contrary to the letter of that precept of the law, viz: “*Thou shalt not kill*.” But it was *love to God*; *love to Isaac*, that prompted him — not hate — a delight to do the *will* of *God*.

Here lies the secret between sin and holiness, viz; this — *Sin is doing anything for the devil*. “*He that committeth sin is of the devil*;” he

does it *for the devil*. And holiness is *any thing done for the Lord by the direction of the Spirit, prompted by love — the motive to please God*. If Abraham had been influenced by *hate* or *ill will — angry feelings*, such as Cain, when he rose up and slew his brother Abel — then Abraham would have been a *sinner — a murderer* — although he did not do the deed. The *motive* and *Spirit* by which we are moved is what makes it *pleasing* or *displeasing* to God. A *wish* or *desire* which the *Holy Ghost* has put within us is *all* that God *can* be pleased with. Any other *wish*, *desire*, or *lust*, is from the *devil*; hence Jesus defines what is *adultery*, viz: to “*look on a woman, to lust after her, he hath committed adultery already with her in his heart*.” This then is *adultery*, viz: The *desire, motive, consented to*, which the *devil* — not *God* — has inspired. And this is *murder*, viz: *He that hateth another — any body — his brother, is a murderer*. Here is the *Bible*, and the definitions of the wise commentator, who shows what the *Bible* is for, viz: “*not to condemn the guiltless, but that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works*.”

It would not have been *murder* had Abraham carried out his purpose to take the life of his son Isaac, although he did not understand, as yet, what it was for; and too, an open violation of his affections, the common feelings of humanity, and of the *moral precept*, “*Thou shalt not kill*,” and also conflicting with his *Reason*. God had made him the *promise* through *that son* he should be the “*father of many nations*.” But he “*accounted that God was able to raise him from the dead*.” He considered God a *sovereign*, having a perfect right to *alter, suspend, or repeal any law*, even the *moral law*, so called — the letter. (But the spirit and design of all law is to secure obedience to the *will of the law-giver*.) Hence the *will of God* is the *only law or rule* for finite intelligences — for angels or men. But what was his *will* once may not be now — circumstances being changed. A duty once required of Abraham may never have been required of *any* before or since, and never be again to the end of time. But every man or woman, or even an angel, must be *ready*, so far as *their will* is concerned, to do even that or *any thing* else God may require of them, although He may not let *them know* for what it is required. On the above principle is “*adultery*,” although forbidden by precept from the same literal code where *murder, theft, lying and work on the Sabbath* are forbidden, *would not be adultery*, if God should require it to be done as in the case of *duty* to which Abraham was called, viz., kill Isaac; or, in the case of Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, Sarah’s maid; or, as in the case of the Sadducees, referred Jesus to in order to get an argument against the resurrection. (See Deut. xxv, 5-10.) Where the brother living in the same house was required to perform the *duty of the husband* of his brother’s wife who had died, and the offspring be called by his brother’s *name*. And if he refused, she was to “*unloose his shoe and spit in his face*”

before the Elders, and he be thus disgraced in Israel as belonging to the house of him that had his *shoe unloosed*." See the case of this kind of "Onan." (See Gen. xxxviii, 8-10.) Where he shrank, and it displeased the Lord, and *He slew him*. Then afterwards the widow dressed herself in disguise and caught the old man Judah by *strategy*, and when he found out the facts he said, "*She hath been more righteous than I.*" Here Judah acted like some religious folks now-a-days—ready to condemn the guiltless. He was going to have his daughter-in-law "*burnt to death*" for playing the harlot. But when she presented *his* signet, bracelets and staff, which *he* had given her as a pledge, and that she had done the next best thing she could after *he* had failed to give her the son promised in the place of those the Lord slew. He said she was *righteous*—had not done *wrong*. Now here is a case of *adultery* on *his* part but not on hers, as God had made provision for her case and condition. And He sent her there to meet Judah. Dr. Fowler, in his work on Maternity—Address to Mothers, gives mention of a case where a man committed *adultery* with his own wife. He made an agreement with a widow, and it was arranged or understood that he was to come in at a certain window and depart secretly. The widow informed his wife of the arrangement, and they agreed the *wife* should occupy the bed instead of the widow. Here is a case of *adultery* of a man with his own wife, because he did it for the devil, and under his satanic direction, prompted by unsanctified passions. The motive in the case was not to please God, and hence the wrong—the *sin*. The case of Lot's two daughters with their father was not *adultery*, because their motive was offspring, to keep a seed alive in the earth, for they supposed every body destroyed but they two and their father—a motive to please God, yet kept concealed from their father. (See Gen. xix, 31-38.) The taking of God's name in *vain* is only *sin* when it is prompted by the motives or spirit inspired by the devil and in *unbelief*. Lying also is not simply telling an untruth; but what is true may be said in such a *manner* that it would be a lie, while the intention or motive is to deceive. We come out at last to this important Bible truth, that they "*who are in the flesh cannot please God.*" "*But ye are not in the flesh but in the spirit if so be that the spirit of God dwells in you.*"

Jesus Christ was called to be the Messiah—to die as a sacrifice and representative for every man—tasting death for him. Not his good example but his *death* which brought *life* to man and put the devils in closer chains, "*leading captives into captivity.*" Hell felt the shock when he arose a conquerer. He ascended upon high, and received gifts for men, and by his intercession secured and sent down the promise of the father on the day of Pentecost. The Holy Ghost imparted his gifts and came to take care of and guide the Church, imparting to each member some miraculous and adapted gift "*severally as he will.*" The gift of tongues, the interpretation of tongues, the discerning of

spirits, the gift of prophecy, the gift of faith, the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, and the casting out of devils. Jesus had given some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers for the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, *till* we all come in the unity of the faith unto the knowledge of the Son of God, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The comforter has come to "*show us things to come to bring all things to our remembrance, whatsoever Jesus had spoken—to remove the veil so that we can understand both the Old and New Testament Scriptures.*"

CHAPTER IV.

TESTS—TRY THE SPIRITS—A TEST GIVEN.

MANY say you must "*try the spirits*," for we are commanded to. I ask, what does that mean? Are we to try God and try the devils, and how? Let us see,—examine this scripture which is found in I. John, iv, 1: "*Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, for many false prophets are gone out into the world.*" Now we are admonished to try these prophets, or teachers and preachers, whether they are of (not whether they are) God, but whether they are *of God*. How shall we try them? The rule or criterion is here given, viz: "*Every spirit (prophet or teacher) that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God. (not God,) but is of God.* And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God, for this is that spirit of anti-Christ that should come into the world."

A SHORT SERMON—ILLUSTRATION—ROCK OF THE CHURCH—CONFESSION THE TEST.

"*Thou art Christ the son of the living God.*"—MATT. xvi, 13-19. "*On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*"—PETER. "*This rock,*" viz: the *confession* (not Christ, the rock, nor Peter, but the confession of this offensive truth) that Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph and Mary, is the Christ—the Messiah of God. This is the rock. This was *now* become the offense of the cross—the *test for all*. "*The Jews had agreed already that if any did confess him they should be put out of the synagogue—the church.*" *Here was the test* in that age and time which took their *all—life and all*. The blind man, whose eyes Jesus had cured, said, "*A man that is called Jesus, made clay and anointed mine eyes—told me to go, wash in the pool of Siloam. I went and washed, and received sight.*" He had not seen Jesus yet—but had told his experience in answering the Jews' inquiry. They then began to *oppose him*, and said, "*Give God the praise, as for this man we know that he is a sinner, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day.*" But he began to exhort them, "*Will ye also be his disciples?*" They

said, "Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?" and they cast him out. Jesus found him in the temple and said, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The man said, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" He seemed ready to do anything; take any reproach or believe anything, good or true; ready to tell his experience over again where it would be received, or where it might do good; he gaining strength each time. If he had shrunk he would, perhaps, have lost his sight. Here was a *trial of faith* for this young convert—a *test of obedience and fidelity* to Jesus and to the light he had, or it would have left him—been taken away. This confession "before men," standing firm against opposition, is the "*rock*." His parents were *slinks* and *cowards*—afraid of *men*—this was the rock on which each member is built—on which it stands. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," can not overcome, nor overthrow them—a house on the *rock*. Devils will threaten—strike with fear of consequences, like Peter, in fear, said, "I know not the man." Afraid of death, of prison, of persecution. "But he that will save his life shall lose it; but he that will lose his life for my sake the same shall save it." Here the devil is conquered, viz., by the consent of our *will* to do or suffer even the worst things *he can* present to frighten us. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Tests applied now.—A woman seeking a clean heart was afraid she would make a *noise*; but she could obtain no relief or further light until she consented to *scream*. This had now become the cross,—the conditions on which God was now offering this pearl of great price—the *test* of her *will* and *obedience* to God, and the only place or cross that could effectually *kill* and separate her from the world. She at last yielded and the spirit *screamed* her into the kingdom.

Another.—A woman in Schuyler Co. was held to this one cross for about three weeks, viz., to *stand up* in the meeting and say, "I am willing to be called a Nazarite—Reddy-ite—or anything else; and consent to be slain, or fall by the power of God." She was *led* to make the *promise* finally. At the next meeting she was tempted to be sorry that she had made it, and wished to get out. But she began to tremble from head to foot—the *crisis* had come. There was no release. She arose, spoke a few words, and *fell* backwards into the arms of a sister sitting behind her; then talked some, after a little. She said, afterwards, that it seemed as if ten thousand needles were all through her flesh. (This is the crucifying power of the Holy Ghost.) She was never so happy in all her life; had a complete victory over everything and everybody. Here was the "*rock*," of the church on which *it is yet—is now built*—the *test* of her salvation. The devil tried to prevail by making her sorry, she was now pressed by circumstances and had bound herself by promise. But this *vow* was what placed her feet upon the *rock*—God had her, and the gates of hell *could not prevail*. God himself chose the tests and not us; but we have to make

the decision, "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

This was the *test*, then, by which these teachers, prophets, or preachers, could be detected, viz: the *confession that Jesus Christ had come in the flesh*. All that made this confession then exposed themselves by it to persecution and death—to martyrdom; hence it is said, "He that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is born of God." There was no doubt left of the genuineness of their conversion when they made this confession in that day, in the face of such opposition and reproach.

But those that feared or avoided that confession, betrayed the spirit of anti-christ. God had made that the *test*, the *issue* with the devil; on this turned the victory over him and the world. "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh." This one point distinguished the children of God and the children of the devil—the dividing line in that day—the one, and almost the only article of faith, or *creed* to subscribe to—that which *tested* the disciples thoroughly, and thus made them *one in Christ Jesus; one in spirit, soul, heart and aim*. John said, "He that is of God heareth us, and he that is not of God heareth not us."

But suppose we attempt the detection or *trial of spirits* (preachers) now days by this *criterion*, or *test*, viz: That Jesus Christ is come in the flesh; or that Jesus of Nazareth is the *Messiah* of God, how many *false prophets* or anti-christs would we find? It costs nothing to make that profession now. *It is not now God's test*, or the *rule* by which even a Christian may be known; the *offence* of the cross has ceased here, on this point, so that this part of the Bible—the New Testament even is *out of date*—is *nearly obsolete*, except we were among Jews, to whom this doctrine is yet an offence, and would yet expose us to persecution. It would not be heresy, even among Roman Catholics. Instead of miracles, and the gifts, and special guidance of the Holy Ghost being *out of date*, as many talk and seem to think, such persons should give up that notion—admit that *signs* and *miracles* are necessary, and adapted to *all ages*. If not just the same manifestation as found on record, yet we are to look for some manifestation, *supernatural* from God, to meet the demands of the human mind; while we readily relinquish this part of the New Testament *test*, as but *little* use or application *now*, because it *costs* so little *now*. Once it was the "*rock*" on which Christ built his church—the *test* of believers; but the *tests* are to be looked for on other points now, which takes our *all*—which separates us from the *world*.

God has had *tests* in all ages of the church. Not the same in every age. In Daniel's day, or the *test* brought on for him, although devised by *envy*, nevertheless it was God's *test*, viz: Praying to God was the *offence*. The consequences to which it exposed him, was, to be cast into the den among hungry *lions*, but he *stood* this *test unharmed*.

The fellow captives of Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, had another *test*. Who

dare say that God was not in it? Yea, it was God that brought it. The *test* was this, viz: To stand up in a religious meeting, while all were commanded by the sovereign—the king—to bow down to the idol—“image,” that Nebuchadnezzar had set up. The penalty annexed to disobedience to the “powers that be” was to be put into the fiery furnace, to be heated one seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, because of the kings rage.

But these children of God, no doubt, said within themselves, “*Do your utmost, we are not careful*, O King, about this matter; our God he will deliver us; but if *He don't we will not bow down to the image thou hast set up.*” Here was a *test*, for them, and the destiny of the whole nation, religiously, depended on their *disobedience here*, and their loyalty to God.

But they did not know *certainly* how it would come out, but God’s honor was concerned, their own peace and *safety*, and the destiny of others depended upon the decision of their *will*, and not upon the amount of religious feeling had at the time. They were *pressed* into a sort of *business transaction*, where it required a *sanctified recklessness*—a *will* that could not and would not go back or turn aside. The martyrs had some such *tests* when five sentences would have appeased the wrath of their enemies, and secured their release—just do it for the devil.

But God has *now* some *tests*, and *He*, in his love to us and others concerned, chooses, in his wisdom, adapted *tests* to call forth into action, and to our discovery, what is in us—to *cure* and make us conquerors, and when we meet these *tests* they take us by surprise; we do not always readily *believe* that God has chosen them, and hence are tempted to find fault, and lay the blame to others or to ourselves; so it takes all the patience we have, and faith too; it seems like taking “life and friends away,” and every dependence but God. Like the Catholic woman who had lost her beads, had nothing to depend on but God—that’s all.

REPROACH A COMMON TEST.

Reproach is the *common test*, and if we have any *reputation* to take care of, either for ourselves, for the cause of God, or of his people, even the church, God will, in some way or another, bring *reproach*. God will have a *peculiar* people; hence he has to lead them in some way which will certainly bring *reproach* upon them. And when we attempt to get away from, and shun those crosses or associations which will expose us to censure, and to be misunderstood, we are surely shunning God and his mode of saving and preserving us and others. He wants to get us into this net in order to *smut us*, so that he can keep us “*unspotted from the world.*”

Moses “*esteemed the reproach of Christ* greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.” The apostles “*rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name.*” Peter said, “*If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.*”

John Wesley said, “*Contempt*, then, is a part of the cross that every one bears who becomes a *Christian*; The badge of his discipleship; The stamp of his profession; The constant *seal* of his calling.” [See Wesley’s Journal, vol. iii. page 125. Also, in the Earnest Christian, November number, 1861, under the heading “*Reputation.*”]

But where, or what is the *test* by which God tries his people now days? Well, here is one, viz: the consent to be called a *Nazarite*, and take and share the reproach of it. One woman seeking holiness, was held by the Spirit about four weeks, as she said, to this one point, as the *last condition*, viz: to go with this despised people, and be called a *Nazarite*. And when she came to God’s terms, he sanctified her, soul, body and spirit, in her bed, about two o’clock in the morning. She had the witness of the Spirit by consenting to the *conditions*, the *test* presented. But it costs a greater sacrifice now, and involves a person in much greater *reproach* than it did seven or eight years ago—a greater *death*. *It may be the Lord is obliged to lead* some of His people in ways *now*, because of the unbelief of others, seeming to them extravagant—into some things and ways to *conquer* this unbelief and these *devils*, that has got such advantage of other minds, for, “*Where sin abounds grace did much more abound,*” which was not necessary once for Him to lead them.

One sister in Lockport who enjoyed the blessing of holiness—she was blest *much* under the sermon; in the meeting she *screamed*, crowded her handkerchief into her mouth; after doing so a few times, she found she had grieved the Spirit, and had lost the treasure—the blessing. Here was the *test*, on which alone it could be retained.

One sister, the wife of a preacher, said, “when they were in England preaching the gospel, her husband was taken very sick, the more part thought he would die. The Lord,” she said, “told her to go to a certain meeting, about six miles distant, on foot, and lay her hands on the preacher’s head while he prayed, and her husband would—*should live.*” She went and obeyed the Lord, and he recovered and is now preaching the Gospel. “*Here was a trial, or test of her faith and obedience.*” She expected to be imprisoned, but God took care of that.

The case of Abraham is in point, it is said: “*And it came to pass that God did tempt (test) Abraham; he was told to go and offer up his son Isaac for a burned sacrifice.*” He kept it an entire secret. But just as he was about to strike the fatal blow, the angel of the Lord said: “*Abraham stay thy hand for now I know that thou fearest me, seeing thou hast not withheld from me thy son, thine only son Isaac.*” Here Abraham saw the day of Christ, “*and was glad.*” He had an experience now, a discovery which he never could have had if God had not chosen such a test of his faith and obedience. Paul said: “*They that be of faith are blest with and are children of faithful Abraham.*” “*Obedience is better than sacrifice.*” This is *all* that is required of angels or of men. But where the will is not entirely subdued and cheerfully

submitted to God, there will be more or less unbelief, which will be seen finding fault and choosing to pass by these *tests*, even of *association* with those that are *reproached* for the name of Christ. We don't wish to expose ourselves too much to disgrace.

We are not to infer from the *extraordinary* manifestations at the present day, and what seems to some *extravagant* manifestations, that this is another *age*, or dispensation of the Spirit, because some things transpire that we have no history of, or precedent in the *Bible*.

The Holy Ghost adapts his *plans* to the times, to the *persons*, and to the *evils* to be removed, rather than to follow some one used heretofore, which is now written in the *Bible*. The Holy Spirit is not dependent on the *Bible* for a copy, or plan to work as we are sometimes when His light, and *mode* of guiding us is obscured from our apprehension by our unbelief, caused mostly by the indecision of our will.

Many things have transpired in and with the church, *since* the history given by the apostles, quite different from what is described specifically in the *Bible*.

The *jerks*, a strange exercise which appeared at the first camp-meetings held in Kentucky, among the Baptists and Presbyterians, and soon joined by the Methodists, is not mentioned in the *Bible*. J. B. Finley, says, that young men would be seized by the jerks while under a warm song or exhortation, and when they would resist would be jerked off their horses and used violently, except they yielded, then it would abate. Young women would be humbled and mortified when taken with the jerks—the two or three first jerks their combs and bonnets would fly, their hair fly, and they bent over backwards, then forwards almost to the ground, the hair crack like a whip; others, when they came to, would praise God, who had converted their souls; others would get hold of trees, and laugh and dance. At one camp-ground they cut off the small trees breast high, so that persons taken with the jerks could hold on to them. One wicked man lay about thirty hours, who had tried to ride his horse into a praying circle; and one swearing drunkard broke his neck while trying to drink of his bottle.

Some of the ministers became afraid it was the devil, but the good done in the salvation of so many hard cases of proud men and women, they dare not lay it to the devil. But some *split it*, and thought a part of it must be of the devil, because they could get no *Bible* for it, or a precedent in history for such a strange thing. And then, too, it was so unlike God or his work, according to *their views* of him, that he would work such extravagance. It was a little more than some of them could or *would* believe or admit, so they became afraid of the *wild* camp-meeting and withdrew from it entirely, and afterwards *aided* in expelling some of those Ministers from the church, who believed and therefore acted accordingly, that the whole camp-meeting, with its strange and extravagant manifestations, was the *work* of God, the *whole* of it.

This was the commencement of camp-meetings in this country, where thousands were converted to God. About five hundred were seen swept down at once like a forest before the wind. *Seven* preachers were seen, all at the same time, preaching. Some on stumps or logs; one stood on a lodged tree. Some were heard singing, some praying, some shouting for the joy of deliverance from sin, while others were groaning and crying piteously for deliverance from the power of the devil.

There are manifestations of the Spirit *now* that are equally, if not more puzzling to the mind of some preachers, and others, of a limited experience, in the demonstrations of the Spirit upon the body and otherwise, who can not or *will not* believe it is the work of God. Some ways in which the spirit leads God's people of late is questioned, it may be by themselves, for the time being, but God soon clears it up as the *will* consents thus to be crucified. They are tempted some—most always after being led by the Spirit, especially in any new path or way we have never been in before. But soon they get victory if they continue to obey. But some have faltered after stepping a little and become afraid of the old critter called "*Fanaticism*" especially, as they are taught that those nearest to God, or that enjoy the most religion, are in the greatest danger—that *suddenly* they will make a *mistake*, and be transferred into his clutches. Not that the spirit will guide wrong, but that the devil will take them or *push* them over the mark, as they say he has some, and brought "*scandal on the innocent cause of religion*."

Now, the truth is, God has been leading and guiding them all the time, and into some things, and in some ways, in which he would not have led them but for the *unbelief* of others, and the division which the devil had caused by this unbelief, for he is the *author* of all the unbelief and division—the origin and agent.

It was this *bad* spirit that found a harbour among the early disciples, viz: Unbelief first, then jealousy that led them to complain, and say that their widows were neglected in the daily ministration. It was this bad Spirit that caused the death—the martyrdom of Stephen, and also the dispersion of the disciples from the city of all but the Apostles.

It was this bad spirit that led Judas Iscariot to find fault with Mary for wasting the ointment. "*It might have been sold for three hundred pence and been given to the poor.*" And then his being rebuked by the Lord, disturbed the devil in him, who led him to betray the master, and thus conduct the mob where Jesus and the disciples were praying.

The devil can't do much harm to a meeting until he can get some one of its members *tried* with something or with somebody; if with nobody else, get them tried because the rowdies act so bad when it is partly because *they* are tempted and yield, that gives the devil such advantage of others in the meeting and out too.

Now, if such persons would just make this vow that God led me to make, after being restored to the blessing of "*holiness*," viz., this,

"I will not find fault, but let and help each one to follow their own convictions of what the Lord wants of them, and do my own duty, regardless of what others may think or say." With this spirit of obedience and union, God would carry on his work gloriously.

This bad spirit struck some of the preachers at one of the Bergen camp-meetings with fear that something might be done, or some exercises witnessed which would bring greater *reproach* on the meeting, by which *fear* and *unbelief* they became *tried* with the women on the day they occupied the stand. Some found fault with the whole affair. Others thought some part of it was *not* of God, so that this *unbelief* and *division* grieved the Spirit, and he raised up a standard against this enemy. And to expose and rout this foe before the camp-meeting closed, eight or ten of the women were set dancing on the ground. God intended to *kill* or *cure* these unbelievers in regard to *God's control* of the *whole camp*, consequently a greater *reproach* was the result, for it was seen in the Rochester paper that the women "danced after the tune of Yankee-doodle," which was not quite true. This was to humble and check this bad spirit of *disunion* among the people of God. Yet some still in unbelief said they were led by the devil—that they were "pushed over the mark." Thus the work and designs of the *Holy Ghost* were not only misunderstood, but He was thus "*Blasphemed*." Then came *confusion*, then more *divisions* became more decided in its opposition to these exercises, and next "*organization*." The Free Methodists, in order to regulate the *Holy Ghost* and keep him from bringing upon these meetings any more disgrace by these leadings, and yet saying "I believe they are *sincere*, but they are *deceived*." But God, the *real* *Holy Ghost*, had not done with the *education*—the *discipline* of this pilgrim army yet. He intended a *cure* of this *division* and *grumbling*, and to have a *pure church again*—have "*faith on the earth*." But like Gideon's army of thirty-two thousand at first (too many to agree,) Gideon was directed to say to *all* that chose, "*go home*." And twenty-two thousand *left*. But the Lord said to Gideon, "There is too many yet. Go down to the brook and I will show you who can go." So the "*Water lappers*," only three hundred in number, were *all* that God could *risk* to go and put this Midianite army to flight, lest they should say "*our numbers have gotten us our victory*." God intended to have an army agree and under his control from *choice*. So with this "*Pilgrim*" army. They were too many to *agree*, so they had to be *tested and scattered*. Soon God appointed a camp-meeting *for this purpose*, in the town of Shelby, in Orleans County, in Western New York, in the fall of 1861, and "He appointed and directed specially "*Lapping*" water—The "*Washing feet*"—The "*greeting with a holy kiss*," and at the close, He directed a brother—since gone to his reward—to make a christian "*feast*," or dinner, on the ground, at his own expense. (A fat beef, &c.) "When thou makest a feast, call not thy rich neighbors

nor thy kinsfolks, lest a recompense be made thee. But *call* hither the *lame*—the *poor*—the *blind*—for they *cannot* recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the *just*." Then the fragments that remained (and they were not small,) were sent to those most needy in the neighborhood. Still further was the *Spirit* of the early christians seen here, viz: in having "*all things common*." In presenting the only horse and carriage of a brother to a preacher and his wife, who had none, and he went home as he could. Then, after this, two christian weddings were witnessed, being *specially planned* and *directed* by the "*Holy Ghost*." This resemblance and similarity to the early church was so striking that it almost seems that God *intended*, at this camp-meeting, to bring his church up to "*Pentecost*," and then let them look beyond and get a discovery of things still more *wonderful* and "*miraculous*" than the church witnessed even in the apostolic age. And had it not been for some difference in *views*, and especially for some of the devil's *cavilery*, (the Ministers thrown in to break the ranks,) opposing the simplicity and the observance of those innocent *customs* which characterized and distinguished christians from all others, viz: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have *love one to another*." "That ye *love* one another as I have *loved* you," I think God would have triumphed. This camp-meeting in Shelby, small as it was, has done more to *develope* the *unbelief* and *native opposition* in the *heart* and in the *churches* in Western New York to the *pure religion* of Jesus Christ, and to the *means and ways* the "*Holy Ghost*" now uses to humble and save—to get a peculiar people in this age, than anything that was ever known. The most common term of *reproach* to designate and to render it *odious*, has been this, viz: "*Rolling in the mud*." One minister having got his toe under a root, and *dare* not go further lest he should blood his nose, *could not enter in* because of unbelief. said, "If anybody should say he had the cross to '*greet*' his wife with a "*holy kiss*," that he should have the cross on him to give him a "*holy knock*," making the motion at the same time in the sermon. So little "*faith*" is there *now* in the *Bible* as adapted to the present generation, thus rejecting one of its plain precepts, and regarding it as they would an *old Almanac*, which could once be depended on as *true* and *adapted* but now esteemed in some of these precepts and promises as a matter of record.

CHAPTER V.

A SERMON ON MIRACLES.

"Earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."—JUDE, verse 4.

If you speak of *healing the sick*, of casting out devils, or of any other manifestation of divine power in overthrowing the works of the devil, you will be told that the day of miracles is past; that they were only introduced to es-

tablish the truths of the Gospel, and to prove its divine origin, and when that was done, viz., in the apostolic age, then it was withdrawn as being no longer necessary. And secondly, we are taught that the miracle working power was only given to the twelve Apostles. And thirdly, and as a consequence of the above, that miraculous signs and healing ceased at the end of the apostolic age. Now this is called preaching the Gospel. These statements have been made from the pulpit *again and again*, by high and low, with all the gravity of a D. D., —i. e. of Divine authority; and as if they were true, and had an undisputed sanction from the Bible itself, and no one would dare call it in question or doubt it, but *infidels*. But when we look into the Bible for ourselves, and then examine ecclesiastical historians and commentators, we are obliged to reject this commonly received *idea as false*—yea, as *infidelity* to God and the Bible too, and a want of that *martyr spirit*, viz: a willingness to go to *prison or to death*, as was, and is still, necessary to maintain that “*faith once delivered to the saints*.” I am obliged to state and maintain the three following propositions, viz: *first, miracles were not introduced merely to establish the truths of the Gospel, or peculiar to the Gospel, but are essential to God's religion always, in every age*. Secondly, the *miraculous gifts and signs* were not given *exclusively* to the twelve Apostles, but they were given to the whole church—men and women—as the body of Christ. And thirdly, the *miraculous gifts and special guidance* of the Holy Ghost was *not withdrawn*, nor ceased at the end of the apostolic age, as is held by most of the churches *now*, but did continue for more than *three hundred years*, and does *still*, even now with them that “*Believe in My Name, they shall cast out devils*,” etc. First, their miraculous gifts and guidance of the Holy Ghost were not peculiar to the Gospel but are essential to God's religion in all ages. It was shown first with Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh in Egypt—in the *signs and wonders* wrought—was seen at the Red Sea—at the waters of Horeb, that followed them near forty years—seen in the descent of manna for food—all through their journey, and their crossing Jordan—in the falling walls of Jericho—by “*faith at the shout and blast of rams-horns*.” The miracle was seen in the translation of Enoch and Elijah—in the raising of the *dead* of two persons by the two prophets, Elijah and Elisha—it was shown with Daniel in the den of lions—with his fellow captives in the fiery furnace, not a smell of fire was upon them. It was seen in the rain shut up three and one-half years—in the sun standing still—in Sarah's bearing her *first born* at the age of ninety years—it was seen with Gideon's fleece, etc., (see these miracles referred to by Paul, in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews,) all by *faith*. The conditions on which Abraham was converted was the belief in this miraculous power—the *promise of a son*. And every person truly converted to God is received on the belief that “*All things are possible with God now, and he that believeth laughs at impossibilities*.” No

limits to God. This is what distinguishes those “*least in the kingdom* greater than John the Baptist,” or any mere nominal Christians, for “*John did no miracles*.” The spirit is given to *every man*. Secondly, this miraculous gift and power was *not exclusively* bestowed on the Apostles, but upon all men and women, as the church constituting the body of Christ. Philip and Stephen, who were “*deacons*,” (not apostles,) wrought wonders—miracles—signs among the people, “*Hearing and seeing the miracles which he (Philip) did, for unclean spirits came out of many—many taken with palsies and that were lamed were healed*.” (See Acts viii, 6-7; see also vi, 8.) “*And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people*.” The prophecy of Joel shows that the gifts—miraculous tongues, prophesying, etc.,—belonged to the whole church; that there is neither male nor female in Christ Jesus. “*On my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out my spirit in those days and they shall prophesy*.” “*The Holy Ghost came down and there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them*,”—about a hundred and twenty *men and women*. Peter said it fulfilled the words of Joel. (See Acts ii, 16-17.) Philip had four daughters that prophesied (see Acts xxi, 9,) once more Annanias, not a preacher, was sent to Saul to lay his hands on him that he might receive sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost, and the gift came upon *him* whom God had called to be the apostle to the Gentiles, by the imposition of a layman's *hands*. (See Acts ix, 17.)* Mark and Luke were not of the twelve. But thirdly, the third and last part of this argument is that the miraculous gifts and special guidance of the Holy Ghost was *not withdrawn*, nor ceased at the end of the apostolic age, as being no longer necessary, because the Gospel was now established. It is a little strange that ministers dare hazard their reputation for truth when most, if not all, have read ecclesiastical historians and commentators, who, without exception, I believe, state that the miracle working power continued for more than three hundred years, into the fourth century—until the Emperor of Rome, Constantine, embraced Christianity, he stopped the persecution against the church, or against God, in that form—he soon made some of the officers of state from the *ministry*, then corruption soon crept in, and gradually the light waned and the spirit was soon grieved, and his manifestations became less frequent. Then the devil soon got those gifts nearly buried out of sight of the *heads of the church*, and he has tried to keep them out of sight, and prevent any one from claiming or exercising them. Satan has invented and published the *lie*, that we must not look for *miracles now*, and if any one preaches the doctrine

* Luke, who wrote the book of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles, was not himself an Apostle. Mark also was not an Apostle, yet none who credit the inspiration of the Bible question the inspiration of these books. Here are five persons, viz: Mark, Luke, Annanias, as well as Stephen and Philip, none of these belonged to the twelve. And Philip's four daughters that prophesied.

they are branded as Mormons, or Spiritualists, or fanatics,—and would be charged as heretics by most of the churches now—or else regarded as *insane* on the subject of religion, and not worthy the confidence of respectable society. Now instead of those gifts being withdrawn at the end of twenty-five or thirty years, they were continued for at least five or six generations after the apostolic age.*

And now we come back to see what Jesus has said on this all-important subject. We will point to two or three instances where this subject is treated. First, then, “The comforter which is the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in my name. He shall guide you into all truth. He shall bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you. I will give you another comforter, and he shall abide with you forever.”

And this means every Christian, for “As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God,” and no one is except these. Again, Jesus said, “Verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also—and *greater* works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father.” Now this work is to be done by those that “believe in me.” Again, in the last chapter of Mark: “And these signs shall follow them that believe.” “In my name they shall cast *out* devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and *they shall recover.*” “Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.”

Here then is the doctrine of the Bible, and promises on this subject, with *not a single text* in the whole New Testament on the other side, even to intimate that we should not expect it. When the disciples failed in casting out a devil, and did not know the cause of their failure, Jesus said “because of your *unbelief.*” But we are met with this question, namely, “Where are the miracles done now days?”—“Show us anybody healed miraculously.” Well, I shall not do that now, but I am a witness of the fact that a few are healed by those who have the gift, out of the many that would be healed were it not for the unbelief. Some in a few minutes, others in a few hours, and others “began to *amend* from that very hour.” I have known but two or three cases where the Spirit directed the use of *oil*. Some particular cases, that were healed. One child, near Franklinville, given up for four days, by the doctors, to die of inflammation on the *brain* and *lungs*, was healed by the laying on of hands. One case, in Wayne county, a woman in deep distress, was well in

twenty minutes, out in the room, clapping her hands for joy. Two cases in Cayuga Co., one of a boy of six years old, sick with diphtheria, thought to be dying in the daytime, was healed and sat with his parents at the dinner-table the next day. The other, of a young woman twenty-two years old, sick in the same house. She was thought to be dying the day before; she was healed and out in her father’s kitchen the second day. One woman, carried twenty-two miles on a bed, was healed, jumped from her bed a well woman. These are only a few of the many within the last six years. One person, deaf in one ear, from a child, was restored without the knowledge of the brother whose hands were thus used by the Holy Ghost, for what purpose or end it was required. Others have been healed of diseases of a different and of a more delicate nature, and by means and plans peculiar to Jesus, the great and skillful physician, and the Holy Ghost, the only efficient agent in the cure of soul or body. Yes, miracles are wrought *now* with or by plans which God adapts to the several cases and circumstances, and I see that God is *not*, as some think, obliged to work a work of healing *just as he has done*, or as is recorded in former cases, for God is not wanting in wisdom nor ability to *heal now*, those that are oppressed of the devil, (for every species of disease is of the devil, body as well as mind.) Hence it is that doctors cannot reach and cure some diseases; they get no “better, but rather grow worse.” Like the woman that touched the clothes of Jesus, she had spent all her living on physicians for twelve years. There are many sufferers of this kind *now*, that if they were not afraid to ask and *trust* God that made them, he would soon lay some wise yet simple *plan* for their relief, as he has in some cases I have known and witnessed to his praise and glory. I see that God would not work a miracle now after any pattern or example set. Jesus did not copy anything which was found in the old Scriptures, and the apostles did not always pursue the same course. Paul said to the epi-ple at Lystra, with a loud voice, “Stand upright on thy feet,” and he leaped and walked. Peter took the lame man at the gate of the Temple “by the hand and *lifted him up.*” Some Jesus touched, others he told what to do, or spoke, and they were made whole. The Apostles kneeled down and prayed and *laid* their hands on the sick, except they carried a hand-kerchief or an apron to the sick, or the shadow of Peter might overshadow some of them. It was the *light of that faith* which came by Jesus Christ, which destroys the works of the devil. I praise God that its light has struck the earth again, and some there are who are not ashamed nor afraid to preach this doctrine and follow the leadings of the Spirit of God, even to heal and relieve the afflicted and endure reproach for the name of Christ, while he fills the heart with *such love to the sufferers* that makes the most menial service pleasant for their good. Yes, it is by the power of *love*—God *within*. He makes us love the sufferers—such a *desire to relieve them.*

* Three hundred years divided by forty would be seven and a half generations; but allow fifty years even to each generation, and you have five generations after the apostolic age [of fifty years] of the Christian era, miracles were wrought some in the fourth century.

It was this *love for souls* that led persons among the *Ranters* of England, while praying for their conversion, to get their *hands* on them and their arms around them, so deeply were they in "travail," and burdened for their deliverance. Some of the members, and some Ministers too, got tried with their apparent "fondness," and soon they were called "*Fondlings*;" but this epithet of reproach did not stop them in their labor of *love*. God was leading them to lay their *hands* on them while praying for them. The Preachers at last, not believing it to be God inspiring this gift and this deep *love*—the *Imposition* of hands again in the church; they at last, in conference, passed a resolution "that no man should lay his hands on a *woman* in meeting." Here the devil got them to legislate for him, and against the Holy Ghost. In their ignorance and inexperience they laid *their hands* on this work of God, and like Uzzah, who put out his hand to steady the ark when it jostled, and was smitten with death. So it is with every one who attempts to regulate the work or people of God—concerned, of course, for the honor of God and his cause. Yet, if they meddle with what they don't understand, they are *smitten* with *spiritual blindness* and *death* from that moment. Many do not know what has caused it, or will not believe it is that which has grieved the Lord.

No person should even *touch*, by word or action, the testimony, unless God *specially directs*, and there will be great danger of moving for the devil, for *he* is always disturbed by what God leads his children to *do or say*. This war is aggressive. God intends to do something to disturb the devil and arrest the *attention* of those enslaved by him—something of an extraordinary character, to arrest and gain a hearing. The prophet Ezekiel was sent to make demonstrations before the Jewish people as a preface or introduction to his denouncing the judgments of God. (See the 6th and 21st Chap's Ezek.) He was commanded to *cry* and *howl*—stamp with his *foot*—to *smite his two hands together*, and to *sigh*, even to the breaking of his *loins*, to gain the attention first by these, and then declare the judgments of God against that disobedient people. If such strange actions must be performed to gain the attention, to hear of judgments and punishments, may we not expect some *singular move* of the Spirit to wake up the mind of those who are to have the offer of salvation? Hence is seen, in some of our religious meetings, the manifestation of power prostrating the body—screams and hoots.

MIRACULOUS SIGNS.

Like the "rams-horns by which the walls of Jericho were blasted down," they were unlike anything and everything else; they were neither round, or straight, or smooth, or a true circle, or a true taper. So it is with these spiritual trumpets; there is no account of their existence until within twelve years or less—may be more. Women are *screamed*, men and women, too, are *laughed*, apparently, almost to death—

some were made to *cackle* like a fowl, and others to *squeal* like a *pig*; some were made to *cry*, others were made to *groan*; some *bark* like a *dog*, *loud* and *coarse*; some females *bark* like a *whiffet dog*; some roar like a *lion*; others yell like a *loon*; others howl like a *wolf* or *dog*. All these I have witnessed at various times and circumstances. At one sister's *scream*, while under a burden for the leader of the camp-meeting, the man *fell* instantly, she having her eyes closed, and he some distance away. Under the *Holy Ghost laugh* and *roar* at a camp-meeting, three persons fell instantly, two men and one woman. Under the *laugh* of one sister thus sanctified at a meeting, a local preacher was struck under conviction for a clean heart, although at the time he thought it was the devil that made her laugh to disturb the meeting. But when he was sanctified, in his granary, while alone, it came with that laugh which he had so despised, in the instrument in his conviction and subsequent salvation. These *roars*, and *screams*, and *hoots*, and *laughs*, were once quite plentifully diffused and in frequent use in the meetings of these pilgrims in Western New York, when the people were *free* to obey God—the leadings of the Spirit—and were untrammeled by the *bad teaching* and the *fear of fanaticism*. But some have become *ashamed* or *afraid* to be exercised with these *supernatural gifts* of the Spirit, *because of reproach*; consequently they are not clear in themselves nor strong to labor for others, and after a little find it difficult to "believe," while some others are almost ready to attribute these manifestations to the devil, because they disturb the backsliders and those not free in the Lord. "Yet they are a peculiar people, jealous of good works, but most everywhere spoken against."

HEAVENWARD TRAVELER.

What poor despised company
Of *Nazarites* are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze.
 Along that rugged maze,
 Along that rugged maze,
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along that rugged maze?
Ah, these are of a royal line,
 All children of a king,
Heirs of those palms and crowns divine,
 And lo! for joy they sing,
 And lo! for joy they sing, &c.
Why do they then appear so mean,
 And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
 The world is not apprised.
 The world is not apprised, &c.
But some of them seem poor, distressed,
 And lacking daily bread,
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possessed,
 With hidden manna fed.
 With hidden manna fed, &c.
Why keep they on that narrow road,
 That rough and thorny maze?
Why that's the road their leader trod—
 They love and keep his ways.
 They love and keep his ways, &c.
Why must they shun that pleasant path
 That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the road to death,
 The open road to hell.
 The open road to hell, &c.

What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.
None other can be found, &c.

Nevertheless they believe in the living God and simplicity of faith, inquire—

“ Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power?—
When glory beamed on Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?
Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abram's breast and sealed him thine—
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt
And glow with energy divine? ”

These are *supernatural gifts*—*miraculous gifts*—“*signs*” of God's work within them. I never knew any person exercised with one of these gifts except one *sanctified* to God, and then even they have in most, if not in all, cases been *specially convicted* for the gift. In some cases the light has been so great and clear—the demand of the spirit such, that it seemed like an *impossibility*, but when the *will* consented to be *led* into a seeming *impossibility*—in a way heretofore unknown—then the “*Holy Ghost*” has imparted the gift to “*every man*” and woman, “*severally as he will*.” I have known a few that had two or three of these gifts manifested in the same person. For instance: a *scream* and a *hoot*; one sister had both these. Another a *hoot*, *laugh* and *bark*—in this case, like a little dog. Another case, a man had a *veil*—*loud*, a *laugh* and a *hoot*. In another, a *roar* like a *lion*, and a *laugh*. But in the most cases, only one of these *supernatural gifts* were manifested in the same person. One brother said, “When I consent to let the Lord use me as he wants to in the exercise of my *trumpet* in this direction, then everything else goes right, and I am *free*; but it is a great cross thus to be *led*, and I think if I should be *led* as the Lord wants to *lead* me, that I should be out of *jail* long, but when I consent, then my *faith is perfect, no doubt*.” In the second chapter of Hebrews, it is said, “*God also bearing them witness both with signs and wonders, and divine miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost according to his will*.” Now these are the *signs* and *wonders* *adapted* to the present *age*, and *times*. This is God's *method* now to *rout*, and *destroy* the “*works*” of the devil, and devils are *hit* and *cast out* by these gifts of the “*Holy Ghost*,” when God can get us *dead* and *alive* in him—no reputation to take care of—no selfish ends to *seek* and our *will* consenting to be used *any way* to please God and save a soul, then we shall be *free* and others blest where we are sent. It is this blessing that has been rejected by *shrinking* and *unbelief*, which has brought such confusion and dissatisfaction especially among those once exercised and kept *free* while in possession of this clear *light* and *perfect faith* “*once delivered to the saints*.”

MISTAKE OF REFORMERS.

God has designed and commenced several times within the last three hundred years or more, to bring back some gifts and signs, and to bring the church up at least to the spirit and faith which

they had at Pentecost. But history shows clearly that those Reformers, who at various times have been started by the Lord, too when they have carried the particular point given them to accomplish—they have themselves become afraid for the success, or for the injury, or entire overthrow of the reformation thus far carried by or under their labors, because some have been *raised up* to take it thus, and still carry it forward to its perfection, introducing some *new ideas* not touched in the outset, and, perhaps, points disavowed by *them* when charged on them, by their enemies, as the ultimate *end* or *design*.

See Martin Luther's fears and troubles at one time on this very point. At Wittenburg, while he had the *outward reformation* of words and doctrine, others began to look for the *inward*, and taught that the people of God should follow an inward light, that they possessed the spirit of prophecy, and spoke by immediate revelation, that the vain show and ceremonies of the church were to be displaced by the simplicity of the Apostolical church—that God was leading them to establish a spiritual church; (see S. S., *Life of Luther*, page 332,) this was beyond him; was not what he had started to do, hence his fears. John Wesley had his troubles with some of his members, who professed that they had received the gift of discerning of spirits, and some other gifts which he had not had in view, in his deep and spiritual reformation of justification and sanctification by simple faith. Next the *Ranters*, persecuted and despised, for fourteen years, without any church organization; yet they had gathered in so many *respectables* among them, that they finally organized the “*Primitive Methodists*.” But in a few years, when the laying on of hands was seen among the most devoted and spiritual, they were called “*Fondlings*;” then soon the leaders *legislated*, by vote, “*that no man should lay his hands on a woman in meeting*,” and of late, legislation in a church, against all miraculous gifts, just as the *Holy Ghost* had brought some in sight, and others in possession of them.*

* *Free Methodists*, at the second meeting of that body, passed a resolution denouncing all miraculous gifts at the present day as the *faith, unbelief* of the *individual members* of that body, while convened, November, 1861, at Rushford, Allegany Co., N. Y., *Resolved*, That as individual members of this convention, we do not believe in miraculous gifts, at the present day, to be had or exercised, viz., The gift of faith—the gift of healing—the gift of prophecy—the discerning of spirits—diverse kinds of tongues—the interpretation of tongues, are any of them to be sought or exercised by any of the children of God at the present day. [See 1st Cor. Chap. xii, 4-13, where these are named.] N. B.—An attempt has been made since to rescind the above; I have heard, to blot it out of their records, but it failed, a majority being against them. In the Pastoral Address, in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the Genesee Conference of 1857, the definition given of *Fanaticism* is this, viz., “*What we mean by fanaticism is the supposition that we are under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit in matters of duty, and particularly as to conduct in seasons of worship*.” Here, by vote of a conference of ministers, is rejecting the spirit they every day and every week ask and pray for to *guide them in matters of duty and in seasons of worship*.”

NAZARITE CHARACTERISTICS.

Here began to be exhibited more prominently some of the peculiarities of the Lord's Nazarites of latter days. And like *Samson* the first *Nazarite of note* who began to be moved by the *Spirit* at times, and in a way too unlike many others. He was to *drink no wine or strong drink*—no *razor* should come on his face. He was *led* to take a wife from among the heathens contrary to the *law* of Moses; “his parents knew not that it was of the Lord;” he was misunderstood by his parents and brethren; was *blamed much* while he lived, but was a man owned and approved of God, and his name stands on the inspired records among the ancient worthies and champions of *faith*. (See *Heb. xi. 32.*) And also the history of this man of God in *xiv—xvi* chapters *Judges*. So with these Nazarites just *now*, especially (not exclusively) to be separate only in *spirit* from the outwardly *organized* and popular churches or sects at the present day. And yet to live in *them* and among *them*, and adapted to associate with *all of them*, and thus to benefit *all sincere and honest* persons who intend to walk with God and to go finally to live with him forever. Thus having no outwardly or separate and distinct ecclesiastical organization, or ever intending any, except the *union of love*—the only *safe matrimonial union* with each other and with the Lord. All others aside from *love* esteemed but a “*padlocked*” relation beside this *sanctified nature which instinctively unites them*. *Such was the church anciently “inseparably joined in heart,” “the friends of Jesus are.”* Also they regard the “*spirit of truth*” the only infallible guide of a child of God. While they receive and regard all scripture given by “*His inspiration* (as found not only in the Old but also in the New Testament,) profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect—thoroughly furnished unto *all good works.*” They claim all the advantages to be gained by the *history* of the people of God in other ages—of their slips and of their mis-steps as recorded in the Bible by the direction and inspiration of the Spirit of God, whose *authority* and *guidance* they respect and claim to be *superior* of necessity to the Bible teachings and directions, which was once adapted to former ages and circumstances, yet subject to be repeated *precisely or varied* as “*His wisdom and will shall dictate now.*” They “*covet*” and claim for the church *now*, *all the gifts* of the Spirit which have been bestowed and exercised in former times by the servants of God as recorded both in the Old and New Testaments. And those also promised by the Saviour, yiz.: “*And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.*” (See *Mark xvi, 17-18.*) Also *John xiv, 12:* “*Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also, and greater*

works than these shall he do, because I go to the Father.” (Even the dead are to be raised in this generation also.) “*Neither male nor female in Christ Jesus.*” (See *Joel ii, 28.*) Including, no doubt, the right to claim *any sign, miracle* or *demonstration* of God's power necessary to *confound* the devil and overthrow his increased *skill* and power over men. (See *Joshua's* faith commanding the sun to stand still; see *Moses' signs* in *Egypt*—at the *Red Sea*—the *miracle* at the *rock of Horeb*: a stream of water two inches deep and twenty-two inches wide came pouring out of a dry rock lying above ground; following them forty years. See also *Peter's* talk to *Annianias*—to his wife—they fall dead; see him by the *corpse* of *Dorcas* on his knees, saying, “*Tabatha, arise!*” and she opened her eyes. See *Paul* smite *Elimus* the *sorcerer* with blindness; see him “*embrace*” the *dead Euticus* fallen from the *third loft*. “*His life is in him.*” Again, see his hands laid on the *father* of *Publius*, sick in bed eight years; and then others in the *island*.) The skill and improvements made in *evil* of late, exhibited by the *religious devils* exerting their *sorcery* influence on both men and women too; in the *wonders* and *mysterious things* done *now* in some places by the so-called *Spiritualists*, is calling loud on the *church* and friends of Jesus not only to “*deserve spiritual gifts,*” but also to “*covet earnestly* the best *gifts.*” Those more especially *now* to *outdo* and *confound the devil* and open the eyes of the thousands in this land now deceived by these modern “*magicians.*” Such are some of the religious views and characteristics of the “*Nazarites*,” which God has adapted to this generation; who are taught of Christ and of the Holy Spirit neither to “*take sword or staff as weapons of war or defence; no razor to ‘mar the corners of the beard;’ make no use of tobacco or rum as provisions of the flesh; wear no gold rings, or chains or hoops to please the eye of the living; neither to put on mourning weeds or black crape to speak for the dead; nor yet to expend a small fortune (that might feed and clothe the widow and fatherless) on monuments and expensive grave-stones, to ‘garnish the sepulchres’ of (once persecuted) the *righteous* now dead; or make the unregenerated dead speak lies on grave-stones of their happy state with God, after *living and dying in sin*, thus luring others hellward by this *deception.*”*

These are the sentiments and such the testimony of the Nazarites, and God has set me for the defence and confirmation of these truths in these last days. And the *miraculous* gifts and “*infallible* guidance of the Holy Ghost, ‘whom He hath given to them that obey Him.’” For this is the dispensation of the Spirit peculiarly so. First, the *Father*; second, the *Son*; third, the *Spirit*. First, *Justice*; second, *Mercy*; third, *Grace*. Again: first, *law*, to show or discover *sin*—its nature and *sinfulness*; second, the *Gospel*, including the idea of the *Atonement*—paying the price of our *redemption* of soul and body from the *curse* of the *law*—Christ being “*made a curse for us;*” third, the *Spirit*; and last in the economy of God to

get man restored to His image, and get him fitted for heaven. *The spirit*, who alone *convicts, reproves, quickens, sanctifies, guides and reserves all that obey Him*. Here is seen the reason why the “blasphemy” against the Holy Ghost *can not be forgiven*. Doubtless it is not because the offence is greater than against the Father or the Son, but because the Spirit is the *only agency* that can reach our case, show us, soften us into repentance, and reveal in us the knowledge of Christ Jesus as our Saviour. Paul says, “Through him, (Jesus,) we both (Jews and Gentiles) have access by one *Spirit* unto the Father.” The Son introduces us to the Father, “No man knoweth who the Father is save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.” The Spirit introduces us to the Son and to the Father through the Son. (“No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost.”) Now if the Spirit is not believed and *recognized* but is insulted, and his manifestations called the work of the devil, viz.: “He hath an unclean spirit.” This is the “blasphemy of the Holy Ghost; it hath never *forgiveness*, but is in danger of eternal damnation.” It is no small offence to *sin* against the Holy Ghost because he is God himself. Peter said to Annanias, “Why hath Satan put it into thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? thou hast not lied unto man but unto God.” Again, “While the church fasted and prayed, the Holy Ghost said, separate Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.” This is the spirit secured for man by Christ’s *sacrificial death* which led the prophets who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost—the Spirit that descended *upon* Jesus as he came up out of the river Jordan after John had baptized him. John saw the Spirit like a dove descending and abode upon him; who led him into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, and *conquered Satan and all his angels*; was given without measure to Jesus of Nazareth, and is secured for all saints without measure, “All the fullness of God.” [See Eph. iii, 19.]

The *anointing* power in Jesus and in all who receive his gifts, which “*casts out devils*,”—which *forgives sin*. “The keys of the kingdom of heaven,” which “*binds things on earth*” and gives the witness of their being “*bound in heaven*” at the same moment in all ages of the church, especially *now in this skeptical age*. The devil has acquired a skill and power of *deception* unknown by the church, even in the apostolic age or any former period. And I see that Satan has advantages by the sciences (so-called) which devils could not use much, because men did not have and understand until the present generation. Men did not study *Phrenology, Mesmerism, Psychology, Magnetism*, or the principles of *Electricity*. Although devils and some men, too, understood some of these anciently, which were called *magicians* of various grades, both male and female, practicing “*witchcraft*,” thus assuming *divine origin* (*counterfeits*) and authority in what seemed *supernatural* manifestations. The devil had his servants, called *astrologers*, who

told fortunes, events by the stars—planets, *soothsayers*—female witches, *necromancers*, who told the future nearly *true*, because the devil had such control of the world he would bring it to pass—the fulfillment—and thus confirm the deception that it was from God, instead of it being from the devil. Had the people sought God he would have exposed the deception, as he did in the case of the false prophets of Ahab by Micaiah, the true prophet, predicting the *death of Ahab*, instead of success which they unitedly promised him. [See 1st Kings, chap. 22.] *Charmers*, (yet control by songs of a religious character;) *diviners*, (explain mysteries;) *consultor with familiar spirits*, (may be by table rapping,) bewitching the mind. All these the devil had under his control in the Old Testament times. Pharaoh called them *wise men* and *sorcerers*—the *magicians* of Egypt. [See Exodus vii, 2.] “Therefore hearken not to your *prophets*, nor to your *diviners*, nor to your *dreamers*, nor to your *enchanters*, nor to your *sorcerers*, which speak *lies*.” [See Jer. xxvii, 9.] “There shall not be among you an *enchanter*, a *witch*, a *charmer*, or a *consultor with familiar spirits*, or a *wizard*, or a *necromancer*,” [See Deut. xviii, 10-11.] Simon bewitched a whole city with *sorceries*, [see Acts viii, 9-10,] giving out that he was some great one, to whom they *all gave heed*, saying, “This man is the *great power of God*.” A very popular minister or preacher, intelligent, affable and pleasant in his manners, but a child of the devil “in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity;” yet to him they had “*respect*.
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CHAPTER VI.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

If the Rev. Simon, D. D., the *sorcerer* (“He offered them money” for power to lay on *hands*) lived *now*, there would be a *general* rally at least once a year to his donation, for he would be held in such esteem by the present generation of religious folks that they would be eager to get anything from his *pen* or *lips*. And they certainly would want his *portrait* to frame and hang up in their dwellings. His visits, also, would be hailed as *refreshing seasons*, “To whom they all gave heed from the least to the greatest.”

RESOLUTIONS FATAL TO THE PREACHER.

At a certain camp-meeting, a few years since, a brother stood up in the stand and said, “It is probably the last camp-meeting that I shall ever attend; but it *annoys us* very much to have the *Nazarites* come to our camp-meetings.” He called the *outsiders* and *all* to vote the *Nazarites* away from their camp-meetings, and quarterly meetings. In about eight months that *precious man*—preacher (for I loved him) was laid in his grave. I verily believe, that if it had not been for that, and a kindred resolution, that minister would be now preaching the

Gospel. "God is not mocked." And yet, He tried to save him, burdening some and sending others who had *faith* to help him, but they were *hindered* and he died.

APING.

There are, even now, those like Simon, who have either "envied" or coveted the "laying on of hands." They have *opposed* this gift of God in others; but afterwards (without confession and restitution) they have *tried it*, saying the *empty* words without sanction—yea, even a repetition without effect. While looking on, these words were given me by the Spirit: "Such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ, and no marvel, for Satan is transformed into an angel of light." [See 2 Cor. xi. 14.] Yet I am glad to see the evidence of *any* gifts of the Spirit again in the church which destroys the "oppression" of the devil on human beings. But men had better be careful how they "steady the ark"—oppose these things in others, and then attempt to experiment, or trifle with those *sacred* gifts of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven to men; so essential to efficiency, or even to the *existence* of a *Christian* church.—[See Eph. iv. 11, 13.] And yet, in "any way Christ is preached, I therein rejoice, yea, and I will rejoice."

AN INSULT TO GOD.

Once at the gathering of an ecclesiastical body, convened for the transaction of business, and for devising rules and regulations for the government and for the success of the body, the following resolution was passed, after some little deliberation; (either for the *fear* of being misunderstood—or the *fear* of *reproach*, or of *persecution*—*all* the fruit and offspring of unbelief,) viz: "Resolved, that as individual members of this convention, we do not believe in *miraculous* 'gifts' at the present day—to be sought or exercised by *any* of the children of God;" (then naming the particular gifts as they are called in the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians,) viz: The gift of tongues, interpretation of tongues, and of healing the sick.

In tracing the history of that church down to the present day, is seen a strange *mixture* of *light* and *confusion*—of *divisions* and *power*—of *fearfulness* and of *recklessness*, exhibiting clearly, either the want of a *safe guide*, or a want of *acquaintance* with the one which they *dare not trust* and follow, viz., *obey*. What could a church expect otherwise, who has thus *legislated* against God—against the guide they need and are asking to help them *against* the devil? In many instances "Satan" has supplied the Spirit's place, and this is the *source* of their trouble—*fears* and *unbelief*. Can any reasonable hope be had of permanent prosperity without *repentance* and *confession* to God of the *insult* thus remaining before him on the part of those who adopted the above heterodoxy or *infidelity*? Thus restraining and dictating those who might and would *believe* and *obey* God, the real Holy Ghost, and receive his gifts and exercise them for the relief and salvation of

others? Jesus was "manifested to *destroy* the works of the devil." "He gave gifts to men," to carry on the *aggressive war*. "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." To the last day of *Time*; to the end.

MISSION AMONG SECTARIANS.

I was constrained by the love of Christ—to him and his church—to go to one of the Brockport tent meetings (the last one,) to pray for them, and to help them against the *strong devils*, which *I saw* stood opposed to their success. They arrested me for speaking in the meeting once, but on reflection they did not appear to "accuse" me. I continued to obey the Lord through the meeting. The day came to partake "*the Lord's Supper*." I had not even thought of going—I had no wish, no desire to go. But just as about thirty preachers had surrounded the altar, the Lord pointed me to an open place at the corner, and told me to go and "stand there." I arose, walked and stood there. I saw a *consultation*. Soon one of them said, "I object to this man having the *Elements* given him, after what has transpired. Then said it again. The Lord gave me these words, filling me with *love* and *bliss*, viz., "Which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." I have since seen they were given me by the Spirit to be *spoken aloud*. I kneeled down—was passed by, (worse than Judas,) but I arose and went away with my "peace, and the blessing of the Lord" was *with me*, but they had a very dull, dead time, all through their super-forced work to shout.

THE SPIRIT AND WORD AGREE.—A SHORT SERMON.

This is quoted often as if it was found in the Bible with great tenacity and authority, without ever attempting to give the chapter and verse. Now I reply to this by saying there is no such language in the Bible. The word of God is said to be the "*sword of the spirit*," as named in the *christian* armour, a weapon or an instrument with which *the Spirit* quells and conquers foes. "He cast out the spirit with his *word*." Again, "Out of his mouth proceedeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations." But it was not always—or even seldom taken from the Bible—the *Old Testament*, for some of the *New Testament* was then written. It is recorded by the prophets. "The word of the Lord came to the prophet—came to Ezekiel—to Amos—to Jeremiah—to Joel—to Jonah, &c. How? not from any *book*, but from God—*directly from God*. Afterwards these sayings were written down as a matter of *record*. "And it came to pass according to the *word of the Lord*." But we are to believe what *God speaks now*, as well as to believe and *obey* what he has spoken. It would be God's *living word* if the Spirit should bring it out to our remembrance and cause it to be spoken by some child of God under like or even *varied* circumstances. But if spoken or quoted by the devil—even from the Bible to us, then it is not the

word of the Lord, but the words of the devil. He said to Jesus "It is written," but not written for us to obey nor believe the devil. But to illustrate—a christian convert feels the cross—an intimation to speak in a love-feast or meeting. Yet they may not know what they are going to say—nor even when they sit down may not remember twenty words they did say. These words came and they arose, viz., "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." They speak perhaps as those did on the day of "Pentecost," viz., "As they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Others feel the inspiration of their words and are constrained to acknowledge that "God is in them of a truth," and thus fall down under conviction by the word—the testimony "put forth in the Spirit," cuts like a sharp two-edged sword."

Now, here is the word of the Lord given by the Spirit whether from the bible or "hymn book,"—spelling book or from figures or experience drawn from nature, *it is the word of God.* "They spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost—as the spirit gave them utterance, "and yet they could not interpret their own talk. This is the word of the Lord spoken by the Spirit—from the *living God*, and still God owns the Bible as *His Truth* to every honest person who wants to *know* and *do the will of God*. The spirit has come to *lead us*. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." None else are led by him or even "receive" or *know* him, but Christians and those who have renounced *sin* and the devil, his works and ways, and have determined to find Jesus as their Saviour, and to do the *will of God*. And "if ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not *under the law*." "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit." An old man arose as he was wont to do at the close of the sermon and said, "Eternity—Eternity." An infidel was struck under conviction at that meeting. The minister learning of the change, and supposing that it must have been some word or sentence in the sermon he had arranged, he soon went to see and inquire, "What part of my sermon, sir, was it which affected you most?" "Not one word of your sermon had the least effect upon me, sir, but it was what that old man said at the close of your sermon, that you was trying to hinder from speaking, "Eternity—Eternity," which followed and stuck by me." This was the word of the Lord—the *begetting seed*. The sword of the Spirit which broke the power of the doubting—lieing devil, on the poor sinner. God so loves man, and has set his heart on him, and has magnified man that He will do anything, or lead us in any way to save sinners, or to perfect the church in this life.

INFATUATION.

After visiting my old neighborhood, preaching some there and in other meetings, I was directed to visit one sick in Monroe county, town of Clarkson. While there, I read the "article" which was the occasion of suggesting the letter and subsequent train of thought

and the writing of this book or work. I heard on Saturday that an old acquaintance, Jane G—, who had married a widower in that region, was sick and was taken worse. On Monday morning, while on my knees—held about an hour—the Lord showed me that I must go to the house of brother W—, and by his consent lay my hands on Jane's head in the name of Jesus, and heal her, (the disease was in the head—a stupidity.) I went, but on my way, and after reaching the house, I was so affected with the possibility that he would *not* give his consent, that I could scarcely keep from crying—a funeral appeared in sight. The doctor came out of the room. I saw by the conversation that more doctors were contemplated. After the doctor had gone, I said, "Bro. W—, I have come to your house, not as a common visitor or sympathiser, but have come by the Lord's directions to lay my hands on Jane's head, by your consent, and heal her." "Well—well, that may be, but I shan't give my consent." "Then," said I, "you'll have a funeral unless this, God's *only* plan, is observed; you may get all the doctors in Monroe county and she'll die." They got two more, and one of the doctors examined her thoroughly and said he was sure of success, if he was not he would not undertake it. In two days Jane was a corpse, and the old man was nearly distracted. It was a very simple and harmless plan, like the washing *seven times* in Jordan that cured Naaman of leprosy, after his first repulsing it. I continued to write, as I had time and opportunity, and the subject presented to my mind, during the fall and winter of 1866-7. Traveled into Wayne county where I saw some fruit. I started once for home; went as far as Rochester. But on Sunday, the next morning, *all* was dark in the west—looked forbidding. I got on my knees in the bed—began to say "Thy will be done." Presently I was sent back into Wayne county, about ten miles, to do some things the Lord had shown me the day before while on my knees in the horse barn, which I had thought not *ready* to be done. I continued on east, and about Sodus Bay, about four weeks; then started again towards home, but became cautious lest I should get out of God's order and out of my sphere or "orbit." But finding the roads bearing me to the southeast instead of the southwest, I at last became tempted or tried. I kneeled down by the roadside to know what it meant—began to say "Thy will be done." The Lord showed me the lower end of Main street, Penn Yan, Yates county—told me to go and preach the next Sunday at four o'clock. I saw it was God's light. I said "I'll go."

STREET PREACHING, PENN YAN.

The Lord sent travelers soon—just in time to carry me, so that I reached Penn Yan two days after, in time to give notice on Saturday in the streets, and Sunday by written notice read in the meetings, to preach in the street at four o'clock, as directed. Many came. I preached from the text which was given me two days before, while sitting by the wayside, in Ontario Co.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, &c." [See Isa. lv, 1-3.] Some preachers were present; one of them stood upon the head of a salt barrel—(not a brother Wheeler—he has gone to India as a missionary since)—talked—said "I see this preaching in the streets reaches some who do not go to meeting much anywhere. I like it, although I never preached in the streets; but this man has told us the truth. I never saw him before. It may be this is all the way he has got to heaven, like Cox, the first missionary to Africa. He has preached the truth now for the truth's sake; let us make him a present." They cut with their wallets as if they were glad to have an opportunity to do something in that line. The preacher received—counted—soon handed me over ten dollars. The Lord had set me laughing, so I could say nothing to arrest it, as at other times I had done. I thanked them for their *kindness* and attention, and said this is the first public collection I ever felt *free* to have taken for me in the seven years I've traveled in this manner, but I see this is all right. The next morning I was awakened before daylight and directed to the poor-house of Yates county, where I visited the poor and preached on the two succeeding Sundays at four o'clock, and in the meeting-house at Bluff Point on the same evening of the first. The Presiding Elder and Circuit preacher were both present. The Presiding Elder arose and said "This brother has told us a great deal of truth, but I'm afraid he's made a mistake; but he has told us a *great deal of truth*. Said with deep emotion, I had related some of my experience, especially having to leave my *all*—house and land, shop, home, and *all*." I heard by one of the brethren that the Circuit preacher said, "if that discourse had only been *arranged*," it would have been the greatest discourse he ever heard in all his life." But I presume that that circumstance was *the power* and *wisdom* of God. He had it arranged, or *gave me the truth*, and I talked it out as it came—man's arrangement would have spoiled it. I attended here the first "Preachers' District Meeting." God was there and used me some. I traveled on foot considerably this summer, as well as the winter before. I spent a few minutes only at the jail in Penn Yan; two prisoners, one *in* for drinking whiskey, the other *in* for selling whiskey. I spent a few days in the town of Middlesex, and attended a Quarterly Meeting. On Monday morning, as I was about to rise from bed, "Blood's Corners" was sounding *in me*. I had never been there—had heard of the place, that there were some Free Methodists there, &c.

I told Bro. Martin that the Lord had directed me to Blood's Corners, some fifteen or twenty miles distant. I went and preached to them three times; the last time was to be a class-meeting. The leader, Bro. Wilson, thought hardly worth while to light up, so few would come, or none. But I said, "You'll be mistaken." We went and there came the house nearly full. I preached and told them that I had orders from *the master* to leave in the

morning for Allegany county. I went, and on my way I preached once north of Hornellsville in a Methodist meeting-house, which was built some years since as the result of a reformation under the preaching and labors of my youngest brother, Hiram C. Reddy. A heavy hail storm occurred during the sermon. I visited Brother De Witt Baker, near Angelica, and returned to Yates county, and then to Schuyler county by the same route I had taken. I preached three or four times in school-houses between Penn Yan and Dundee, once to a house full of young people who wanted me to preach again. I had given to me this text, viz.: "Now if ye will deal truly and kindly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left." I preached a *wedding* sermon, the first and last that I have ever. I told them I was seeking a bride for my master; told of his riches, of his kindness, of his *love* and *care* over *his bride*, the Lamb's wife, &c. I attended and led a class-meeting at Watkins. Some were restored who had lost their union with the Lord. One brother, I heard, said after the meeting, "What new doctrine is this? what new ideas? I never was in such a meeting; I never was so happy in all my life." The next morning, after family prayer, I saw the leader sitting on the sofa wiping his eyes; said that night that "none of his swearing hands but once acted improperly that day—a miracle," he thought.

On learning of a Quarterly Meeting to be held at Odessa by the Wesleyans, the Lord showed me that I must go. I visited some sick on the way to that meeting. Spoke three times in their meeting on Saturday night; many talked afterwards; some wept; it gave a new impulse to the dull meeting they had in the day time. I was invited by a widow Catlin to go home with her and stay. (She and her sister, both widows from the war, and their families occupying the same house.) I said a few words in the love-feast season in the morning—took my hat and left the feast before it closed, for Johnson's Settlement. I spoke a few minutes at the close of the sermon; was asked by the stranger preacher to dismiss the people—shook hands—asked his name, and found one of our old preachers of the Genesee Conference. John W. Nevins. He traveled the Ridgeway Circuit thirty-five years ago in Orleans county, New York. He invited me home with him; I took dinner with him.

INTRODUCTION TO ALPINE.

After dinner he spoke of an afternoon appointment—that the people would be disappointed by the preacher not having arrived to the Circuit. It impressed me I must go and see that people,—may be I might say something that would do them good. I took up a book but could not read; laid it down, shook hands, and left for Alpine, about three miles distant. They had separated before I reached the place, but notice was soon given by somebody that a stranger had come, and nearly the school-house full of people came. I was set laughing and shouting on the road to the school-house, and

said to the brethren with me, "I hope God will send down his power and drive all the devils out of Alpine." I was kept laughing all the way into the school-house; stood a little; closed my eyes, and soon fell laughing. While lying there, the Lord gave me these words, viz: "The kingdom of God is not in word only, but in power—in *demonstration* of the Spirit, and in much assurance." I arose, *sat down*, and talked for a while, but stood after a little. The next night, without any notice, they assembled and sent—found me asleep at a preacher's house. They came in with a lamp, and said "Come, they want you to come and preach to them again." I went, and said "You have taken me by surprise;" told some of my experience, and said "Come again to-morrow night and I'll preach to you again." They gave a very unfavorable account of themselves and of others in their midst, both saint and sinner. The Lord would not let me ask how many professed religion in the neighborhood and about. I was referred to David numbering Israel; so the Spirit put a check on me in that direction, so that I had to depend on him alone. They talked as if there was no hope of a reformation or any good being done, seeing there had been so many efforts, so much preaching, &c. But I noticed some of them wept very easy.

HEALED.

At a grove-meeting at Akron, Erie county, a young woman standing at the door of a tent, looking at a few persons in a circle on their knees praying. Soon the young woman was seen to turn pale, then stepped forward and laid her hands on the head of Bro. C—Quade, a man about fifty years old; and soon she fell backwards to the ground, without giving utterance to a word. Brother Quade said when she went over his rheumatism left him, which had pained and distressed him for a long time, and it had never troubled him since. "These signs shall follow them that believe."

ORDAINED.

The Holy Ghost said "Separate these men, Barnabas and Saul, for the work whereunto I have called them." [See Acts xiii, 2-3.] The Brother C—, who made the Christian feast at the Shelby camp-meeting, which was held on Saturday. The next day, viz: Sunday, in the meeting held in the long tent put up again, he stepped upon the table under deep emotion, and apparently under a heavy cross, and said: "All who want the *Holy Ghost* to lead us and have his way in this meeting, raise your hands." The vote was unanimous. He then said the Lord had showed him that one was beset apart—ordained as *bishop or leader* in this Nazarite company of the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Lord had laid the duty and cross on him. He then came down off the table—came where I was sitting, and on my knees; laid his hands on my head and said: "In the name of the Father, Son and *Holy Ghost*, by the laying on of my hands I ordain thee the leader of this people, amen." I was melted into tears, conscious of God's design

and *agency* in it, although I *had* received the Spirit before, and was led by the *Holy Ghost* just as Barnabas and Saul previous to their being ordained specially by the church—dictated by the same Spirit. Immediately I was directed by the Lord to arise, and read the "parchment" of my *ordination* by Bishop James, giving me power to *marry, baptize &c.*, with the hand and seal of Bishop Edmond S. James, by order of the Genesee Conference held at Le Roy, Sept. 14, 1851, together with the letter of my standing as an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by James M. Fuller, Presiding Elder Genesee district. When I saw I *must travel*, I read these documents, not knowing why I was called to read them, it being the first time after leaving *all* for Christ. But I saw the reasons in a few days, having to marry *him* and one other couple at the close of the meeting before they left the neighborhood—all by the Lord's special direction. Of this I myself had undisputed demonstration by the power of God coming *on me* as I joined *their hands* together, "In the name of the Father, Son and *Holy Ghost*, amen." Up to this time and hour I think I had never uttered one sentence or word to any one of *some* of the *great* things which God had showed me—He had called me to do even then—and I had not yet seen the whole of it; yet I saw and testified to some things that God had set me to do, viz.: the "defence and confirmation of *truth*—of the *truth of the Spirit*—of his agency and guidance in these last days;" to be a witness that "He abides with you forever."

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

An African boy was stolen from his home and country, and carried by one of the English ships and left where was a missionary and station. The man of God taught the poor heathen child about the living God and his promises to those who pray and ask in faith through the Saviour. The boy had found the Lord to be his Saviour. he kneeled on the shore of the great ocean and thanked the Lord that he had sent King George's big ship, and had brought him where he had found the missionary and Jesus. And now he had one great thing to ask of the Lord, viz.: that he would send another of King George's big ships and bring his father and mother there too, so they could be happy. He told the missionary that he had prayed for this, and they were coming. Every day he would visit the shore and look out on the ocean for the ship. One day he came into the missionary's room, animated with perfect delight, saying, "They are coming; I've seen the ship,—father and mother are there." And sure enough the ship was soon in port, and landed the boy's father and mother as the Lord had told him.

Another instance.—A Brother B—, in the town of Collins, Erie county, told me that when he was a boy twelve years old, that his mother was given up by the doctors to die of dropsy. But he felt very bad and wept, and prayed in secret for his mother to live—he couldn't think of his mother leaving. One day while in prayer, he was so burdened for his mother he said, "O,

my Jesus, take this disease away from my mother." Instantly the question was asked in his mind, "Where shall it go?" He answered, "Let it go into that beech tree," which stood down in his father's lot. The burden left him; he arose, went into the house, threw his arms around his mother's neck, kissing her, and was so happy he hardly knew what to do, but told no one till now, at fifty years of age. But his mother was well immediately, and was a healthy woman fifteen years.

Once more.—Two brothers were converted at Oramel, Allegany county, about ten years since while I was there helping my son in a meeting. While on that circuit, William, the youngest, nine years old, arose at three o'clock the next morning and began to pray for his father, three miles away in the village,—a drunkard who had the *delirium tremens* but a short time before. William continued to pray and weep till daylight. God awakened his father out of his sleep; he sprang from his bed under deep conviction, and that night William led his father into the meeting-house and into the same slip where he found the Lord; and we saw his father converted and made a happy man; and he died happy before the year was out. Here is God's order in burdening those who are saved; for those who are not saved all must have a mother—*Zion travails*.

THE SPIRIT GRIEVED.

At a camp-meeting held in the county of Orleans, some six years since, I felt so pressed, early one morning, from some cause, that I steered my course away into the deep forest, quite a distance from the ground, to pray. The devil roared and pressed hard, at times, but victory is what I went for, and that I was determined to have at any cost. Twice I was slain there alone with God, by his power, before I felt free. Then I arose and came back to the ground, but could eat no breakfast. When I came into the love-feast, I kneeled down in the aisle in the altar. The lord told me to rise and speak *first*. I arose and walked a few steps, but one of the preachers in the stand saw me and continued the singing two or three verses further; but I stood till done. I then began to speak a few words. When up jumped brother L——, a class-leader, from one of the front seats, in haste, as if he had been neglecting the cross till he *dare* not put it off longer, and said, "I must do my duty." But before he had got out a full sentence, an old Sister, P——, came running and screaming mightily across in front of the stand. The Spirit shifted me from talking into a hearty laugh, at seeing the Lord rebuke the deception or else the hypocrisy of the class-leader. I stepped back to my seat, but was soon impressed to stand up, which seemed a great cross, thinking I might fall. But I arose, and with my hand on a Brother B's back, I stood all through that love-feast. Six or seven fell by the power of God, while they were talking, and I praying a few sentences for them, when I saw they were honest and were willing that God should have his way with them, and in the meeting. Only

two of all the preachers in the stand who talked, and they wept and both made a confession. "Afterward I was ahungered" and found myself quite tired. But the Lord showed me afterwards that the Holy Spirit had put me in charge of that love-feast, which I had not even thought of till afterwards. Although I had noticed, while standing, that some of the preachers looked astonished—almost offended at something, but they were held. The presence and power of God was so manifested that but very few did or could speak unless they were helped and directed by the Spirit. It was at this camp-meeting that the Nazarites were voted away from their camp-meetings and quarterly-meetings, the preacher saying, "I have just been talking with a couple of sisters across the ground. If you will renounce Father Reddy, as you call him, then you will be welcome to come." But they said, "to renounce Father Reddy would be to renounce Jesus, and we cannot do that." Two of the women one day fell in the altar; one lay still, but the other one was so burdened for the state of *unbelief* and *fear*, that she wept, and groaned, and screamed, while the preachers, some of them, seemed vexed—almost mad. That evening Brother W—— exhorted, God began to bless him and others. They began to rejoice. Soon one of the Nazarite Sisters fell in the altar. The preacher stopped—was tried and became ashamed of the noise. They soon closed the meeting and fled to their tents, taking away even the last—last light, which was upon a tree back of the altar, leaving the woman with the crowd around her all in the dark, until a brother got one from the tent. It seemed to me like "crucifying the Son of God afresh, and putting him to an open shame."

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

I was once exercised and led in a similar way in a Protestant Methodist quarterly meeting love-feast in Wayne county, in a school house, in what was called "York Settlement," in 1862. The house was closely crowded. I took a seat with my back to the congregation, near the door, but soon found myself uneasy—out of my appropriate place. I arose and soon after spoke a few words and fell partly down in the crowd. But when I arose I was kept standing all through the love-feast. Although almost an entire stranger, I stood, taking the oversight of the persons, who talked, saying frequently, "Lord bless her, Lord bless him." I think five persons fell in that love-feast, while I was set laughing at times. One woman, while passing near me to the sacramental table or bench, as she came opposite me fell, her head onto my lap, over a bench, just as I was sitting down. I held her head in my hands a half minute, perhaps, when she arose and went on her way to the supper table. I understood that she felt a little mortified that she fell onto me, a stranger, but I never had an opportunity to say anything to her, I believe, but have wondered many times at such exhibitions of God's power and His designs, so many instances of the same kind. Once, while sitting on the front seat,

two women were thrown on me. One of them onto my lap, and the lap of a brother sitting beside me. I did not move. One, her head onto my lap where I sat on the ground at a camp-meeting. She had been jumping and fell backwards.

GRUMBLING DEVILS.

At one of the Bergen camp-meetings I was awakened just at break of day, by the Spirit, with the following words and tune, to be sung out on the ground—was told to rise, go out and sing. Everything seemed clear—I was very happy, but a slight thought that some might be tried. But I arose, went out, took my position, not a person moving, all silent over the whole camp-ground, rather cool, wrapped my shawl around me and sung:

*"I soon shall quit this house of clay,
And leave this earth for glory;
Clap my glad wings and soar away
To that bright world of glory.
O glory! O glory!
There's room enough in paradise,
For all a home in glory.*

A line or two sung, brought the shout of glory to God from Brother G—, in his tent, then others, and still others about the ground waked up, happy in God, ready for service. I was joined by several brethren before I had sung the second verse. About three verses sung, and we took another position for two or three rounds more, and then moved to another, by this time the camp had taken fire of early praise. I then went back to my tent and lay down again with such *peace* and heavenly *charm*, there seemed to be singing in my breast, a tremulous sensation—“*Melody* in your heart to the Lord,”—with a clear intimation that something *adverse* was coming. After a little, in came Brother R—, one of the leading preachers, with a dark scowl on his bare brow, as if he had waked up cross—came where I was sitting, on the side of the bed, and said: “Brother Reddy, (impatiently) what makes you go out and sing and disturb people.” I said, because the Lord told me to do it, and if it has disturbed the devil *in you*, *I'm glad of it*. The scowl instantly left his face, and with a humble and subdued tone, he said: “Brother Reddy pray for me, you know more about the devil than I do;” I pulled him down to me, kissed him and said, I will pray for you Brother R—, God bless you; I love you. He started to go back to his tent, but turned back to me, took me by the hand and said: “Now will you pray for me, I want you to.” Yes, I will. He went out, but turned, came to me the third time, saying the same words. If the birds—a robin had sung thus early, would he have thought it was the devil or the *Lord* that told the bird to sing as soon as it was day. Men and women too can get along without grumbling much about thunder, or the thundering of cars and railroad whistle in the night or early morn, because they cannot control or dictate, but where men or women are led by the Lord, it finds these grum-

bling, fault-finding, popish devils in somebody—even in Ministers.

I found *myself here*, at one time in meeting, with the annoyance of what is called the rowdies, or unconverted; I did not feel well, I saw others too did not feel satisfied with their attempts to regulate others. The next morning early I was led up to the *cross*, for I did not know as I could keep if I should make a promise. But I took my pencil out hardly knowing what I was going to write, but marked the following resolution, viz.:

A VOW TO GOD—A CURE.

I promise before and to the Lord this 6th day of March, 1868, that I will *not find fault with anybody* in meetings or out of them, with saint or sinner, nor with myself, but will seek and find the guidance of the Spirit of the Lord, and let Him take the *care* of me and of them and all else.

ALONSON REDDY.

I hesitated a little about putting down my name for want of confidence in myself; the devil, too, kept saying, “you'll do or say something before you are aware of it.” But when I had signed my name in black and white, and, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, that altereth not. Then I found I had the *confidence*, and the devil soon ceased his clamor. I then read it and after a little the man, preacher and wife signed it, and others afterwards. I soon had eight names to the paper. One preacher of a very discriminating mind, whose wife had signed it, said: “That's a very strong *vow*, I'll look it over.” So he took a copy, but I presume the caution or *prudence* would not let him do it afterwards which kept him from doing it *now* while its first light was on him, and postponed. I said to him, we cannot bind ourselves too tight to be kept away from the devil, he said, “No, that's *true*.”

DOGGED BY THE DEVIL.

Some four or five years ago, while four of us were on our way to a camp-meeting, passing a small house near Franklinville, Cattaraugus county, we stopped to get a drink, and found a child two or three years old, given up by the doctor and all to die of inflammation on the lungs, and brain too, for four days unconscious, looking every hour for its last breath, now stretched across its grandmother's lap. I fell on my knees, my hand on his head the other hold of its hand, said nothing intelligibly to others *aloud*; a clammy sweat from the head attached to my hand and he was becoming uneasy. I arose and left the house suddenly without saying anything to any one for a mile or more as we drove on our way. But I soon found the devil along side the wagon like an ill bred dog, barking to provoke attention and quarrel, saying to me, “*You need not think that child will get well—you did'nt pray enough.*” But I said, “*You know better or you'd not be so uneasy.*” About five days after we found the child *well* on our return homeward, praise the Lord!

CHAPTER VII.

PURITY OF THE BODY.

God designed and planned by the atonement and the Gospel of salvation by faith to completely and fully remedy the evil and consequences of sin; to restore man to the image of God, wherein he was created in righteousness and true holiness. Not by the observance or keeping of *any law*—for if there *could* have been a law given which could have *given life*, then righteousness, salvation would have been by law. But God proposes to *save* without stipulating *any* conditions, for the former covenant was on conditions which they failed to meet. “So I regarded them not,” saith the Lord, “But I will make a *New Covenant*, not according to the former covenant, which covenant they break.” But this is the covenant, *viz.*: “I will write my laws in their heart, and in their mind will I write them, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.” Now here I wish to remark and not be misunderstood, *viz.*: that this new covenant God has made, is *without any condition* on which it is offered, there is nothing more to be done. God has made this new covenant and announces “He will pardon and change man’s nature.” If man *will do* just nothing—*stop thinking I must do something*. No; simply credit what God said, *consent to His doing it now, hold still, believe!* He is *doing it now*, don’t do anything, *not even doubt it*; believe what he says, *viz.*: “*It is the accepted time, it is the day of Salvation.*” Glory to God! He just told you what he was determined to do, and nothing but a want of the consent of the will which credits God, can prevent it being done. This is God’s method of salvation. Don’t hinder Him, don’t prevent Him, but believe that ye *receive the things that ye desire*, and ye shall have them.

God intends to purify unto himself a peculiar people, a *pure* people—*pure as Jesus is pure*—the thoughts pure, brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. The *reason*, the *will*, the *memory*, (not treacherous) the *imagination*, all these attributes of the Spirit found again in God. The *passions and affections* of the soul *crucified*, then *purified*, not left under the *influence even of sin*, but *pure as Adam*—as *pure as Adam* before he sinned.

No excitement, except as God that dwells within, sees proper to excite either the passions or affections, for these are not created by man’s being a sinner, for Adam had these, Jesus Christ had these. It is only with the unsaved that they run wrong, but God controls them where He lives in us. The most of religious people, even those claiming to be sanctified, are afraid to trust either their affections or their passions. Supposing that here above all others the devil holds on longest, and that we never can be proof against the devil in this respect. That we must shun the appearance of evil, as they say, even in our affections as well as the passions. Suppose, for an illustration, you say to a fond mother you see caressing her child, “Are you not ashamed? You ought to shun the ap-

pearance of *evil*; the devil has got hold of your affections; you are being *pushed* over the line, there is danger of loving *too much*. And where your love is so ardent and difficult to restrain, be *sure* there is danger—there is the devil.” No, *not so*; *lavish your love on your offspring, mother, yea on anybody you love*; don’t be afraid, the devil is not in it, and devils cannot get into *love*.

It is God inspiring your heart. God *loves you* and wants you to love too, like Him; don’t be afraid, give full vent to your warmest feelings—let them be gratified to the fullest extent; God made them for gratification, and they will increase in strength by exercise and indulgence. This is what ails the world, there is so little of this loving; the heart is too *cold*. Look at some old bachelor, some old maid, how cold they look, how cold they appear; some of them would almost feel *guilty* and ashamed to be known or seen *kissing* even a child. They are so chilled by selfishness and unbelief, but little freshness and cheerfulness in their countenance or appearance; it would take several very warm meetings, and a good warm society to warm them up, so that they would stay happy and act *easy and natural*, as if they had got *home again*.

The body also God purifies by his sanctifying grace, so that there is virtue in even the touch. Devils understand this better than Christians do now-a-days. A maniac or one possessed of devils does not like to be *touched* by any body. They are extremely careful in coming in contact with other bodies; hence the devils drive them into the wilderness or grave-yards among the dead, whose touch would not effect a change upon them, as would the touch from *rational or civilized society*. The man out of whom Jesus cast a legion, over in the country of the Gadarenes, it is said “He wear no clothes, neither abode in any house.” The devils did not want him among his friends or relatives, lest their sympathies should *touch* the poor sufferer, and thus tend to break the power of devils on mind and body too.* I am led to speak at length on this subject, because it is so little understood and much less believed; and yet it is a subject of *such vital importance* that devils *wish to keep it concealed*. Only a few of even those that have the care and treatment of the *insane* have discovered this trait of character in them. The extreme sensitiveness of insane persons confirms this. Devils are hid under this outside insanity—are the *cause of it*, and wish to keep concealed, and have the *cause* traced to something else. Another proof that devils are here is this: the nearest and most intimate friends are generally *avoided* and apparently *hated* the worst of any. Now this sensitiveness of *touch* in those who have *evil spirits* in them, from

*Madam Guyon said she had noticed in her experience that invariably when she came where there were persons possessed of evil spirits, that the evil spirits departed from them, and all she would be conscious of was a “*desire to relieve them*.” And thus she called this “*casting out devils*.” Jesus said, “I cast out devils by the *Spirit of God*.” Again “*by the finger of God*.”

those who have not, is equally *acute* and even distressing on the part of those who have the Spirit of God dwelling in them. One sister besought her cousin at a camp-meeting not to allow her to be touched, if she should be slain by the power of God again, especially by any unconverted person or unbeliever, "for," said she, "when I was examined—my pulse, etc., by the doctor," (as she found afterwards,) said her arms were lame for several days where he touched them. One brother said, when slain in a barn in a love-feast, he lay there some hour and a half; that during the time his left foot was touched or run against two or three times, and each time the most *dreadful sensation* shocked his body, the entire length, that he ever felt, while his right foot was rocked back and forth carefully and slowly, two different times, with no unpleasant sensation like the other at all. The clear impression on his mind was this, viz.: that in the last case the rocking of his right foot was done by an honest inquirer after *truth*, to see if the body was stiff. While in the other case of the left foot was either a careless blundering of some one moved by the devil to strike and annoy the person, or else it was designed by the person whose mind was full of prejudice and disbelief, who was *tried* with such manifestations and wished to disturb the subject, and thus their *bad spirit*, and the touch of their *bad bodies* too, was detected by the person thus refined by the power of the Holy Ghost, and its bad inspiration was *transmitted* by the *touch*. A preacher was conversing in a family. Presently the spirit impressed the brother to rise lay his *hands* on the sister's head, who was yet sitting at the table. She moved her head after a little; the brother did not speak, nor any one; but after a year or more was asked why she moved her head. She said she began to feel her strength leaving her, as once before she had when the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost came upon her and she lay some time, and that she did not want to lose her strength and *fall*. A sister sitting in a meeting charged as a battery by the power of the Holy Ghost. Another woman, diseased in body, came, laid her hand on the sister's head. In a few minutes said she was healed. The sister, I believe, was not able to move, but she felt that *virtue* went out of her.

It is said that handkerchiefs or aprons touched the bodies or *hands* of the Apostles Paul and Peter and carried to the sick, and diseases departed from them, and evil spirits went out of them. Jesus put forth his hand and touched the leprous person, and he was made *clean*. He also laid his hands on the children and prayed for them and blessed them.

Peter's wife's mother, he touched her hand and the fever left her, and she arose, &c. It is doubtless owing to this *personal touch*, partly, and the power that attended it that gave such unparalleled success to the labors of those few Gallileans—men and women. They were filled with such *love* to them that they *felt* they must touch them, and I fancy that in most cases if they had a fair *touch*, they had them away from the devil. This *purity* of the body, as well as

the spirit and soul, is what God does in and for them that believe, and the touch of those that harbor the devil in them, is like iron or sticks—they hurt. The touch of a little child is always soft and pleasant before they have become wicked and ugly, where innocence has fled. A brother, at the close of a meeting, took a sister by the hand to bid her good-bye, who had lain slain on the carpet for an hour or more. Her hand seemed cold as a corpse; he took her wrist with his other hand, and immediately fell by the *touch*. A brother's hand was taken by others standing by where he lay slain, by the power, his hand being stretched out as if to shake the hand, a text of Scripture was given appropriate to each case, and he said that there was a deep sense of *purity* in one case.

It is frequently said, when treating on perfection, that we can't have the perfection of angels nor the perfection of Adam, before he fell, for, say they, his knowledge was perfect. Well, Paul speaks of our being *renewed in knowledge* after the image of Him who created him in righteousness and true holiness. What? be infinite in knowledge. No; only what God wants us to know, and only what God will *teach*, and only move where and as God moves us. A skeptical preacher was standing by, with many others, where a woman lay on the ground; soon a young woman came hopping and jumping around him, her eyes being closed, he thought strange of it, and withal, it seemed to annoy him a little; he moved on the other side of the company, nothing being said by any one, but she was making the circle around the preacher again, he then moved to the third place and she was soon on that side surrounding him again. He related it to me and said, I thought strange of it, for I know she did not see me; but she is a good girl.

Here is a *sign*, a *miracle*—God moving and controlling even the body, mind and all the movements of a person, so as to convince and convict of something *supernatural*, of God's immediate agency. What is religion worth if there is nothing supernatural connected with it? Just nothing. What efforts are made by preachers to show the divine origin of religion by a reference to the history of the signs and miracles wrought in connection with its *representatives*? But almost in the same discourse will disclaim almost everything of the kind *now*, saying, it is not necessary *now*. But the truth is, we need it—all generations need to witness something supernatural, or they will not and cannot give God the praise and the glory for anything that is done, even our conversion must have this, or the devil will have us doubting its reality—its *divine origin*. It must be something we *feel* within, and some change which we could not have effected for ourselves. Then we can praise the Lord.

God wants to get us into circumstances where we can witness his *wonders* and *miracles*. He wants to do it. He brought the Israelites to the Red Sea, into apparent trouble—the mountains on each hand, the Red Sea before them, and the Egyptian hosts—their enemies—behind them. They were straitened to the last. Then

they saw and acknowledged God's agency, and sang his praise.

God it was that brought the "church" into the *trial of their faith* by Peter being in chains between two soldiers doomed to be executed the next day. It is said that "prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him." And God sent down an angel who smote him on the side and raised him up. His chains fell off from his hands, and he was led into the street and the angel left him. But he soon found the *church* (not meeting-house) where they had been praying for him, and they had more faith than they were aware of, for "they said it is his angel." I have no doubt but God would make *miraculous* manifestations frequently among His people now, if there was such a *union of love* and interest in each other's welfare, and in the success and triumphs of Christ. I say God wants to—yea, seeks an opportunity to meet the demands of the human mind for something supernatural to give it rest; that here is *God's agency*; that *He is a living God*. Young converts are led to pray for this confounding, convincing evidence that God lives; and they rejoice exceedingly when any such manifestation is made as evidence of success; and they are not choked, as some say, with this strong meat, as it is called, as some older in years of profession are. Indeed they regard this as the *elementary principles of religion*. The *supernatural*, the *miraculous*, so essential to a *genuine religion*, is what young converts and *true* believers regard as the advantage which the Christian has over the natural man, or the mere philosopher who is obliged to view everything and every event in close relation to *fixed laws*,—yea, even God Himself is controlled and bound by them so that *He can't do contrary to them without tearing His universe to pieces*.

The laws by which the planets are governed, and the ordinary process of nature, as it is called, is only the ordinary or usual mode by which God controls or works, as a mechanic. A carpenter for instance, commonly begins at the sill to frame his building, yet he can begin at the rafters or the braces first, and arrive at the same end. The one great *purpose* of God is, to impart to others, His creatures, happiness, and make Himself known as the *immediate cause and agent*, whatever may be the *instrument* He employs, to accomplish this end. And hence can turn *water into wine* without the process of going through the grape vine, and thus impress the guests with the fact of *miracle—supernatural*.

He could and did appear in the midst of the disciples, when the doors were shut. He did "vanish out of their sight"—walk on the surface of water, and so did Peter, until doubt, the offspring of *fear*, obscured from his vision the immediate presence and attributes of God. He could *translate and change* men, *mortals*, to heaven, and cheat *death* and the *devil*, the author of *death*, out of their looked for triumphs. And through faith, or by faith he can take more the same road to heaven. One thing is as easy with God as another. "*He moves with equal ease a world of matter or a single*

grain." He did and can again make a furnace of fire as pleasant to the body as a *warm bath*. Fire did not give the martyrs pain except they shrank through fear or unbelief. One of the martyrs while burning, his flesh nearly burned from his bones, said: "Look here, you *Catholics*, you have wanted to see a miracle, here's a man almost burned up and not a particle of pain." God lives and he can change or suspend the property or law of fire; can send an angel and shut the lions' jaws; can take a Christian man out of prison, chained to other men, pass by guards and wards, through iron doors and gates, and not even wake them up, but hold them in sound sleep, and command the doors and gates to open and shut without noise.

The only reason why a cannon ball does not fly with the same velocity, even without stopping after a mile or two, or stopping at all, is not because of the *gravitation* and the *resistance* of the *air*, for these acted just the same when first it left the cannon's mouth; but from this fact, viz: the *power* and force that first started it in motion did not follow it only to the cannon's mouth; had it continued to follow with the same force, the ball would *never* have stopped, notwithstanding these counteracting forces.

Now, instead of the planets moving from the *necessity of laws*, as is said that govern, *it is God's immediate presence and agency*—yea, *His Power* that pursues—upholds and controls all these movements; and everything that has action or motion is *immediately* moved by some *visible or Spiritual and invisible agency*, *good or bad, mind as well as matter*, except God himself, who is *independent alone*, so that we may truthfully look for the agent's *design or purpose* in everything that moves or is moved, for the design of God or the devil; and moved, too, with a *specific* design to accomplish the end had in view. Hence, God designs in His economy of grace, by the agency of His Spirit and other good agencies of men and angels, to destroy and counteract the works of the devil, in every *plan*; in every *cross*; in every move of His Church on the earth; and on the other hand, the devil and his angels, like him, bad of course, and wicked men, moved and employed by him, are doing what they can to counteract and overthrow God's plans to bless and save man. Here, then, is the warfare, viz: between God and the devil—no fellowship; it is between good men and good angels on the one side, and bad men and bad angels on the other side. Not as some say, that the warfare is in the breast of a Christian. No, not so; the Christian has *renounced* the devil and all his works, and whatever he finds *about* him or *in* him that is like the devil or unlike God, he at once sets against it and seeks its removal. God is doing what He can, *invisible* as He is to angels and men, to make Himself known; but is discovered only in His real character and His essential attributes through the *light* and principle of *faith*, because He is a *Spirit* and cannot be seen by angels or men. Jesus said "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Again, Paul said "Now, unto the King Eternal, Immortal,

Invisible, the only wise God, &c.," and certainly if God is invisible, then Jesus means that those who have seen Him, have witnessed an exhibition of the perfections and attributes of God: "The glory of God in the *face* of Jesus Christ," such as can be seen in no other. "No man knoweth who the Father is, save the Son, and He to whom the Son will reveal Him."

Some great manifestations are recognized as from God, but He is in small things as well as great—is in very small things among us—right about us in our thoughts—in our words. The Holy Spirit is *here* and brings the Scriptures to our minds to instruct, to enlighten and guide us, for which we do not give him credit. He suggests a thought timely, which, if it was believed and followed promptly, would have led us out of danger and avoided temptation; and for want of this *faith*, many a person has gone under the shadow, and a long time has passed before they have come out; perhaps the thought to go in secret and pray has been suggested, but a little delay, or the Spirit not believed, the devil has got away the light, and when they have gone to their closet in their *own* *convenient* time, they have not got the victory.

One old man, at a certain camp-meeting, got the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost upon him, went home, and would find it upon his body; but, from the bad teaching and warning against Spiritualism and Fanaticism he was afraid it was "that awful influence" upon him, and he would get up and try to get rid of it. But a brother acquainted with God said "that is the power of the Holy Ghost, I wish I had more of it." A sister once praying for the power in family prayer, began to feel a prickling sensation on her shoulders. She thought to herself "is this the power?" She said the Lord departed at once. She tried to get it back, but her unbelief had grieved the Spirit—the Dove—and he was gone.

EXEMPTION FROM PAIN.

A person *fully restored* would not be sick, as many are, nor have the amount of pain as when not sanctified soul and body. We hear of but few instances of sickness among the early Christians. And even Paul (bachelor as he was,) gives a very strong *hint at least* of exemption from pain of the mother giving birth to children, if they were holy and were in *the faith*. Strange as this may seem to some, (see 1st Tim. xi. 15.) here are his words, viz.: "Adam was first formed, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression, nevertheless she shall be saved in *child-bearing*, if they continue in faith and holiness with sobriety."

The devil is the author of pain as well as "having the power of death." But when we are fully restored—*refined soul, body and spirit, perfected in the faith, in love*—then the devil is held at bay.

One sister was so happy under the power of God that she had *no pain*, and did not know when her child was born. Another I knew was so happy that she *shouted* at intervals before she was hardly conscious why she was doing so.

Another *sanctified* mother gave birth to her child in the fore part of the day, but she *could not be confined*; she had to get up and be about the house as usual. But towards evening, yielding to the *fears and advice* of friends she lay down, but was soon taken with such a headache that she had to stay up until the usual bed time, then retired with the rest of the family, as though nothing uncommon had taken place—with no bad results. Such are the blessings and advantages secured by the *atonement for our race*, possessed and enjoyed by many, when they seek and obtain "the *fullness of God*," without even always asking for them. One sister asked the Lord to release her from her monthly ills, that she might work in saving souls, and still have health, and it was granted her as long as she was doing that exclusive work. Another mother said she would as soon give birth to a child as to have a tooth extracted as to the amount of suffering. The curse inherited by sin, was, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrows and thy conception. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee." Unsanctified mothers are to have and *do have* more children (unless by *dishonesty* with God,) than those just right with God. The *pious, praying* mother of Samuel was in *reproach* by the *fruitful and bearing* mothers, because she had *no children*. She asked her God for a man-child, to take away her *reproach among women*. She promised him to the Lord *forever*. She seemed more concerned for God's honor, the maker of all, to *confound these infidel* mothers, than she was for the company of her own child; she gave him to the Lord as soon as he was weaned. (1st Sam. i. 22.)

Zacharias and Elizabeth had no children until they (or he) prayed for that blessing. The angel said: "Thy *prayer is heard*, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son; and thou shalt have *joy and gladness at his birth*." (See Luke i. 13.) But the priest had prayed so long—so many years till he thought it *too late—impossible*; and in unbelief, said: "How shall I know this, for I am an *old man*, and my wife well stricken in years." And Elizabeth said: "Thus hath the Lord dealt with me to take away my *reproach among men*." Thus God gave answer to prayer. But these, Samuel and John the Baptist, were not sons of Belial; although they were of the flesh they were not born *after the flesh*, but *after the Spirit*. They were different from other children because of the *promise*, and God's special blessing on their sanctified parents. A *miracle* in both cases, as it was with Isaac, Abraham, and Sarah, the progenitors of the first visible and organized Church on the earth.

If God should see fit to give us an intimation (as he did to Enoch,) of our *translation*, with such a *refined nature of body, soul and spirit*, the words of the poet would hardly be out of place or *untrue*:

"Our souls the line or change would scarcely know,
While saved in Jesus' blood."

Again, I've asked while singing the following

lines, did the poet *really believe in the translation of the body now*, when writing this last verse of the hymn:

“And soon or later then *translate*
To my eternal bliss.”

Again another:

“Let life *immortal seize my clay,*
Let love *refine my blood.*”

Preachers and poets teach *purer* truth and better doctrine than they will receive from others, especially from those of less advantages in their estimation. When men get into the region of *inspiration*, and get a discovery of what God has provided for man, they sometimes hand out truth which *they* would question or fight, if it came from others. There is little danger of our believing *too much*. God’s love and *wisdom* and his goodness has no bounds; “He is able to do exceeding abundantly, *above all* that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.” But such an advantage has Satan gained of the church (so called,) that they cannot believe such good things of God, who spared not His own Son, but gave him up for us all. How shall He not with Him freely give us *all things*, surpassing *all thought*. The Spirit is grieved—how Jesus would *rebuke* this unbelief and hardness of heart. When the common people do begin to believe the whole Bible, and God the author, “more than we can ask or think,” then the Pharisees say, “This people who knoweth not the *law* are cursed: or else they try to make *law* of the New Testament.” The letter of the new killeth as well as the old, but the Spirit giveth *life—liberty*. “My yoke is easy, my burden is light.”

FANATICISM USED UP.

A brother T—, while attending a camp-meeting in Illinois, said for several days of the camp-meeting there could be found no liberty for preachers or the people, but he kept praying silently for the Lord to lay some plan to break the spell and power of the devil on the meeting, pledging that he would do *anything He told him to do instantly*. Very soon the suggestion was *in him*, “Pull off your coat and throw it up into the air and yell with all your might.” He did so, and the congregation burst into a roar of laughter. The spell was broken on the meeting by the power of God descending with the coat, and the people made free onward through the meeting.

Here was a stratagem or *device*, so to speak, of the Holy Ghost, and by his being obeyed instantly, without stopping to *reason*. It surprised the devil as well as the people, and took them (under his control) from *doubt and hesitation*. The novelty and simplicity of the plan—its sudden execution—turned the scale, and the tide run the other way afterwards. Here was the guidance of the Spirit. The brother had not time to “go to the Bible” in order to “try the spirits,” as so often quoted. The Holy Spirit is not here to be “tried,” but he has come to be obeyed and to comfort the obedient. He has come to manage—to *plan* and carry on this war—not even to follow exactly

some plans which he may have used and been successful heretofore, and recorded in the old war-book, the Bible. But he is present to devise and to *adopt* plans for present circumstances. Devils are too experienced and skilled for men or for *any* old plan, unless the Spirit seize it; hence the *necessity* for us that the Spirit use us and not we *devise* and then ask the Lord to bless the means—come to our terms instead of us being servants and He the proprietor.

Devils are intent—cannot be diverted by money, bonds, mortgages; by cattle, sheep and horses, as men can be diverted, even in times of revival, by these considerations. God is trying to get man in *earnest* to be saved—himself first, and then to save others, at least as much so as devils are to destroy, torment and ruin man who has

“A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.”

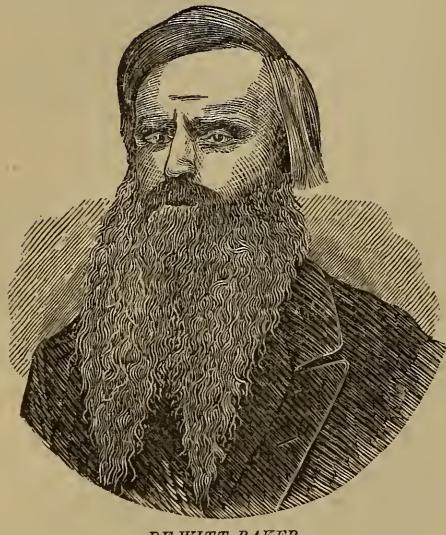
But devils have nothing to gain but the gratification of dominion over men,—of tormenting and making them rebels like themselves, and consequently wretched. They can have no *hope* as man has to stimulate them, but are moved with *envy* and *malice*, because a Saviour has been provided for man and none provided for the fallen angels. It is said “God spared not the angels that sinned but cast them down to hell and delivered them into chains of darkness to the judgment of the great day.”*

Another plan of the Spirit which uses up fanaticism, was by the same brother who threw up his coat. It was at one of the Bergen camp-meetings. A young preacher sitting about with his shawl pinned about his shoulders, in the tent of brother T—, (the coat-thrower, and his brother-in-law;) he suddenly grabbed the young preacher by his ankles, dragging him feet foremost the length of the tent, laughing heartily as he came along with the preacher by the legs, saying, “M—, Jesus told me to do it; he will show you what it is for.” The preacher said not one word, but sat on the carpet for an hour perhaps, then after making some vows, being helped and searched out by sister R—, while a few words were uttered in prayer by another preacher for him, he fell. The next meeting, in the stand, he was heard to make the following confession, viz.: that five or six months before God called him to *leave the church* and go out as an evangelist—hold meetings under the special guidance of the Spirit of the Lord. and he had not obeyed the Lord; that he had professed sanctification when he did not enjoy it—would *feel impatience* sometimes, and was

* Not that holy angels were once in heaven and committed sin there, as most people think and teach. There *could* be no sin there. *It is not, it never was*, nor ever will be, a place of probation or of trial, but everywhere in the Bible heaven is represented as a place of *reward* for the good, for the righteous. Jude, verse 6: “They kept not their first estate but *left their own habitation*.” That was their sin, viz.: the not minding their own business—staying at home where God had placed them [on trial, of course,] but kept it not. They followed their *own will* instead of consulting the *will* of their Sovereign—their God; they went to see what others were doing, and hence their sin.

not so conscious of his loss till now. This is another instance of the guidance of the Spirit without knowing what it was for (like Abraham offering Isaac) till afterwards.

One sister was told in the meeting to go back and walk the length of the house through the middle of the seats, stepping over the back of each. It was such a cross, she asked the Lord, "What is it for?" The answer was this, viz.: "To confound the devil." And it did, for the power came on the congregation, as she stepped off the last seat, shouting and laughing, and praising God.



CHAPTER VIII.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I am writing for the Lord. I am set about it by *His special* direction. I have to write *some* things which will not be relished in print by some religious people, *I am certain*. But by others *it will be welcome truth*. *I could not* once have admitted (for want of *experience* and *light from God*,) what *I now firmly believe*, viz.: that the Spirit of God does lead *some* of those who are wholly *sanctified* and made *pure* of men and women into a *pure sexual commerce*, for one or more of the five following reasons or considerations, viz.:

First—God does lead *some thus* to let them *know the purity* of those who are fully saved—fully restored (from the fall) to the "Image of God, wherein they were created in righteousness and true holiness." See Eph. iv. 24. Also Col. iii. 10.

Second—God does sometimes lead thus to draw out and expose the jealous devils who have found harbor in the mind and breast of companions and friends, the selfish, unsanctified and unbelieving.

Third—God does sometimes lead thus to humble the pride, (see Isa. iii, 17, also xlvi, 2.) And to subdue the *will* to God, and thereby to perfect the faith as the children of Abraham,

who did intend to "kill" a man once, when God called him to do it, (although against the letter of the law of Moses and of *all* law but that of the *will* of God.) 1st, as a *test of his faith and obedience*, 2d, to show him the extent of suffering and the nature of the sacrifice demanded on the part of God to redeem and save a world of sinners lost.

Fourth—God does lead some thus (*rarely*,) for the propagation of a pure species of the race unsmitten by bad tempers, by diseases of body, by jealousies, because of their pure origin, as Jesus, the son of Mary, and John Baptist, both born of *holy* and *sanctified* mothers. (See Luke, 1st chapter.)

Fifth—God does lead *some thus* for the *healing* of *sexual diseases*, more especially of women, *many* of whom are invalids all over this land (from various causes,) who are diseased beyond the reach of recovery from medicine, or by the most skillful physicians, or by any remedy, except God's own *plans* and by *His Special Remedies*.

A SUPPLEMENT.—*I do firmly believe* that it is in some cases *wrong*, displeasing to God thus to associate, even with the legal companion, especially where there is an *entire want of union* in the Lord. The *unbelief, opposition* and *jealousy* of the unsaved companion has already caused a *divorce* really in *feeling* and *confidence*. This would be *selfish*, consequently it would be "*adultery*," (a want of love.) Yet this *legal* relation should be endured until a remedy is found in the Lord. Not by annulling the marriage contract nor by a bill of *divorcement*, but by the salvation of the companion, or by some other mode the Spirit of the Lord shall specially provide. Then it *will be just right*. *But if none is found*, then this *legal* relation is to be *endured as the cross of Christ, and for the Lord's sake, through life*.

A. R.

It is admitted (see Fowler's work on *Maternity*,) that parents transmit to their offspring not only their physical, but also their mental and moral nature, constitution or spiritual condition, other causes having their influence. The praying, agonizing Hannah had a Samuel, and gave him to the Lord a *true man* and a faithful prophet.

Samson was a Nazarite unto God, from the womb. The angel gave his mother a special charge "to drink neither wine nor strong drink, nor to eat anything *unclean*, (see Judges xiii, 3-5.) Hence it is seen that Samson, Samuel, John Baptist and Jesus the Messiah, were neither of them *contaminated by sin*, and were each the only child of their respective and *righteous* mothers, who were "*barren*," (at least three of them.) A *miracle in each case*. Such is the ignorance and inexperience, because of *unbelief* among Christians or religious people in reference to some ways in which the Spirit of God leads *some* of those who are fully saved, that there has been many a *genuine reformation* interrupted and overthrown. The devil has got the advantage of the people in a way the least thought of. *All has suddenly been thrown*

into confusion on the whole subject of religion. The confidence shaken in almost every one's *honesty*, because some have discovered what they call a little too much *fondness and love* among some of the brethren and sisters, or with the preacher, especially if they are *led to greet one another with a holy kiss*. And yet in some cases this mode even does not seem sufficient to adequately express the *love* and *oneness* which the Holy Ghost, in His saving or sanctifying power, has given them in Christ Jesus to each other. As *little children*, appearing to others "silly in public," they have been *led* in a more *private* manner, and finally into a *pure sexual commerce*, as the most *exquisite* mode in which God has *designed* us to express our love to each other. Signs of this *union*, of course, would soon be discovered, for "by this shall all men know that ye are my *disciples* if ye have *love one to another*." Soon this jealous or envious spirit watching for evil (out of their own orbit,) must talk on this subject of *interest*. The *honesty*, the *motive* of a child of God is impugned. The public soon know all about the supposed—*believed abomination*. The preacher has to leave on account of the *unbelief* in regard to the *moral* character of this *love* and mode of expressing it. Notwithstanding all, the success of the preacher, as *a man of God*, and also the *love* God gave them to and for him—their unshaken confidence in him—not a doubt. This is now all given up and contradicted. A few *humble*, honest *disciples*, will not give it up but that he *was a good man*; but the most they can do now against this *tide*, is to *pity* him. Others think (it may be they wanted to have it so before,) that he has been a "wolf in sheep's clothing"—has been a bad man all the while, and they try to account for the deep, thorough convictions and the genuine conversions on this principle, viz.: that God's *truth or word*, although spoken by a wicked man, (as they *now* think,) has produced this almost miraculous change in the salvation of so many souls. But the preacher has to flee, or is arraigned for trial, charged with "immorality," (of course.) He is suspended or expelled from the church. It must be kept pure—must wipe off the *stain*. The converts and others *review* and begin to doubt their experience whether it can be *genuine* under such labors. They reason thus: "If the preacher has been a bad man all the while, or if he has now fallen right in the midst of the revival with all the helps around him, and with all his experience and strength, *how can I* expect to stand—*how can I conquer* such a subtle foe, when such a veteran in the army falls? Yet many of these, his spiritual children, love the preacher still but *dare not* show it *now*. And then, too, they have not the courage, the independence, nor the *faith*. Such has been the scene enacted again and again at different periods. Still the "*mystery*" has not been solved or explained, or the church (so-called) become the wiser by the experience of the past, yet keep saying, "Jesus, our great captain, never lost a battle." Not so, for hundreds here are lost forever in hell, as the consequence of this *unbelief*, caus-

ing such *distraction* and destruction of confidence by this successful strategem of the devil, viz.: *believing* the work and leadings of the Holy Ghost and attributing it to the devil himself. And just here he tries to make people believe that Satan "is transformed into an angel of light" and of late that of *love* too. *What a lie!*

I now firmly believe where God had owned the preacher's labor, was in the salvation of the people. It has been the Lord leading them and not the devil. Yet they themselves are somewhat in doubt at times—not entirely clear—but feel no condemnation—are blessed all the while with the "*comforter*." But the "*accuser of the brethren*," saying, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," throws them into doubt at times. And then, too, *it is a new idea* not found in books nor discussed publicly. Paul says, "If ye are led by the Spirit ye are not under the *law*,"—led now to do the very same things for *God*, and by His direction Himself dwelling within them, which unsaved men do for the devil while he dwells in them and leads them. Here is the difference between right and wrong. The child of God—the Christian—has consecrated his all—his spirit, soul and body, with all the attributes, affections, passions, functions and members, organs and senses to *God*, and pledges to use them to His glory when, where and in whatever manner God, the owner thereof, shall direct.

But the unbelief and fear of singularity and of *reproach* among many of God's children, prevents the Spirit from leading the *affections* even as he would. And the passions, they are looked upon as a *dangerous* magazine within them—are afraid to trust themselves or the Spirit who is leading them, for fear it may be the devil or their own lusts, forgetting that "they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts;" that the child of God is *dead to sin—yea, dead* "Indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Not that the sanctified Christian has *now no affections and passions left*. They have both affections and passions, but they are *alive in God now*, and no longer under sin—"sold under sin." They are now *pure* as when man and woman were created, and can *now* be used and directed in a manner which will not injure themselves or others. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." And more especially is it careful of those belonging to the family of God. "It doth not behave itself unseemly." Now, as God was *delighted* when he brought the creatures he had made before Adam "to see what he would call them," so the same God of *purity* and holiness delights to *direct* and witness the exhibitions of this childlike *simplicity* and *purity*, which His Spirit has now wrought in them as well as for them who are "*created anew in Christ Jesus*." "See that ye love one another with a *pure heart fervently*, being born again."

A TRAVELING PREACHER—A MYSTERY TO SOLVE.

Here is a case of mystery to solve if God does not *approve* and *lead* into this intimacy and confidential association of His children.

A traveling preacher in Chemung Co., whose labors were *owned* and crowned with success in the salvation of many souls during the winter. He came where he was accustomed to stop after preaching in the neighborhood. The daughter being one of the converts in mutual confidence and *love* with the preacher. She had lately been married. The preacher being restrained from fully expressing his love till now, from the fear of consequences or of reproach, or of *exposure*, he took this occasion and had *commerce* with her, saying, "It won't be wrong." He continued to preach and travel for ten or eleven years, with revivals attending his labors *every year*. By the explosion of a lamp, the woman was so burned that in eleven days she died; she confessed this to her husband* and said, "God has forgiven me, and shows me if you will forgive and promise you will live with me, that He will heal me and raise me up. But the husband *would not forgive*. His wife continued extremely happy for a few days and died in triumph, a member of the church all the while. But the husband making known publicly, against the earnest entreaties of his dying wife; it aroused the authorities of the church, considering always the church must be *kept pure*. They arrested the traveling preacher and expelled him from the church. Now the mystery to solve is this: Did God own him, bless him and others too, and yet he a wicked man, and in the service of the devil all these ten years? 2d. Was the whole church so destitute of discernment—thus deceived by the devil too for those ten years, co-operating with him, supporting and thus cheering him on? Or 3d. Did the Lord convict him of this *crime*, give him repentance and then pardon this traveling preacher for this, and not call him like other sinners to make confession and restitution? Or 4th. Was he a man of God all the while, approved, led and guided by the Holy Ghost and not the devil, (even in this) and the Spirit leading the church too, in their views and association with him in this ten years of success. If so, I ask, why *expel* this man of God, this man of such success in overthrowing the works of the devil? And the query is very natural. What manner of spirit is it that leads these members and ministers of the church to interrupt and *expel* this man of God, because they *have now found out* (to them) this secret. Did not God know all about this while in the midst of the various revivals in the ten years past? I know that in the light of Moses' law this is looked upon as almost the unpardonable sin, especially for a preacher or a Christian; yea, looked upon by many as worse than *murder*; and yet these are among the most affectionate, sympathising and generous hearted, *accommodating* class of all that there is in society—not cruel, not extortioners, not selfish. How does the church appear expelling such a man after *ten years*, because they *have found it*? Why not inquire of God, "What does this mean?"

One case more. A local preacher in Orleans county, filling a place and pulpit, as pastor, for

the time—the year; he was beloved by the people. God blessed and owned his labors. About seventy persons were converted and some were sanctified to God. Among them was a young woman named H—; she was an intelligent, sweet spirited woman. Her talents and testimony moved almost every body. But coldness at first, then opposition, and next persecution, as always, against the holiness from the unsanctified, and but a few to sympathise with this *pure* spirit that were congenial. It drove her to the preacher and pastor of the flock for succor and *sympathy*. In a neighborhood where he had preached one evening, she left the bed where she was sleeping, with a young woman of the house, and went into the bedroom of the preacher, in the night. It was known soon, and reported to the church. The young woman declining to expose the preacher, she was told, "It is your duty, as a member of the church, to be a witness, as other testimony can't be had, *against such iniquity*." Her conscience was appealed to, and it being tender, then she let her own light go and followed others' light and counsel. The preacher was arraigned and expelled from the church, (and she, too, afterwards; they would not forgive her either.) The converts became a prey to the devil, and afterwards doubted their own experience, notwithstanding their clear convictions and conversion to God, the demonstrations of the power in their meetings; some were slain by the power of God, and the meetings detained till twelve o'clock at night. Now these strange *leadings* are connected with and do accompany the deepest work of the Spirit of God. But it is all laid to the devil, and the fuss this unbelief has made has destroyed more souls and converts, than these persons can make an atonement for in all their lives. *It is not the devil but God who fills people, converts, with love.* If we *love* one another, God (not the devil) dwelleth in us; and His love is perfected in us. I do now *firmly believe* that it was the Spirit of God which led that sanctified, Christian woman *to the preacher's bed*.

"*Horrible!*" Men professing Christianity and ministers too, to give credit to such abominations. That it is the Spirit of God that leads a young woman to leave her own bed in the night and go to a preacher's bed, and yet profess to be sanctified. Talk about a preacher being a man of God, and reformations attending him every year, for ten years, and he commit "*adultery*" with another man's wife, just married, and say it is religion; and try to make folks believe that it is the power of God that makes people fall; and that throws a woman on a man or into his lap. What blasphemy! How the *innocent* cause of religion suffers by such ideas; how many stumble over this. How infidels harden themselves against God and His truth, because of these things. Men and women go to each others' bed in the night, just like whoremasters and strumpets, and *lay it to God*; say, "the Lord sent me here." More likely the devil sent you, or else your own wicked and sinful lusts. I don't believe a word of it. But if you should say that the Lord sent you to the South, with a gun to *kill* all the rebels,

* She should have told him before.

you could in order to preserve our country and our *pure* government, I could believe that without a doubt. But the other is too outrageous; I cannot believe it; and now candidly say, do you positively believe such things?

Yes, I do firmly believe all this, and more too, viz.: That the first woman that was ever made, God sent her, "brought her to the man;" and she was *naked* at that—both of them. "And they were not *ashamed*," because they were both *pure*, and felt themselves in His presence as their Father, and they doing *His will as His children*. A. R.

I never saw her; him I did see two or three times, but was never in their meetings. I heard of it near the time, and then took the *general view* of the case. But God has taught me since; and now holds me to make this record and testimony for Him. After giving me an *experience* and *teaching* me, as He has for the last five years, trying as I have done, to account for some things of the Spirit, that it was *peculiar* to *healing* the sick, a discipline education by the great *Physician*, for doing His work of healing. But He has *confounded* much of my *logic*, and has brought me to this *undisguised truth*, and I must as soon doubt the *existence* of God and my own too, as to *doubt* what I have written. I know what I am *doing*, and what I am *writing*; I know the meaning of the words and terms I have used in this work, and understand *clearly* the import of each *sentence*. I have had the intimation of some writing which God was going to call me to before I had *done with life*, of my own experience, life, or something of this kind, but supposed it was reserved by Him for some leisure by imprisonment.* I was shown this two or three years ago, that I would be called to *defend this truth* which I am now touching in some form; but had no idea then that I should be called to *vindicate* it in the *book form*. I am writing with a clear understanding, and in view of the *unbelief* which it will find, and, too, with the opposition and persecution which it and I shall meet because of its *new and strange doctrines*. I remember *Faust*, who soon after the invention of the art of printing, while disposing of some of the first printed Bibles in the city of Paris, in France, he was suspected of *witchcraft*—of being in *league* with the devil; and had he not fled from the city, would have been seized, as his books were, and punished as a *magician*. The embellishments in *red ink* were regarded by the superstitious people as *his blood*. Such are the workings of ignorance, unbelief and the power of the devil over man and the world. Nevertheless I must write the truth, "whether men will hear or forbear." "My way is (may be) full of danger, yet it is the path that leads to God."

The path of duty is said to be the path of *safety*; *true* in my experience. I have no fears when I know I am doing God's will, just where He places and directs me, then I am *sure* and *safe* from men or devils.

"The Lord is King, and earth submits,
Howe'er impatient, to his sway;
Between the cherubim he sits,
And makes his *restless foes obey*."

I am led in the light of these things *new to* look into the past under my own observation, within the last thirty-five or forty years, (my acquaintance with the church.) I think there have been more persons, and especially preachers, suspended and expelled for this affectionate and familiar association with the opposite sex, than for all the others put together. Now I ask, is it because Christians, and especially ministers, are more wicked, more *lustful*, who have found Jesus to be their Saviour? This I do not and can not believe.

Our affections and our passions are *intimately connected*. When our passions are moved our affections are frequently moved too. (One woman said she never loved a man till after she was married.) And so *vice versa*, not because the one belongs to God and the other to the devil, as many think; but we are *moved upon*. When God moves the passions and affections, then they are softened, benevolent, filled with good will towards others; (religion fosters both the affections and passions, *God in us does it*.) But when they are moved by the devil, then they are hardened, selfish, willful and revengeful, (the devil in them does it,) so that a Christian is known more clearly by his spirit than by words or actions. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." This criterion is too much lost sight of. If a man gets angry and hates, he is *not* a Christian; he cannot be and *revile*. Now, some of these affectionate and warm-hearted men and ministers have been led in this manner, and being conscientious and tender, they have fallen into temptation and *doubt*—had not the perfect *faith*, and have *gone under*. One sweet-spirited, bright and talented preacher, (I knew him many years ago,) he had been led so *some*, (once or more.) He became his own informant, went to his Presiding Elder, gave up his credentials, saying, "God wants a better man to preach the Gospel than I am." They tried to get him to preach again, but he would not for some years. This was the devil's work, but the starting, I believe *now*, was the work of the Holy Ghost, but he had *doubted* it, and so the devil crowded him off the course to keep him from preaching the Gospel, because he charmed men with his spirit and power of eloquence and love. But some others have had a more *perfect* faith ("by works is faith made perfect,") that would not shrink, though pressed by every foe. One I heard of was thinking to publish a book and vindicate the idea in some form, (I do not know his views,) but was advised by some of his friends not to do it. So I see that some of these facts in various forms have been impressed on the minds of some—yea, of many of God's people, before they were taught me; yea, many have been thus taught of God, and *led*, too, before they ever saw me, I find; but hardly *dare know* that it was the Lord, or if they dare *think it*, they would not dare *speak it*—yea, most of them would be ready to reprove the first

* I am now, April 14, 1868, in Angelica prison, charged with vagrancy, copying this from pencil manuscript.

syllable on this subject, even those that had been so led themselves. (This I have seen—even to *lie*.) So *scarry* is this path for the want of *faith* from God and in God. When the Lord first presented this sexual subject to me to *write it* and put it in this book, last summer, 1867, I was on my knees in a barn, in Yates county, alone. He gave me *most* of the foregoing thoughts, blessed me with His glorious presence and power, love and clearness of faith; told me “go in now and write it down.” I said, Lord, *I will*. I arose immediately, went in and wrote till noon the whole foundation of this subject. I had looked at it before, but never had direction before to give it to the world in writing. I was *cautious*—I *knew* in God and from Him it was *true*, but hardly admitted that the Lord wanted it *public*. I doubted if the world or even the Church could receive these sentiments now, and whenever I seem over-cautious or am tempted and threatened by the devil, God’s Spirit—the “*comforter*”—refers me to Brother H—’s barn on Bluff Point, Yates county, and to the overwhelming evidence which He there gave me of His will concerning my writing and publishing this subject. “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.” He will take the responsibility and set His own seal on this truth; be His “own interpreter and make it plain to those that believe Him and do His will, *I am certain*.

The Lord holds me to speak in such terms that I shall *not* be misunderstood. I have thought to avoid coming so directly in contact with the education of the so-called civilized world, that the Christian Church even could not endure it now. But God shows me that the devil has had his almost undisputed sway or reign here in this secret haunt, and so secure in his possession that even in married life and a *lawful indulgence*, the “*accuser*” and usurper has *lied* them into a guilty conscience; have felt condemned, *ashamed*, as if some thing had been done for the devil, (I know from experience,) and have found this word “*carnal*” to apply here—*here* where God who made us as we are (adapted) and has stamped this among the first and most holy and *pure* institutions found in all his wise arrangements. But *now* the devil sets up his satanic claim over the whole—calls it “*carnal*.” And many think that if they were *holy*, fully *saved*, they would have no passions to be *excited* or *gratified*, and this would be the highest point of *virtue*, and hence the celibacy of the Romish priests and nuns. I find it difficult to use language *pure* and *chaste* and yet make myself understood. But I never use other than *chaste* language in company or in writing. My *mind* is *pure*, my *thoughts* are *pure*, my *hands* and *heart* are *pure*. I can not—I *will not* defile either. My *tongue* also is *pure*. It is not “*unruly*,” full of deadly poison, but tamed by the “*sanctification* of the Spirit and belief of the *truth*;” not moved to “*idle words*,” but I “have my conversation always with grace seasoned with salt that I may minister grace to the hearer,” “for his good to edification, for the perfecting of the saints.”

I know from God that I shall be misunderstood by many, and some may attempt serving the devil and think to take shelter under this new idea or doctrine. But God will show them up by the falsehoods they will have to tell, as many others have done, or by a dishonest concealment, being afraid it was not of God, or of *reproach*, or of the consequences. But those who have the *faith of God*, to them He will give the most satisfactory evidence that “what I write are the commandments of the Lord.” I have known some who were called to this light of faith. They at last attributed their thoughts and feelings to the devil, called it temptation, went away and prayed for a victory over the devil, (as they tried to think because it took their all,;) they have backslidden on it and on other kindred points, and they are now out of their sphere and appear like Noah’s mourning dove without its mate. Others have come *near*—come in sight of it, and have been scared from it, and from God entirely by the fear of *fanaticism*. A few have believed God, and like Abraham who *staggered not*, these have believed the Holy Spirit is a *safe guide*—consented to follow and prove Him such—*obey Him*. They are now free in Christ Jesus. “If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine;” shall be able to distinguish “My sheep, hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me; a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know (obey) not the voice of strangers.”

But the Church, and preachers too, have acted like cowards in many cases, to avoid scandal. Last fall I learned that they expelled one of their preachers among the “*united*” brethren for *kissing* one of the sisters—for *greeting with a holy kiss*, (a *special precept* found in five of the Epistles—four of Paul and one of Peter.) You may *love* in word—“in tongue,”—but when you express it in *action*, in *deed* and in *truth*, then the “*innocent cause of religion* is disgraced, because you do not *shun* the appearance of *evil*,” when, perhaps, they did not even *think* of the *evil*; but the jealous or the envious they think of the *evil*. But charity (or *love*,) thinketh no *evil*. It believeth all things, hopeth all things.

“*Fervent charity covereth, hides, conceals a multitude of sins.*” A very excellent local preacher, some years since, came from a happy meeting—*happy himself*—and, desirous to make everybody else happy as he was, stepped forward and *kissed his wife*. The hired girl said, “there, you dare not kiss me.” The preacher, in a cheerful mood, stepped forward and kissed her too. The girl then turned and tried to shame the preacher. It soon got out, the church took it up, they had a church *law suit* out of it, and expelled the preacher from the church. This is one way the devil has contrived to get rid of preachers. Especially of such *warm-hearted, loving, happy men and women of God*.

A Squire’s wife, at a camp-meeting near Auburn, brought up a Universalist, was sanctified in the tent. She arose immediately, went about swift, like a bird, and kissed every man

and woman. She came too in the tent, filled with such love, she must give it expression in action.

An intelligent member of the church in Lockport experienced the blessing of *perfect love* at what has been called "The rainy camp-meeting," held in Niagara county some thirteen years since. Very soon after she was set free, her heart went out after the pastor in such *love*, she must see Bro. B—. They soon found and conducted him to the tent. He sat by her side; she began to tell him what a *present* she had received—what a treasure she had found. Her heart grew with increasing interest for him that he might obtain the same blessing. Suddenly she was about to throw her arms around the neck of the preacher, to *kiss him*. But the preacher raised his arm to prevent the sister from giving *such* an expression of her *love* to him. She was consequently thrown into temptation; perhaps I was about to do wrong; and was soon glad that the preacher did prevent her. What a *disgrace* it would have been if I had kissed Brother B. (But she saw, after, that it was the *Lord*.) Now here is a question to solve, viz.: Was it God who had taken *full* possession of the temple, who was now moving the affections of this newly sanctified woman, or was it the devil that had deceived her and was now *pushing* her over the *line*? I ask a candid, direct answer. Do not evade the question—say, was it the devil or God—God of *love*? "If we love one another, God (not the devil) dwelleth in us, and His *love* is perfected in us." Here, now, is a person *acting out* the promptings of the *new nature of love* before *fear* or the thought has occurred to arouse her former *education*, and interfering with her being *led by the Spirit*, who has now made her body His "*temple*." She was now *dead indeed unto sin*, but *alive unto God*, through Jesus Christ, our *Lord*. But the preacher, he seems alive yet, and seeks not the honor that comes from God, but that which comes from men. Jesus says, "How can ye believe who seek thus to *shun reproach*." It was the *Lord* that first made and now had sanctified, who wanted her to *kiss* her preacher. Other pure and honest hearts and minds have had such feelings, but they have shrank—have lost the *light and the love* too. They have become the subject of temptations; have been the *cause* of others being tempted to whom they have thus neglected to do the duties the *Spirit* has called them to. Soon no one could tell where the *cause* lay, or what ailed them, or how to get free. The opposition and unbelief in reference to *Christians* practicing those *customs now*, makes it a great cross sometimes, which almost *spoils* and *grieves* the pleasant and sweet spirit in which those things should be done. So that the child of God has to displease some brother or sister in the church; if they please God in this regard, they are suspected of evil feelings or motives if they are thus led by the *Holy Ghost*, "*it will make division*." While the early *disciples*, *united in Jesus*, not only did greet each other with a *holy kiss*, but did also *embrace* each other—"hugged," in *vulgar phrase*—so dear were they to each other.

"Their fears, their hopes, their aims were one,
Their comforts and their cares.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart
And we hope to meet again;
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
A sympathizing tear."

How the present *church* is *padlocked* together. A very little will set them by the ears; a little whisper against one's character will make them fearful of the association. A little persecution instead of consolidating will drive them apart and make them avoid each other's society, in order to find a release from the pressure. Yet there are a few that will not be traitors, but seek and find

That faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
Which will not tremble on the brink,
Of any earthly wo;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

But some of God's people are saved beyond what they think they are. They are purer and can stand tests and trials, that they fear they could not endure, and can be led out safely by the *Spirit*, further than they have ever been, if they would only venture by faith, like Peter walking on the water. Jesus said, "Thou of little *faith*, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Had he not looked to outward circumstances—at the wind and waves—he would have acquired a strength which he never had before, and a faith which laughs at impossibilities, "and cries it shall be done." Once I objected, in doubt, to the cross and suggestion to be led the second time in the same way at Lockport; was trying to lay it to the devil. But the *Spirit* of the *Lord* referred me to Nebuchadnezzar, the king who was deranged seven years, threatening me if I did not obey Him, however delicate.

SWELLING THE NOTES.

To the devil's camp we've bid adieu,
The alien hosts we still pursue,
Enlisting soldiers for our King,
Lost sinners home to God we bring.

CHORUS.—And above the rest this note shall swell,
This note shall swell, this note shall swell,
And above the rest this note shall swell,
Our *Jesus* has done all things well.

We preach, and pray, and sing our best,
Assured of our eternal rest;
The *Holy Ghost* He still unites,
And makes us all true *Nazarites*.

CHORUS.—And above the rest this note shall swell, &c.

Worldlings can not *endure* this name.
For it secures reproach and shame,
But brings the glory down from God,
On all who o'er this path have trod.

CHORUS.—And above the rest this note shall swell, &c.

Our *Leader* did despise the shame,
Endured the cross—obtained a name,
Above the shining hosts above,
All this to show that *God* is *love*.

CHORUS.—And above the rest this note shall swell, &c.

He's old "Apollyon" now in chains,
He's soldiers claiming back domains,
Taken from Adam and his wife,
All pure again—Eternal Life.

CHORUS.—And above the rest this note shall swell, &c.

They heal the sick, oppressed with pain,
Those gifts and signs appear again,
As when Apostles—Martyrs bled,
Cast devils out and raised the dead.

CHORUS.—And above the rest this note shall swell, &c.

We'll soon be home, then war no more,
Our sufferings and our toils be o'er,
With Jesus sit to seal the doom
Of rebels from that peaceful home.

CHORUS.—And above the rest this note shall swell, &c.

CHAPTER IX.

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

The question may be asked by the candid inquirer, Why was not this sexual subject talked and written by the Apostles and by the Saviour, if it is the work of the Holy Ghost, thus leading the children of God?

I answer, The Apostles and early Christians had other issues and points of controversy with the Jewish people at that time, and these were all that could be *endured*. The first was that Jesus of Nazareth, whom they crucified, was the Messiah—the Christ of God. To confess this it cost life and all. 2nd. The Gentiles were *now* to be fellow heirs, and to have an equal right to the provisions of the Gospel with the Jews. God is no respecter of persons. This was the offence of the cross; here the Jews stumbled. 3rd. Salvation by *Faith* instead of by works, as they had inferred from God's dealings for the time; and their tenacious adherence to the *law of Moses*—watching Jesus to detect him in some violation of its precepts.—The *Sabbath* and *Adultery*. When in one case, viz., the Sabbath, he referred them to what David did, and to what the priests did in the temple, and were blameless—that the Sabbath was made for (to serve) man, and not man (to serve) the Sabbath. In the other case, of Adultery, when the Jews were severe with the woman taken in the "act," Jesus took her part and helped her out of the hands of her accusers, and would not "condemn" her. Then, too, it had not come to the "fullness of time," for this sexual subject to be introduced, if indeed it had ever been presented to the minds of any of the early Christians as the will of God *then*; although they were all taught, of Jesus first, then of the Spirit, to love one another, "with *pure* hearts, *fervently*." "As I have loved you, that ye love one another." Then even they had no exclusive and selfish interests to serve, or gratification, but each to make others happy; but especially God's people; they had "all things common." "They may be one as we are one." This was and is the great object and end in view by the Gospel to get us *pure*; then keep

us in that *purity* and *oneness* as the "body" of Christ, retaining each our individuality and personal identity, yet having in view the perfection and happiness of the whole body. No *schism*, no *discord*, no selfishness in the affections or passions, "but by *love* serve one another." "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, viz., this: 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;'" love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore *love is the fulfilling of the law*. Another reason for the *delay* of this sexual subject, or why it was not touched in *words* then, is this: the *religious* devils had not usurped such almost supreme control over this once pure heritage of God's *institution* as now. The Pharisees, although corrupt and extortionate, yet none but the *hypocrites* among them could be charged as being *adulterers*. Then again, another reason I see is this: Fornication and adultery were the common and prominent sins of the heathen world. The change would not have been so clear to them; so when the whole church came together at Jerusalem to "consider" about the heathen converts, circumcising their children according to the law of Moses, as the Jews had been taught, and practiced, (see *Acts xv. 29.*) they here summed up the whole duties, &c. of those converted among the heathens, in few words, viz: "These necessary things: that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from fornication, and from things strangled, which if ye keep yourselves ye shall do well. Fare ye well." This decision of the *Christian* Church is an entire renunciation of the claims and precepts as well as the rites and ceremonies of the law of Moses, as a *rule* or law of the *Christian* Church. Jews and Gentiles, except it be said that fornication is included in the idea or precept against adultery; for there is no other precept of the law of Moses that is parallel, and I see that even this precept, so to speak of the *Gospel*, seems more like *advice* than a *law* or precept to be observed as a *condition* of salvation. For the *Gospel* offers and proposes to *save* without *any* conditions, only a preparation for its reception by repudiating *sin*, "the devil and all his works" and service. "Behold what *clearing* of yourselves—what *indignation*—yea, what *fear*—yea, what *vehement desire*!" Then a looking for and a hearty welcome of Christ—of God the *author* and giver of salvation. This is the *new covenant*—not according to the former covenant which they break, and "I regarded them not, saith the Lord." "But I will write my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." God was "reconciled" to man, as a rebel, a sinner, by the *atonement* made by Jesus Christ, who suffered, the just for the unjust." And man is "reconciled" to God by *submission* to Him as his sovereign, by *repentance* (which implies turning from sin) and receiving the Son of God as his Saviour, and as God's provided remedy for the evils of sin. These may be called *conditions*, in the same sense as *eating* may be a condition of *living*—having vigor of body. But to return from this digression: These heathen had been Idola-

ters, eating blood, or strangling the animals with the blood in them, thus doing for the gratification of the senses and fornication, for the devil was what made it sinful, and their taste, the appetite unchanged. "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." But when God changes and sanctifies these appetites and passions, and gives direction, prompts them by his Spirit, then *all is right, just right*; they are done for God.

HELP FOR THE SCRUPULOUS CONSCIENCE.

A Mrs. C—, an invalid, with *lungs, liver, and female weaknesses*, some from the age of fourteen, with other *female ailments, &c.* She had become acquainted with God again, with the guidance of the Holy Ghost, while the cough and pressure on the lungs had returned in the spring of 1868.

She dreamed one night that she was married again, to a young man it seemed at first; then he seemed older than at first, some like an old man; that she left him where was gathered quite a company of religious people, and went home and found him there on his knees, praying for some persons who had purposed to kill him, that God would not lay the sin to their charge. He asked her to kneel down with him and pray; there seemed some sick also about, and many surgical instruments, like —, and syringes, and others she never saw the like, had no name for them; she became ashamed of them, and wanted them out of sight, as they expected company — many of the relatives, she thought. He soon proposed a secret expression of love to each other; she had respect to him, and deep reverence — loved him, but it did not seem to be a natural love; but soon after this expression she thought his brother came and took away all those instruments of the doctors — that he did not seem to care or be very anxious as men of *passion*, but more as a duty of the relation. When awake she became satisfied that Jesus was the brother who took the doctor's instruments away as being no longer necessary for her healing, and also in its interpretation she saw the Lord's *plan to heal her body*, and the light to secure her *conscience from the law of Moses*. "They shall dream dreams."

A BOLD PREDICTION.

"*He shall shew you things to come.*"—The time will come when women will declare *independence* from the *false delicacy, customs and laws* which now keep them *sufferers* in a state of "celibacy," (being not their fault,) will have courage even to ask to marry, or to be relieved by some *man* instead of doctors and medicine, taking God's *remedy*, (as other *animals* do,) reversing the "Breach of Promise" idea by putting the shoe on the other foot, pledging not to expose the *man* who helps her; bid defiance to the *law*, (if any,) to the *poor master*, "despise the shame;" nurse and take care of her own child; tell no one how she came by it, (except like Eve with her first born,) "I have gotten a *man* from the *Lord*." The nursing one would place her in her *appropriate sphere* and perhaps "insure" to her *permanent health*.

This would soon *revolutionize* public sentiment, and it would soon modify the *stringent laws* which now make young men *cautious*, and which leads them to *avoid*, and in some cases *hate* or *dread* the female's *intimate associations* in respectable life, and which crowds many of them into *brothels* or *public dens*, abandoned of God, (*nearly*.) where they will not be *exposed*. Rather pay their money and run the risk of being "*smitten*," than run the risk of law in more virtuous life, which *compels* them to *marry* or be *imprisoned* for "*breach of promise*," by *one witness*. No person can be made to *love* by *any law*. "*Love*" is a kind of *instinct* from God, and is *spoiled*, is changed into *hatred* by *coercion*. It must be *free* — a voluntary principle. Talk about folks being "*ruined*"; many are ruined here, made wretched through life, when if (in most cases) they were let alone by *meddlers*, and by what is ill-named "*Justice*," they would work out happiness for themselves, as God designed all to be. Better have a kind of "*Benevolent Society*" to help folks to *get married*, assist them in cultivating their affections, in the development of social nature than to watch them with suspicion and jealousy, ready to "*take up a reproach against his neighbor*," or take advantage of a *blunder* they may make for the want of the more mature experience we may have acquired. And yet I know that this is even now "*an evil and adulterous generation*," with its *many "fornicators"*, prompted by the devil to lustful indulgence — in many cases *mechanically managing* so as to *avoid detection and exposure* by the consequences, if a *natural course* and *God's order in nature* was not perverted by this dishonesty. Nevertheless, it is corrupting the morals of the young of both sexes; fostering the passions, yet alienating the affections, and thus making even them to *hate* and *despise* each other. Yet many pass off and are not despised so much if it does not *come out* to the public. But if God *gives increase*, if a child is born, then society is outraged, and they are made out-casts because of the disgrace — are made almost martyrs — a death by public opinion, mostly because of *EXPOSURE*, and yet I see that *it is not as sinful* in the sight of God as the *sinful mode of concealment* by "*infanticide*," of murders produced by *abortion*, and this, too, in married life. One doctor in T— county was *censured* with about sixty cases of *abortion*, and ran away.

SUPPLY AT HAND.

There is so little acquaintance with the living God—His ways and works—that much that He does for us is attributed to the devil; and then we avoid it as of the devil; and many times make such a mistake as did a ship's company at sea, who had been out so long the fresh water failed; they had become nearly famished for want of the article; the salt water of the ocean would bring death, and thus was regarded as an enemy. They at last discovered a ship, they hailed and said: "We are out of water, give us water!" They were answered, "You are in the mouth of the river Amazon," which was

pouring its stream one hundred and fifty miles wide of fresh water out into the ocean. The very thing needed—feared it as an enemy; they had not *tasted it*—they had but to dip and be supplied. So God the fountain of life, light, and happiness is about us, ready to supply all our wants. We have but to believe, to open the door, “Ask and receive, that our joy may be full,”—to dip and drink.

But we must come to a sense of want before we call for help; straitened and pressed by guilt, or circumstances to make us call.

HELP BY SNAKE.

An African woman once convicted for a clean heart, she made a vow to God that she would go under a certain tree and pray three times a day, until she obtained the blessing. She had tried it some little time without finding it; one forenoon she became fearfully beset, as she thought, with the temptation, that if she went that day she would see a monstrous poisonous snake, but she resisted it as from the devil, trying thus to get her to break her vow. But still ever and anon the snake would be before her imagination. The hour came for prayer; she determined to keep her vow in spite of the devil. She went to the place, began to pray; soon the impression was so strong and truthful upon her mind that if she should now open her eyes she would see the snake. Her eyes came open and there lay the monster stretched before her. The first thought was to scream and flee, but then she thought, if I give it up now it will be gone forever not to be regained. “I'll have the blessing, snake or no snake.” She closed her eyes to pray, but the victory had been gained—the blessing came. She sprang to her feet clapping her hands for joy, but the snake fled.

Now here was God instead of the devil, it was God's creature—His snake sent on a mission to get and help this woman's will; to help her out of this “slow and easy” way—this growing-into-it system of salvation. And all that I can see that the devil had with it, or in it, if any thing at all, was to tempt her to break her vow—to yield to fear, and not go there at all then to pray. All the rest was the work of God. The Spirit of God told her she would see that snake, and it was not a lie. The Lord brought it for a test of her vow, will or fidelity. If she had given away to fear, she would have grieved him and subverted, thwarted the only plan, perhaps, ever laid for her complete salvation.

The *jerks*, a *test* referred to in the fourth chapter of this work, was the whole of it the work of God and not of the devil, as some of the ministers and many of the people were tempted to regard it. I think I see for what purpose the jerks were introduced, viz., to confound the devil, who had got them in doubt as to the agent and author of the other exercise already among them. Peter Cartwright in his account of this camp-meeting, says: “While we were in the midst of controversies about the strange exercises among us, there appeared another strange exercise, viz., the jerks.” Here we see

that the jerks appeared while they were in the midst of controversies about the other exercises. The devil had them philosophising upon these exercises—trying to comprehend them; some were tried with what they had already. Then God sent another to be believed, not to be comprehended, to settle and keep them humble; and designed to call forth their will on the side of God, and thus perfect their faith in His miraculous power and all pervading presence and agency. Man can never comprehend God or His ways. When at any time men think they have found out God and His way of working, and it becomes popular, so that preachers can make converts mechanically, or they look for it so every time, then God leaves and disowns it, and men have been left to run a dry machine. Four days' meetings, and afterwards “continued” meetings, and then were called “protracted meetings,” because God (not man) gave indication and direction for their continuance. But when they were managed by men, after the pattern of God's former arrangements, and they depended on men instead of the Holy Ghost as the author and efficient agency to secure a permanent reformation, then they were left of God. A soul made acquainted with God as the author and agent in his salvation, rather than the means used in his deliverance, will be likely to stand in the hour of trial all of the tests. When those who have only found a blessing instead of God, may have to go forward again at the next meeting, or the next winter—God's plans succeed.

An Irish Catholic, under deep conviction for sin, while praying for mercy, kneeling at the roots of a beech tree—he had a suggestion to his thoughts, “get up, go kneel down by that old log;” he obeyed and God converted his soul. This was the guidance of the Holy Ghost.

The great fear of *Fanaticism* which has smitten God's people in this country, more especially within the last eight or ten years, or less, because the old-fashioned *life and power* has been among us, (hence the devil must try to spoil it some way,) has made many of them *afraid of God*—afraid to be fully saved, lest, as taught, they *might be led too far*—that those nearest God are said to be (by these false teachers, these *blind leaders*) in the greatest danger. What inconsistency. This is the old-fashioned Calvinistic caution—not safe to be too confident, must have a little sin to keep us humble—if we should get too holy it would make us proud; while to be fully saved is in itself the destruction of all pride, of fear, unbelief and sin of every kind. It is what saves even from fanaticism itself, if there is any such creature that can scare obedient believers. This bad teaching has hindered people from being blessed for fear it is not the Lord who has led them *some* and others *more*, into ways which they had not known. As the ancient people of God, they were *led beyond the Bible*, even *obtain promises by faith*. I ask, is it not as safe now under this dispensation—peculiarly so of the Spirit, as it was then? Mr. John Fletcher says, “If because

we have the letter of Scripture we must be deprived of all immediate manifestations of Christ and his Spirit, we are great losers by that blessed book, and we might reasonably say, Lord, bring us back to the dispensation of Moses. Thy Jewish servants could formerly converse with Thee face to face, but now we can know nothing of Thee but by their writings. They received Thy glory in various wonderful appearances, but we are indulged *only* with black lines telling us of Thy glory.' (Fletcher's Wonders of Nature and Providence, page 161.)

But they were led by faith—they *believed* it was the Lord and not the devil, for they had some spiritual discernment then, and power over at least some of the devils, if they were not all subjugated, until Jesus came. It seems to me that some of the *worst* things which have been called fanaticism, and that has struck the more conscientious with such a dread, is God's blessing to the Church of the present day in *disguise*, and is the whole of it *planned* and *done* by the Holy Ghost, for the very same reason that the *snake* was *presented* all the forenoon to the mind of the African woman, who was seeking a clean heart—was brought to get her *will*. It may be all that snake was ever made for, viz.: To make that woman a conqueror of snakes, and devils too—not to be afraid when God calls. Then when the victory comes, is gained, then a *perfect faith is secured*, which now sees it was God's snake, that God and not the devil sent it. God can and does sometimes make even the devil to serve us. But there is always this difference, viz.: We can never *love* the devil, but I presume that woman, sanctified to God—thus *pushed* over this sand-bar into the *harbor* of perfect freedom—loved that snake whenever she thought of it; frightful as it looked at the time, yet it was sent of God to help her. So it is with most of these things that are called *extremes*, through which some of us have passed and been led, which has *struck* others with *conviction*. But the *unbelief* arising from the reluctance, the dread of reproach, the crucifixion and death to *all* makes them attribute them to the devil, as the woman did, until by a *bold venture* and perseverance brought her to *know it was the Lord*. A monster so frightful. She had hardly admitted that *God had control* of the snake, and that she *could not be harmed* while obeying God. The Martyrs (some of them,) *loved* and kissed the stake to which they were soon to be chained and then burned to death for Jesus. Just in this manner will we *love* (not detest) some of those things and ways which God has been calling some of his pure ones in, and others to make them pure, and thus to *separate* and keep them *unspotted* from the world. And not for themselves alone, but the Holy Ghost calls us to be soldiers. This war is aggressive. He wants us to conquer the devil in his own usurped dominions. Jesus Christ was obliged to go down into death and hell too, to conquer the devil, who had the power of death, (see Heb., ii, 14,) to take *possession* and make even *death* itself a blessing—a servant to all them who are redeemed from the curse and

condemnation of the law, so death even is now classed with the blessings, viz.: "All is yours," &c. The devil had dominion by conquest and by law over even the life of man. Jesus' death bought it back again, and brought it and immortality to light. Just in this manner does it seem that God intends to *redeem* and take under his control again this now delicate, yet once pure sexual subject and association, by sending the representatives of Jesus, made pure by his blood, into this territory, to dispossess the usurper, so it can be used again as God at the first designed. The view *generally* is that God has nothing to do now by any immediate agency or designs, even in the procreation of children—of the young—hence all is laid to natural causes or to the devil. This is the unbelief with which the devil has smitten the world at the present day. They used to ask God for children, but the devil has got them to reason like this, viz.: It can't be that the Lord would call me in a way to destroy my reputation and influence as a Christian; I can't expect to be useful except they have confidence in me; it is not my duty to throw myself away. So, doubtless, he suggested to the woman seeking a clean heart. It can not be your duty to go there and pray and be bitten by that poisonous snake, for then you can help nobody. But she obtained the greatest blessing this side of heaven just where appeared the most imminent danger, and, too, upon shorter notice or terms.

INHERITANCE REGAINED.

Twenty-five to forty years ago the children of the devil annoyed camp-meetings and other religious meetings with their hideous yells and hoots, and screams in the woods and ways, being led by the devil to disturb and interrupt the worship of God. But for the last ten or fifteen years the devil has been nearly *used up* in this department, for God has set His people to using these very instruments for Him, supernatural gifts or signs, viz.: hooting, screaming, barking, squealing, laughing, cackling and yelling, roaring, and growling, and howling, too, sighs and groan. And we hear but little of it now from the unconverted by way of derision or mockery. So it is with this subject of the sexual association; God intends to sanctify it again—make sinners *afraid* to step on this ground for the devil, and instead of this doctrine encouraging licentiousness, it will strike a *dread* of God's displeasure and of his presence, as with Moses when he saw the bush on fire and not consumed. The angel said, "Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The devil has claimed almost *entire* jurisdiction here, and his satanic majesty, by usurpation and deception through *unbelief*, has got it so cursed and despised by respectable society that it is nearly under his exclusive control now—away in secret, in dens of infamy and degradation, so that the virtuous and even the Christian dare hardly look that way, as being, as has been thought, almost invariably "the way to hell, leading down to the chambers of death." And anything of this kind done outside of a *le-*

gal, popular and respectable lineage, must necessarily be associated in the public mind with the devil's work. But I now believe God has been trying for many years past to lead the *Church*—the sanctified—to take this out from under the devil's *lies* about it—take it under his direction, where it will be to honor God and make even the devil *ashamed*, as he has with these hoots, screams and laughs, take back the whole inheritance by these means and plans devised by the Holy Ghost in leading the saints, but not for licentious indulgence of self, but to honor God, and also under His *special* control and guidance in every instance, so soon as He can get them pure and saved from fear and unbelief to understand His voice, and be under His control. I have found some who were once among the brightest lights in all the land, by listening to the "counsel of the ungodly," they have become so fearful they would do wrong, that they dare not do right. Such hesitation—so "wise," or so "prudent," that God's ways and blessings were "hid." They first began to *falter* and *doubt*; they have become afraid of the awful power of the devil, (as they call it,) that they cannot do the will of God and be led by His Spirit, being fearful of doing wrong. One sister of this kind, at a general Quarterly Meeting, who used to be blessed—slain by the power frequently—just as she was being led, while talking, up to the point of freedom, said, "I have been afraid of fanaticism," and soon sat down under condemnation, having grieved the Spirit who was aiming to get her free. But these act like some scarey horse looking for something to be scared at. The usual remedy is to *lead*, or *coax*, or *drive* them straight up for a cure to the scarey object. It is distressing to see a good horse timorous, and trembling and afraid; so it is afflicting to those who are free and see such want of victory—to see their conscientious prudence; these who were once trampling on the devil without fear, ready to "take up serpents," or drink any deadly thing; "it shall not hurt them." They will have to become *reckless*, or they will never be *free*, and will have to be led by the Spirit into some of these very things the devil has made them dread so. Jesus, the great Captain, will put them in possession of this whole territory and inheritance (not constant—a formalism—but by a special direction,) now so watched and guarded by Satan. When Jesus was baptized of John, coming up out of the water, the Spirit descended on him. That same Spirit led—Mark says driveth—him into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, who had then "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them delivered by Adam and his fallen children." God sent Jesus, the second Adam, the Nazarine, to dispossess the murderous tyrant—put him in chains—recover the forfeited inheritance—place it back.

"Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

Just so the Holy Ghost is making aggressions on these "goods;" he is putting item after item into the possessions of the saints.

OBJECTS OF ENVY.

The devil is *envious* and is seeking for the most refined and delicate things and persons which *God has made* in all this world, like the lovers of money they seek the yellow *gold dust*, so Satan has moved on this principle. Some of the brightest *minds* have been sought and smitten with *unbelief*—darkened and ruined by *infidelity*. Also some of the most generous and noble hearted men have been ruined by *intemperance*. On this principle *woman*, the most refined and delicate of our race, has been by *sin* made the most *wretched* and *debased*, yea, even *loathsome*.

Again, the *passions* and *affections*, the most delicate parts of our constitution, and in the *exercise* of which God designed us to find the most *exquisite* delight and happiness, these, too, were envied by the devil, smitten, and have been made the source of the greatest *sorrow*, and instruments of his infernal majesty to produce the most *extreme* suffering, than any other part of our being. The very first effect of *sin* was *shame*, and the first attempt to *conceal* it was the sewing fig-leaves to *cover*, not the whole *naked* body, but "aprons," to cover the *now most delicate parts*, because they were the most deeply smitten, showing that here, above all the other parts, was the greatest conquest gained, hence here is the *evil* most keenly felt and seen. This now had become the *citadel* where the *usurper* took his seat, bidding defiance to all attempts on the part of *man* by the observance of *law* or by *philosophy*, even to dispossess him. And so *absolute* was the control the devil had here that *man can not check*, or prevent wholly the *inclination*. And here more particularly "God saw that man had corrupted his way upon the earth." From this hot-bed of fallen passions and affections sprang "every imagination of the thoughts of the heart; it was evil continually." ("Eyes full of adultery.") "And the sons of God saw the daughters of *men* that they were *fair*," &c. [See Gen. vi. 1—7.] Here was a prominence of their character—the devil *revealed here*. And God swept them all away; but eight persons, Noah and his family only, were found righteous before God. See the rage of these fallen passions described by Paul in his letter to the Romans, i. 24—27, and to the close of the chapter. They dishonored their own bodies—*burned in their lusts*, one toward another, *men with men*." "Their women also changed the natural use to that which is against nature; given up to *vile affections*." Nothing can stay this tide of unsaved passions but *change—regeneration—the sanctifying power of God taking back this delicate, this pure refined home and dwelling place of God, but now defiled by the devil*. This is what God is after—take possession, then crucify, then sanctify the *affections* and *lusts, passions, desires*, and place them again under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. Then when He directs all will be right—just

right. Then the term *carnal*, as some apply it now, will be out of place, except with the un-renewed. But when the *soul*, *body* and *spirit* are restored to *purity*, “Renewed in knowledge after Him that created us, and the *faith* given which shows how to use them all for God; when we can say with Jesus, our Master, made perfect as He is, Satan “cometh and hath nothing in me,” then

“We'll laugh to scorn his cruel power,
“While by our Shepherd's side.”

I witnessed once or more, some of this holy mimicry of the devil's work by the *power* and *leadings* of the Spirit in family prayer, with their clothes all on, (laying like Elijah upon the dead child) and God did by the *exhibition*, “ape” by *love*, without *lust* and *fondness*, and tenderness without *selfishness*, some of the *adulterer's* ways, the persons not knowing at the time the reasons for being thus led. But the husband being present, confessed soon afterwards, to his wife and to others, that that scene (with others of kindred acts,) hunted him out, and brought him to promise God he would confess to her *his adultery* in former years. Here the devil got paid off, unexpectedly, in his own coin, and used up on his own ground.

Samson, one of the Judges of Israel, and the first Nazarite of note, saw one of the daughters of the Phillistines, and said to his father and mother, “Get her to me to wife.” But they referred Samson to the *law*, which forbid inter-marriage with *heathen*. But Samson said, “Get her, for she pleaseth me well.” “But his father and his mother knew not that it was of the Lord that he sought an occasion against the Phillistines, for at that time they had dominion over Israel.” Here Samson's heart was turned toward this heathen woman, and “it was of the Lord,” although contrary to the Bible. It is a question if Samson knew fully at the time why he was thus led out of the ordinary path, liable to be found fault with by his brethren, who did afterwards say that their *troubles* were brought upon them by Samson's “strange course.” So when the Phillistines came and demanded Samson of them, to bind him, they *compromised with the ungodly*; they started three thousand men of their own army to seize and bind Samson, and deliver him into their hands, and thus to conciliate their enemies, rather than fight them, and *save a brother*. Sooner appease their anger by the torture and sufferings of one of their own *kin*, than to stand up straight and fight for the *truth*. But Samson seized the first thing at hand, the jaw-bone of an ass; “The Spirit came mightily upon him,” (he had no written sermon;) “But with the jaw bone of an ass I have slain a thousand men.” His cords were like burned flax, and he delivered Israel this time also, but in a manner they had not looked for. Just so the Modern Nazarites are to deliver the Church from her enemies. Here is the Nazarite song:

1. “See Samson strong, the Nazarite,
See Samson strong, the Nazarite,
See Samson strong, the Nazarite,
He burst his bands and rush'd to fight;

CHORUS:

If you belong to the Nazarite band,
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand;
If you belong to the Nazarite band,
You'll drive this battle on.

2. “His brethren came to bind him strong, [see Jud.
His brethren came to bind him strong, xv. 12.]
His brethren came to bind him strong;
Laid to his charge th' Phillistines' wrong.

CHORUS.

3. “He feared not all the Phil'stine bands,
He feared not all the Phil'stine bands,
He feared not all the Phil'stine bands;
Only on me lay not 'your hands.'

CHORUS.

4. “He mow'd whole ranks of aliens down,
He mow'd whole ranks of aliens down,
He mow'd whole ranks of aliens down;
With nothing but an old jaw bone.

CHORUS.

5. “We mean to drive this battle strong,
We mean to drive this battle strong,
We mean to drive this battle strong;
We want no coward slinks along.

CHORUS:

6. “If you belong to th' Nazarite band,
You'll drive this battle strong.
6. “None but invincibles need go,
None but invincibles need go,
None but invincibles need go,
Who'll stand reproach and face the foc.”

CHORUS.

How few now, even of religious people, would believe a person was led by the Spirit of the Lord, if they should do just as Samson did, for instance, at Gaza, (see Judges xvi, 1-3): He went into a harlot's house and lay till midnight; the men of Gaza said, “When it is day we shall kill him;” but the Lord started him out at midnight, took him from the danger, gave him *supernatural* strength by the Spirit; so he took the doors of the gate of the city, bar and all, and carried them to the top of the hill. I guess that Samson the Nazarite must have been *under grace*, and not under the *law*. Moses wrote, prohibiting some things which the *Spirit led him to do*. Samson was made and chosen to fill a prominent and specific sphere, (none just like him); he judged Israel, and avenged them of their enemies, twenty years. He slew more at his death than in all his life; was doubtless misunderstood *much in the time*, as most of God's people are—a “peculiar people.” But he filled up his mission, and has gone to his reward. So with the present Nazarites.

Once more upon the law and its designs, viz., to show sin, condemn it, blame man for what he *cannot avoid*, viz., *sin*. While he is “in the flesh he *can not* please God,” “*can not* do the things that *ye would*,” (See Gal. v, 17). Here is a reference (Ex. xix, 15,): Moses sanctified the people at Mount Sinai, and said, “Touch not the mountain, be ready on the third day,” and “come not at your wives.” Now this very prohibition would call the attention and set *sin* to “work in the members;” for “*sin*, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence,” for “without the law, *sin* was dead,” (see Rom. vii, 8). The *law* set the passions,

the *lusts* (desires) in motion, so the *will* even can not control the sinner always, especially sinful *feelings*, so "The evil which I would not that I do," "What I hate that do I;" (See Rom. vii, 15-20). "It is sin that dwelleth in me." *No law can cure this.* Jesus, His Gospel alone, His blood, can purge the conscience, can cleanse the heart—the seat of *sin*—where the passions, *enticing* the Spirit, influencing the *will* to make wrong decisions. "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye can not do the things that ye would. But if ye are led by the Spirit ye are not under the *law*." See Gal. v, 17, 18.)

SATAN USED UP.

The preacher who was convicted by the laugh of the sister in the meeting, and laid it to the devil, finally obtained a clean heart in his granary; it came with that *laugh*. But he was tempted with oaths all the next day, (although he had never used a profane word in his life,) to admit it was the devil that had taken possession, sure enough, just as he had thought, instead of the Lord; no way left but to lie them out of it. So it is sometimes under the cross by the Spirit. They are tempted to think, as they always have done before, that their passions are never moved by the Lord at all, but always by the devil. So now the same liar besets the mind; when God wants something done in that direction, the devil sets in with doubt whether it can be the spirit of the Lord making them feel and act (outwardly) so much like the "licentious," or an "adulterer." "Impossible" that God should make you feel and act so much like the devil's children, and yet it is so. And God's presence and blessing is so evident to our *consciousness* in connection with the witness of the Spirit, that the devil gives back and his temptations are foiled; he feels that he is used up by it, and becomes ashamed, and reluctantly leaves the ground, —the field—to Zion's sons and daughters. Another victory in this *aggressive war*; so much gained.

CHAPTER X.

CRUELTY OF FASHION.—A CASE OF SUICIDE.

BEFORE I close this work, I must say a little on another subject; and yet it is not entirely foreign from some things which I have already written. The land is full of bachelors, maids and widows. The most of them are living for themselves alone. Some of them would marry if they could, having all the inclinations and adaptation, as others have. But public sentiment, the force and control of education, together with the stringency of *law* in some cases, make it next to death when it must be known they have had intercourse with the opposite sex. Here is the proof. A widow woman in Yates county, not long since, committed *suicide*. She hung herself to the bed-post, after

making two attempts before. The *supposed* cause was a large debt on her homestead; but the real cause, as she related to a confidential friend, was this: *she supposed herself with child.* The disgrace she must bear from the cruel *tyranny* of public opinion, the neglect and coldness from friends and neighbors, together with the want of religion and the independence of mind to stand all this, crushed her, so that she chose death rather than life in view of the state of society on this subject. I visited her about four weeks previous to the *act*, on the next day after she had attempted suicide by taking chloroform, the doctors having taken it out of her stomach. I had heard that she was troubled about the debt on her place. By her consent I kneeled down by her bedside and prayed for her, and was much blessed of God—praised him that she was out of hell. I sung a few verses and tried to encourage her to trust in God—that he could send somebody to buy her place. But I have seen since I was too hurried—took it from others instead of searching out the cause from her own lips. I believe she would have been saved from the deed if I had stayed longer; found for what purpose God had impressed me to go there that morning. I would have encouraged her to *brave* public sentiment on this subject, as did a young woman a few years since in A— county. When the Poormaster came for the information as to the father of the child, she said, "I'm glad I've got this baby; I'm going to take care of it;" but would not answer any questions. So heavy is the disgrace attached by the public, the education and *religious views* entertained, and so severe is the *law* on young men, which causes them to avoid *familiar* association, cultivating a distance and coldness, many dare not trust themselves in *danger* of the *law*. And hence the many bachelors and the many brothels and places of prostitution, some of them *licensed* by *law*, with their many inmates in degradation, mostly or partly as a consequence of this wrong education and the want of sympathy, even from Christian society and relatives and friends,—worse in this country now than in many others. The celibacy of the priests and nuns, and the *virtue* attached to "*abstinence*" from sexual intercourse by the Shakers, is an *insult* to God and to common sense; and is a *libel* upon the designs had in the sexual construction of the race of *man* and *womb-man*, (woman.) The most unnatural and senseless views are entertained and advanced. All other animals propagate their species. But a class of Catholics and the Shakers avoid, in sentiment at least, wholly, and many other religionists almost think it a *crime*, yea, that *this was the first sin*. So deeply has the devil smitten the world with unbelief in reference to *human life*, *human existence*, being a blessing from God, and God the Creator of *all* seen as the *Author*. Infidels have got an advantage of Christians where they have failed to maintain a little common sense. Mormons have come with selfish monopoly, claiming a plurality of wives, because they are able to maintain them. Then next the Spiritualists claim superiority over

God's religion by their "Harmonial System," (natural affinities, or by the "spirits;") when, if God, the Holy Spirit, is recognized as the agent, and the church would claim again the gifts (miraculous) of the Spirit—consent to be exercised by Him—it would wonderfully weaken their claims, and expose their counterfeits, and confound and use up the deception. Their claims to healing by the spirits, or by electricity, the laying on hands, monopolizing these gifts and cheating the church out of her rightful gifts; while men, and women, and children, diseased and oppressed by the devil thus, but especially women, many are beyond help from medicine, or if they follow their instincts, God's remedy or His preventives, like other animals, then comes the dread of death by public opinion, which drives them to commit suicide, or else for help from *murderers*, to produce *abortion* for high pay. These are facts in secret, but here laid open; and so deep and universal is this bad spirit that older mothers will advise prospective mothers in this direction, so unwilling to fill their sphere and be what God made them for, *viz.: mothers*. I was once sent for to pray for one of my neighbors dying, and she died while I was praying. Her voice and agony ceased together,—the young mother of one bright little girl; but she was unwilling to be a mother any more. She took the poisonous tanzy, as the doctor who was present told me that she confessed to him before she died. How many thus end an existence which God intended to be much longer, and end in happiness, to last forever and ever. Some doctors have made a trade, a business, in this, thus helping parents to murder their children—*infanticide* and *suicide* together.

Public sentiment should be changed among *Christians*; they must take the lead and consequent *reproach* in this reform, and thus give relief from this pressure by the change of *public* sentiment, where most of the laws originate. And *Christians*, and especially *some* of the ministers, should cease their *unnatural* attempts and their motives to cheat God out of children, out of offspring in married life, etc., not be afraid to speak out properly, plainly, on this delicate subject,—declare that existence, human existence, is a blessing, and not *act* and teach as if it were a *curse*, and then *manage* to prevent existence. The Jews considered it *murder* for a young man not to marry after he became eighteen years old, if my memory be correct. But if human existence is not a blessing, and the fault be not ours, then let us annihilate the marriage contract and relation too, and hurry into *Shakerism* and *Romish* celibacy, go to building nunneries, avoid association with the opposite sex, professedly. See the workings of this dishonesty among the heathen, in the city of Pekin, China, where is seen frequently in the morning infant children being devoured by the swine in the streets, or carried out of the city with the filth, sometimes a dozen, and their women degraded, despised and made slaves of by the men because they are females; and also murdered by the law of the Emperor, because he considers them too

numerous. If God had not intended us to *love* each other, and to be *intimately associated*, then He would not send by the mother two *twin* children, the one a *male* child and the other a *female* child. But He would have selected some families to raise the boys and others the girls. But we have become such judges of *propriety* that we must have a separate school for the females, and the utmost caution is set to guard and to keep them separate in other *high* schools, so that when they come together they are embarrassed in each other's company, hard to wear away the distance, and hence the country is full of old-young folks or single persons. I have been told, also, that in the small village of Cazenovia there lives one hundred widows. Why this? Is it from choice? No; but from this *coldness*, for the want of *love* and *confidence* on the part of *men* mostly. It is for the want of a *familiar* acquaintance *first*, so there would not be a disappointment. Here is where originates most cases of *divorcement*. Jesus said, "For the hardness of your hearts he (Moses) gave you this precept," (*viz.: divorce*ment.) Many a person has wished himself out of the world, arising from this disappointment in married life—even tempted to commit suicide.

Another cause of *divorcements* and dissatisfaction in this country, arises from the *selfishness* and *jealousies* that produce so much unhappiness in this world, more especially in married life. How many quarrels, how many murders, have sprung from this source? This *fault-finding*, *dictating* and attempts to control others contrary to *their* wishes, instead of *rejoicing*, glad to see others happy and doing all we can to make them so, and leaving them (*companions*) each one to judge for themselves what will and does secure that end. The males in almost every other class of animals exhibit a tenderness and attachment to the female, seldom if ever seen to quarrel or fight each other, and their attachment and fondness is usually mutual. But the present education and customs tend to alienate the sexes among human beings—make them regard each other as *enemies*, and many feel in danger in each other's company, except their own companion, being taught that it is wrong to "*feel any union*" of *love* other than a general respect for every one. This may account for the *selfish indifference* to the happiness and to the wants of others. Those who love can love every body, can love their own children and companions, and other's children and companions too, with the same heart of *love*, and in proportion as we give towards others the expressions of it will we be saved from that *narrow, stingy, unsatisfied self* which produces discontent, shakes confidence in others and in ourselves too, sets its subject in *unbelief*, first hating, then to back-biting others, and thus leads to a general state of infidelity and sin. I have written on this subject plainly. God has held me to this for the relief and instruction of many conscientious persons who have been at a loss to know what many of their *thoughts, feelings* and leadings mean and are given them, for they have sometimes been

afraid that all was not just right within them. I have been consulted by some of these *pure ones* (men and women too) on some of these points, and I have given them such light as the Lord has given me to say in reference to the will of God and the manner of the Spirit's dealings *now* as adapted to the present state of things—the world and the church. Plans laid by the Lord, once made efficient, successful, do not prove a *remedy*; the folds of sin, and the devil's mode of enslaving, are now so complicated and "chronic" that God uses severer remedies.

Paul the Apostle was consulted by some of his Corinthian converts on this *delicate* subject, (see 1 Cor., vii,) on some points where they had scruples. And I ask, where is the conscientious Christian who has not had reasonings on some of these things which are not discussed much in public or in the Bible. Very few preachers are able from experience and from God to give safe counsel here, and yet it is a subject much *thought* of but little talked, even among the thinking class. The preachers themselves at times want counsel, but they are ashamed to ask it; they do not like to touch this *delicate* subject, unless with their most confidential friends or companion, but more especially are they careful not to speak about their feelings and thoughts outside of a legal relation or association, being fearful if they feel their passions move towards any one except their legal companions, that they must then "beware," that the devil is in that. Here the sanctified have halted, have hesitated, have *shrank*; they *dare* not believe and trust themselves, *dare* not believe and trust God, who had sanctified them, *soul*, *body*, and *spirit*; crucified the affections and lusts, (wrong desires.) They have come up here and gone back. Inexperienced teachers have said, "It is the devil," aye, "Satan transformed into an angel of *love*." Some men and women have followed this sanctified instinct, or this instinct of their sanctified nature, and have not only not been reproved or even censured by the Spirit who "reproves of sin," but *approved* in themselves and of the Lord. In some cases where they have been censured by others or arraigned and dictated by others' light and public opinion, their "faith has failed," and, like some when doomed to Martyrdom, under the rack or Inquisition, have confessed, doubted their own experience, and said, "Of course it is wrong." Some have been pardoned or turned out of the church, but others cast off. Others have looked on—have been made afraid of this dangerous rock, consequently they have charged this love to the devil. Some have said, "It is a loving, good-natured devil—Satan filling the soul, the heart, with *love*,"—"entering the soul through the channel of *love*." This is the only way that they *can*, in their state of mind, of *unbelief* and *will*, account for some things that transpire in these last days. But when God is recognized dwelling *within*, and the "real" Holy Ghost as the Author of these things, it will open a new chapter on religious matters; it will *clear up* many mysterious things

to the church in the past. It will open and reveal to us the mainspring of success and permanency in every reformation, viz., *love*; the God of love *in us*, taking away our fears and doubts, so we are not afraid of Him nor of *one another*, lest it may be "Satan transformed," or that others are led by him. The God of love *in us*, making us *love others* as ourselves—as Jesus loved us—even to "lay down our lives for the brethren." Then may it be said truthfully again, "They were of one heart and of one soul." "That aught of the things possessed was their own, but they had *all things common*." But most of the members of the present church know so little of *love*, and are so far from God, that they will not have patience and religion enough to give the subject even a *candid* investigation. There are so many spiritual dyspepsies, the stomach so weak that a little *meat* of religious *truth*, or experience of "swine's flesh," (viz., the deep things of God,) forbidden by the law of Moses, chokes them as soon as it would a Jew to offer him meat. Paul could not once, but after he obtained the *faith* he said: "I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus that there is *nothing unclean* of itself, but to him that esteemeth any thing unclean, to him *it is unclean*." Again: "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with *thanksgiving*."

IMPOSSIBILITY.

It is frequently said of those who talk on these *deep* things of the *Spirit*, and of these *new* ideas in experience, that they "reject the Bible," that they are "pushed over the mark," that they are "corrupt," that they are "crazy," &c. Now, I venture the following statement as being *true*, viz.: No deranged or crazy person was ever seen to be licentious or lustful. Such was never known, for these reasons, viz.: When the devil gets hold of the *mind* and *controls* it, as is the case in madness or derangement, he destroys *all social feelings*. They are cold and dead, even to *friends*. Such persons become *distant* and *selfish*, nerved up with *will* and *hate*. The idea of sexual association would be *repulsive*, yea, *revolting*, to one possessed of the devil; they would be angry. The licentious seldom—I think *never*—become deranged, but in *self-abuse*. Hence the inconsistency of saying the person is deranged, crazy, and yet say he is *corrupt* too, at the same time. Another reason: It is the warm-hearted, affectionate, and the unselfish, who incline to *familiar association*. As soon as God gets us, then we *love others*. He warms us up and we become more social. Then selfishness is checked if not destroyed, and all our being, while Christ is *in us*, is turned to make others happy like ourselves, joyful in the Lord.

A. REDDY.

GENERATION—MALE AND FEMALE.

The principle and properties of generation, God the Creator has, in his wisdom, placed in nature, in what has been called the "The vegetable and animal kingdoms," "whose seed

is in itself." In each of these departments in nature, there is a season, a fitting up process for *generation*. In vegetation, the grain, the grass, the flowers, the female is fitted, prepared for the reception of the *male-seed* for propagating its peculiar species. Fruit trees throw out their *blows* in their season; grain, grass and flowers do the same—male and female *unite*. Take the corn-field at the proper time or season, the female throws out her sign, *exposes* her *delicate silk*, proceeding from each kernel of the *ear* (*the mother*) to receive the *blow* falling from the *top*, the generating and pregnant principle, without which *union* there would be no grain, no fruit, as is proved by some kernels wanting in the *ear*, where the silk did not receive the *touch* of the *top* or *blow* falling; so it is in the animal kingdom: at her season, the female is *awakened* to this, and shows her peculiar *sign*, and God has adapted the male to meet this demand, this *call*. Then increasing strength and *thriving* is seen in almost every female animal preparing to supply the wants of offspring. And unless this demand is met in season, while this apparently *painful* and *uneasy* state is upon her, she becomes sickly and emaciated, &c. Nearly so is the *human animal*, never so healthy as when bearing and rearing her young. And for want of filling this peculiar sphere *designed* by the Creator, which is shown clearly in our construction, these many weakly ones are seen in the land, while young too; and from the distance and coldness between the sexes, fostered by the bad education and *some* injudicious laws, the evils of ill-health of many of the females originate in this country. Female weakness and other female difficulties, which judicious and honest doctors know their medecine and their best prescriptions *cannot reach and cure*, yet if they or we speak out plainly thus, then we will "offend against the generation of thy people." One doctor did this by even saying to the mother of a suffering young woman: "If Polly should get married she would get her health;" this greatly offended the young Miss when she heard of it. And yet, a doctor *may talk*, give advice, his opinion, it will be endured by most people because he is the doctor; but if God touches this *delicate* subject, by leading any of his servants to speak or to write the will of God plainly, then he is thought to be corrupt or out of his place or sphere, as if this whole sexual subject belonged to the *devil* and the *doctors*, that God and ministers were out of place to have anything to say or to do with it, showing clearly the unbelief which does not recognize God the author of being, of *human* existence; and hence the ingratitude for the blessing of offspring to "take away the reproach," but now looked upon as a burden and a curse. And this bad spirit is so prevalent, that many are ready to say: "don't bring us into reproach and trouble by *cursing* us with children!" or else God is not thought of in the matter; but thus the unbelief is driving them into a species of *Atheism*, yea, into dark, *selfish* and insulting *Atheism*. Is it not a wonder that God does not smite such unbelieving *ingrates*

with *idiots*, with *cripples*, with *blind* or *dumb children*, or the disobedient parents with *utter barrenness*! Woman was made and *designed* to bear and nurse children, ("she shall be called woman—womb-man,) because she was taken out of man," [see Gen. ii, 23.] "And Adam called his wife's name *Eve*, because she was the *mother* of all living." [See Gen. iii, 20.] A great portion of the earthly happiness of our race is found in the society and rearing of children. How cheerless is earth with all its other good if there was no young children among us, and how unwilling parents and all of us are to let them go after they have been with us a little! Why, then, such an aversion to give such an existence? Why prevent such a blessing viz: "The wife shall be as a fruitful vine, thy children like olive plants around thy table; thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord." [See Psalms cxxiii, 3, 4.] But customs have changed; a *cruel* prejudice and selfishness has smitten the people, robbed families of children, that and some laws designed to protect, have robbed woman of much of her earthly happiness; custom forbids her *proposing* marriage, and yet God made woman *for* and *sent her to the man* first, instead of man *exclusively* hunting and choosing his wife, as we have it. This has robbed the female, who is *more affectionate*, because of a finer quality than man. Some of the above things hinder marriage—multiply the difficulties in the way of marriage. I think I see a great difference now and thirty to forty years ago, in the loving, social and happy marrying spirit among the young and the older ones; they become afraid of being cheated, become suspicious, a coldness and a *selfish* spirit, a want of confidence in themselves, and in every body else *suspicion*; hence suffering both of body and mind, both of men and women, because they are out of place. *Hasten ye to it and to God.—Amen.*

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN—BASTARDS.

These are terms used to designate that class of children whose origin or parentage can not be traced to a *legal union*, witnessed and sanctified by some magistrate or minister, and they are looked upon with *contempt*, and are made to feel (silently it may be) the influence of public opinion and of the bad education and prejudice which shows its *meanness* in despising a child for what its parents have done. This class of persons are looked upon as *inferior* to others, and are treated sometimes with incivility and coldness on account of the circumstances of their being; and by the religious part of the community are watched to discover some signal marks of God's displeasure *on them*, (I am a witness of this mistake,) of body or mind, because of the supposed *insult* and *crime* in the sight of God, as it is made to appear in the sight of the people and of the law of Moses, so deeply rooted and embodied in our present education and training, (worse than to destroy infants—to murder.) But so far as memory serves me, I have never known a *cripple* or a *mute*, nor a *fool*, nor a *blind* person, (that was born so,) of this class of children, but they are gen-

erally of a bright intellect, sprightly and active, but sometimes appear, because of ill treatment, like the slaves of the South—*underlings or outcasts*. Jephthah, one of the judges of Israel, was of this class of children. [See Judges xi, 1, 2.] His brethren drove him from his home and said, “Thou shalt not inherit our father’s house because thou art the son of a strange woman.” But in after years, when they were in trouble, then they sent the Elders after Jephthah to be their captain, who now had become a noted man and leader in the land of Tob. The officers thus sent made the pledge that he should be their *head*. And God did deliver Israel by the hand and skill of Jephthah. Paul mentions the name of Jephthah [see Hebrews xi, 32] among the champions of faith who *subdued kingdoms*. A *harlot’s* house was perhaps the only place in Jericho where the friends of God could find succor and entertainment and be treated respectfully. And God saved her and her kindred on her kindness and faith. So the name *Rahab* stands recorded among the honored names of the Old Testament worthies. But to return. I have known some persons of this class of children with talents above the ordinary grade. One was a preacher of the Gospel. He had a bright talent for almost any kind of business—very industrious, intelligent—became an editor of a religious periodical; was useful and very highly esteemed by many as a Christian man and preacher of that gospel which offers a free and a full salvation to all. Another was a justice of the peace, conscientious, intelligent, the father of a large family, respected by all who knew him, a Christian. Now, if God’s ways were as our ways, and of our thinking, He would not *mark* them with such approbation, and crown their labors with such signal success, and make such record of it. We have no more right to that prejudice now, and be influenced by the teachings of Moses against this class of persons, and avoid them as taught. [See Deut. xxiii, 2.] “A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord unto his tenth generation.” Then we are to be governed by the precept found a little preceding, viz.: “Thou shalt not wear a garment of diverse sorts, as of woolen and linen together.” Again: “Thou shalt not sow thy vineyard with *diverse seeds*.” These are found only a few verses preceding. (And stoning a man to death for picking up sticks on the Sabbath.) Some reasons are here presented for this and other precepts in the *civil* and even in the *moral* code given by Moses, viz.: God intended by the multiplied and various precepts of law to let man find out he is a *sinner* and *can not keep the law of God*, and to make him humble and also to make him see that in his unsaved, unsanctified condition, “*in the flesh he can not please God*.” For this reason God, as his Sovereign, throws *many* precepts across his path where man *must* and will go, so as to get him under *condemnation*. “The law entered that the offense might abound.” [See Romans v, 20.] “To the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, but even their mind and

conscience are defiled.” [See Titus i, 15.] “The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus (*only*) can make me free from the law of sin and death.” [See Romans viii, 2.] The Gospel comes to *cure*, not to kill; to *justify*, not to condemn, to blame.

COMPLIMENT.

I have *reason to believe, and also wish*, that no school, institution, or college, medical or otherwise, will attach any of the letters, *Rev.*, *D. D.*, or *A. M.*, to the first or last end of my name, as a *title* or *diploma*, because of the authorship of this work on Nazarite Theology, as others are and have been complimented.

A. REDDY.

ANGELICA JAIL, June 10, 1868.

“Be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your Master, even Christ and all ye are brethren.” Jesus the Christ, “Who, for the joy that was set before Him, *endured the cross, despising the shame*, and is set down at the right hand of the *Majesty on High*.”—Paul, Heb. xii, 2.

DIED BROKEN HEARTED.

In Chautauqua Co., N. Y., a few years ago, there lived a wealthy man. He had one only daughter, an only child, who was loved and prized by her parents. When she came to be a young woman she was sick, like many others, and under the doctor’s care a long time, but still grew worse instead of getting help. She became very much reduced. Her parents pressed the doctor with the questions “Must she die?” “Can you help her?” The doctor frankly said, “Medicine can do her no good.” He then told the father and mother of the girl what would help her, viz., “Let her have a sexual commerce with some young man, and she’ll get well.” This was to them a *new* mode of doctoring; but they said, “Any thing rather than death.” The mother was to tell the daughter, and then let her choose the young man, (none of the family were Christians). After a short time she consented, and, to their astonishment, she chose a very *pious* young man in the neighborhood, but he was *poor*. The doctor was to inform the young man, and tell him that a thousand dollars would be a small consideration with the family if the daughter could only live. The young man said he *would not* for the consideration of pay; but he would think about it a little first, as it was her request. In a few days he came to see her, and finally *lay* with the young woman for several days, as he continued the visits. He proposed to her the first time, or soon after, that he could love her as his wife. She readily consented to be his wife. She began at once to recover, and was soon about. But the father or parents discovering an attachment formed or forming between the daughter and the (poor) young man, he was driven from the house, with an injunction not to come there any more. The young man died broken hearted in about six months, and the young woman in about a year, although restored to health otherwise. This was God’s mode of doctoring, and also of “joining together” in *matrimony*; but the

devil got man to put them *asunder*, but not *in heart*, for I suppose the union and attachment was never broken, although separated by selfish and brutal cruelty.

TRANSMISSION OF VITALITY.

David, the King of Israel, when he was old, lost most of his vitality; the native heat of the system had become so low that no amount of clothing could get him warm. His "servants" the doctors said, "Let there be sought for my lord, the King, a young virgin, and let her stand before the King, and let her cherish him, and let her lie in thy bosom, that my lord the King may get heat." (See 1 Kings, i, 1-4.) They searched the land for one suitable, and found Abishag, a Shunammite, and she lay in his bosom, and he got heat and recovered. There are many persons in this land out of health in this manner, young as well as old, who lack *heat in themselves*, their whole system chilled; a want of circulation, and of the essential gas-manufactory going on right, which warms us; and artificial heat and clothing, like that of David the King, does not meet the case. Those persons need *animal heat*, transmitted from other warm and healthy bodies, in order to get vitality and heat which will last and remain. *This is philosophy*, but philosophy is not religion always, as some think, but there is philosophy in religion, and always connected with God's *miraculous* manifestations of *healing*. But we do not always, or even seldom, discover it beforehand, except those who have the gift. They always discover some analogy to the *adaptation*, some *reasons* which God gives them. "The Son can do nothing of Himself but what He *seeth* the Father do, these doeth the Son likewise." I was once introduced to the daughter of a local preacher, a married woman, then in Madison Co., N. Y. Her hand was chilled clear through. I became deeply burdened by the Holy Spirit for her relief,—referring me to this case of David,—I took the Bible and read it to her and her mother present, but I did not tell them what the Lord had showed me. After being under the cross some days, (I could not rest day nor night,) I was sent back, and while in family prayer I should have told her, before her father and mother, that the "Lord has sent me back here to *sleep with you*"—take you in my arms, that you may get heat—warm you up. The Lord blessed me in laying my hand on her shoulder, but it was such a cross I did not. But that night I slept none till morning, so burdened for her. I never had such heat in my body,—enough to have warmed up a *corpse*; like the Prophet Elisha, who "stretched himself upon the dead, put his hands to his hands, his eyes to his eyes, his mouth to his mouth, *twice* over, and cried to the Lord." That invalid woman was so upon my mind for a year or two, that the Lord sent me to make the confession to her, and her husband had to consent to any treatment or do any thing. Since that I am clear.

CHAPTER XI.

MYSTERY MADE KNOWN.

The calling of the Gentiles to make them follow Him with the Jews, was the "mystery" which was revealed to Paul, and it was this which exposed him to such prosecution from that people. Paul calls it "The *mystery* which had been *hid in God*;" yet there was a hint at least given of it in the Old Testament, but it was not *seen* by the Jews, the only church in that day. And hence their *conscientious* opposition in *unbelief* against Paul, more especially because he was the apostle to the *Gentiles*, and was set for the defense of this offensive truth to them. Just in this manner has *ignorance, bigotry* and *superstition* in *unbelief* treated most *new ideas* or *schemes*, and plans devised by God or man for diffusing *light* to benefit the fallen race, thus interfering with the depravity of man and the power of the devil—the bane of human happiness. Just so with this seeming *new idea* of God being the author, and *He directing this sexual association*. The devil, who is *struck* to his vitals by this plan of the Holy Ghost, now fires up the imagination, making it run wild into a wholesale rush, that all the young people are now to be ruined by this "licentious doctrine." While the truth is: it's going to put a *check* on it, and on the devil who has usurped almost exclusive *dictation* and *control* of the world on this subject, by the subtle *unbelief in general* and by *doubt* among the more *conscientious* in the religious world. And as many of the disciples of Jesus suffered martyrdom in those days, by giving their testimony to these three points of truth, viz.: 1st. That Jesus was the *Messiah*, the *Christ*; 2nd. Their offering salvation to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews; and 3d. That the salvation of Jews and Gentiles was to be received by simple *faith* instead of by *works*, as the Jews had thought. Just so it may be in these last days with *some* of those who are called in this *narrow path* and to teach this offensive truth, viz.: "Sexual commerce by God's special direction; they may seal the truth with their blood. I am sure I see clearly that every one who stands the *tests* which they will be brought to, must "present their bodies a living sacrifice," ready to be a martyr at any time the high-priest (Jesus) shall see fit to call for a martyr. Now, as the above *obscure* truths or "mystery" was made known to Paul, and Jesus called him to speak out those truths, and thus, as a consequence, "show him how much he must suffer for Christ's sake." So I am called by the same "Master and Lord" to make known this "mystery," or at least this *obscure* truth, this *new test of faith*, for those who are led by the Spirit of God in this last dispensation—"in these last times"—in writing this work and in the relation of the following "Revelation," by or in dreams and visions of the night, on "these many things new."

NEW FOUNDATION—THE CHURCH.

"On this Rock I will build my Church."

The last winter that I was preaching at Lockport I dreamed that I was, with a small stone in my hand, sitting on the south plate of a very large frame of a building, which stood on a newly-laid foundation of mason work or wall, and high from the ground, the wall looking very white with rich mortar. I was very high up, and with the little stone I had been driving the plate down into the top of the posts; I thought my son Charles (the only person with me) was standing on the plate close behind me. I said, Charles can't you step over me and drive down that plate at the corner. I felt and spoke very kind to him, for I felt so. He said, "Yes, sir." But in his stepping by me with the muntle or commander in his hand, he lost his balance and was falling, but carried, in his fall, away from the building. I could not bear to see him strike. I said, "Oh, my God, save him." As I awoke I thought he was not dead, but was broken much, and many sympathizers around him as he lay on the ground. He has never walked in the light since that spring, although very clear in his experience and leadings for two or three years before. I wrote, warning him of danger at the time; but did not see what the building and frame represented until four nights after this. The Lord showed me *clearly* in another dream the interpretation of the first one, viz.: That *He* was the author of *both* dreams, and intended by it to represent His Church at the present day, standing on a *new* foundation, and that I was putting the frame together; had it raised and nearly finished, and because I was a carpenter by trade. [See Mark vi, 31.] He had chosen this figure to represent it to me, and thus inspire me with confidence in Him, and also to show me my appropriate work. Seeming to others (and to myself, too, at times) like small business, like driving the frame together with a small stone, and sitting down at that, because of timidity from the height of the frame; the smallness of the timbers and no braces in it at all, and the bents a great distance apart; no big posts, no *Popes*, or big members as pillars or *lords* over the members of the church. He showed me that Charles was going to fall from the grace of God, and that I could not look after him, but must continue my own appropriate work.

But I did not see then the full import of the vision, or the *peculiarities* of this vision, viz.: *The New Foundation* which I soon afterwards began to be taught both by *experience* and by the *special and immediate inspiration* of the Holy Spirit, leading me in the "*way*" I had not known, taking *all* there was of me to obey Him: "*All that he hath;*" "*Hate his own life also he cannot be my disciple.*"

He taught me some of these "*new things*" in "*Nazarite Theology*," "*which had been hid in God.*" He has made known unto me this *mystery*! And He has set me for the defense of this "*new*" truth, this new *test* of faith; and also for the *revival* of the "*old things*," viz.: The *miraculous gifts of the Spirit*, including

His special and infallible guidance of every Christian. We are His witnesses, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him.

"For this let men revile my name,
No cross I'll shun, I fear no shame.
All hail reproach and welcome pain,
Only Thy censure, Lord, restrain."

A. REDDY.

On the day of Pentecost, when the Christian Church was established, "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone," without any formal organization,* the only *framing* of this church, this dispensation of the Spirit, was *internal*, imparting to each member some *adapted gift* by which they were "*established*," (see Rom. i, 11,) as the body of Christ, "*the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal*," some miraculous gift or sign in *each member*, thus constituting the church. "*Cloven tongues as of fire sat upon each of them*," (men and women,) indicating by the outward symbol not only that they were children of God, but possessed some *miraculous gift*. The church thus *organized* by the Spirit, who had now "*endowed them with power from on high*," the Apostles being *pillars*; selfishness and *home* too were given up, (they were seventy miles from home, commanded to "*tarry*,") they began to "*have all things common*." None said that aught of the things he possessed was his own; "*Call no man father upon the earth, for one is your Father, even God, and all ye are brethren.* Neither call any man master, for one is your Master, even Christ." No one had any authority over another to *dictate* as father or as master, (no great or little Popes,) except as the Holy Spirit saw fit to direct to each other. None said this is *my child, son, daughter, sister, mother, brother, or (perhaps) wife*, either so far as service or a "*bosom friend*" was concerned, for they were all *bosom friends*, each ready to serve each and all to the *utmost limits*, cheerfully lay down their *life*, as well as *property* and *person*, for the service of others, for their good and salvation. Very little manual labor done by these Galileans and the other early Christians; they had plenty of work—soul-saving. The Apostles said, "*It is not meet that we should leave the Word of God and serve tables.*" But after a little jealousy had crept in, they appointed some to see to the daily distribution, but they too wrought wonders and miracles. But the Apostles said, "*We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word.*" If *all* obeyed the Lord *now*, there would be little done but saving souls. "*The*

* The election of Matthias by lot was only following a *custom*, and in *doubt* too, (see this done by the *heathen* mariners with Jonah, 7th verse and 1st chapter,) and not in *faith*, because not of the Holy Ghost, for He had not yet come and taken His charge of the flock; we see no such experimenting after He came. Paul was doubtless the one to take the office vacated by Judas, instead of Matthias, for this is the first and the last we hear of Matthias. This act was *formalism*, and not yet the *guide* that was promised: "*He shall guide you into all truth.*"

harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." That is, clear-sighted, courageous, and deeply experienced *laborers*. The great mass of human beings are rapidly moving in the road to hell, and but few even of the thousands who profess faith, that have one particle of "faith in God," not even "as a grain of mustard seed," if they had they could ask what they would, and it should be done. "All men seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's."

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

The want of resemblance or *similarity* to the early disciples of Jesus Christ and the Apostolic Church, in the "Oneida Community," is not (so much) distinguished by their "communism"—they having surrendered exclusive claims to *self*, to *property*, *person* and *service*—seen and had in their "social system;" but it does consist, first, in their apprehensions or views of a *secular* and *scientific* Christ, (as they call it). The disciples did not put their goods, &c., together, to have "all things common" for the purpose of *accumulation*, but to have the wants of the destitute among them supplied, so they could save others. Second, it is in the *exclusive sectarianism* and the *want* of that *missionary spirit* of Christ, which prompted Him to "seek and save that which was lost," viz., *man*, (not money) "by the sacrifice of Himself." Third, it is in the *want* of *vocal* efforts, *prayer* and *preaching* the "Gospel to every creature." The Apostles said, "it is not meet that we should leave the Word of God and serve *tables*. We will give ourselves continually to *prayer* and to the ministry of the Word." This community, constituting one family of above two hundred persons, male and female of old, young and youth, is situated in Oneida and Madison counties, in the State of New York. They are said to be *upright*, *honorable* in all their business intercourse with man and the world. They are neither robbers nor extortioners, nor revilers, nor murderers, nor politicians, nor even sorcerers, nor a corrupt people; they "sue no man at the law;" yet there is a refined unbelief or *scepticism* at *headquarters*, eating out the *real* Christ, so it will be eventually as it was in Bethlehem, where Christ was born, viz., "No place for *Him* in the *Inn*." Their official report shows a profit averaging eighteen thousand dollars a year for the last eight years. It was said their profits were over sixty thousand dollars in 1864, or 1865. Unless the "Wonderful Councilor" correct them, and unless the Holy Spirit can have His way with them, and "guide" them, they will become a *popular* *moneyed power*, and living for themselves alone and for this world only, with God's displeasure upon them, and having no safety or security of success, at least as a *religious body*; *mechanically* (or "scientifically") managing, after the example of Onan, (see Gen. xxxviii, 8-11,) thus cheating God out of children.

WORKINGS AND CONSEQUENCES OF UNBELIEF.

In 1864, while upon my knees at a preacher's house in East Rushford, the Lord told me to go

to a house close by, where a man and his three children were very sick. It was a great cross. I went, told them "The Lord has sent me here to see your sick." The little fiery looking woman of the house said: "The devil has sent you, you shan't go in;" grabbed and held the door. I begged to let me just see them. God's power was on me so I could scarcely stand, even with my arm around her brother-in-law's neck, who had come in. I reached out my hand to put it on the viperous woman's shoulder, saying: "You don't know how Jesus makes me love you and feel for you, to afford you relief." She thought she would strike my hand, but stopped the knife before it reached my hand. She wanted me to go out; I still begged to see them, my burden and exercises were so extraordinary; but soon I was released. I have learned since that the three children got well, but the man died in a short time. The woman (wife) who stood in God's way to save her husband from death, was taken sick at once, and in a few days was a corpse too, and laid aside in the grave too. "With what measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again."

Another Case.—I was sent by the Lord to see a class-leader in Albion, one morning, who was quite sick, as told me by a relative of his the day before. I told the two women (his wife one of them) that the Lord had sent me to see brother A. She asked: "What do you want to do?" I said: "I don't know as anything except it may be lay my hand on his head." I saw that this stirred and aroused their unbelief. One of them said: "I'll go and see him;" came back and said: "He says he don't want to be disturbed this morning." I said: "Then you'll take the responsibility;" they said, "Yes." I left the house with this truth from God upon me, viz.: "He will die." But oh, how solemn I felt, considering that God was sending me to various places and persons, to be the occasion but not the cause of their sealing their destiny for time, and some for eternity too, by their unbelief. The class-leader died a few weeks afterwards, as I learned, and his wife went half distracted with unreconciliation. It is not very probable that she ever admitted that she rejected God's plan to raise her husband from his sick bed.

DOOMED.

One Case more.—While I was walking on the plank road near Union Springs, Cayuga county, some five years ago, I was overtaken by a stranger, alone in a light two-horse wagon, and empty, stopped and let me get in to ride with him; I rode, perhaps, ten rods, and, as usual, I converse with all I have intercourse with on the subject of religion, about salvation,—"Tis all my business here below" "to cry, behold the Lamb,"—I said to him kindly: "Do you enjoy salvation?" He answered "No." I said: "Did you ever enjoy it?" He drew up his reins, stopped his team and said: "Get out of the buggy." I looked up in his face to see if he meant so without the least provocation; but he said: "Get right out!" I said: "Be sure, I shall." When I stepped down I felt glad;

had rather walk than ride if I could do him no good. But as he left me and drove on, these words were given me: "*He has sealed his doom; given over forever.*" Then, in a little, I was beset by the devil, who said: "Now, if you had *aroused* and had *faith* as you ought to have, you might have quelled the devil in him, and saved a soul from going to hell." About four months after this I was in Cayuga county again, holding meetings. One morning, I heard that Mr. Allen died that morning about five o'clock; said a little while before to his wife: "I am getting better." It struck me that is the man who "*sealed his doom.*" I attended his funeral; and when I looked on his corpse in the coffin, I recognized him as the man, and I had no more doubt of his being lost in hell forever, (for God had said it,) than I had of my being alive. He was a man about fifty years old, a farmer well off as to property; but soon as he was laid in the grave, I learned that an old woman, who had nursed him when he was a child, and lived in his family as her home, seemed to be the only *mourner* at his funeral of many relatives. She was by the family taken to the poor house; thus she was requited, left to die neglected in her old age.

SANCTIFIED—HEALED.

A Case of Conviction.—An unsanctified woman, although generally of an excellent spirit, where I was stopping once, she got tried and tempted badly about washing a couple of collars found in my satchel, overlooked by my folks at home; she was soon taken with such a severe tooth-ache that her upper lip swelled out large, and she went about weeping and in pain all day. At night, her husband prayed for her, laid his hands on her head, but still she wept on without relief. At last, her husband said: "Emeline, ask Father Reddy to put his hands on your head, and pray for you!" "Well," said she, "he may." "Well," said he, "ask him!" She then asked me; I said, "Yes, I will, Emeline." I laid on my hands, and soon said: "Let the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost come upon her;" she responded a hearty *Amen*. I then saw Jesus above us and I said, "Oh, Jesus, let her feel herself safely encircled in thine arms." Next, I found we had both fallen by the power, and she lay in one of my arms, laughing heartily as a happy child, cured, soul and body, *all the pain and all the fretty fault-finding gone*. Said to me afterwards she never doubted it.

GETTING "START" OF THE DEVIL.

While I was preaching at Alpine, Schuyler county, in the fall of 1867, I heard of a man who had cut his knee-pan loose, by a cradle scythe, and had been many weeks confined; some talked that he would lose his leg or life. A doctor said *he could not live*; nervous spasms had seized him. A day or two afterward, I heard and reported that he was dead, but learned soon that it was not so. About three o'clock the next morning, awaked myself two or three times by singing; when sufficiently conscious, I was taken in spirit to the bed-side

of the sick man; I saw myself standing by him with my hand on his head, singing these lines:

"What's this that steals upon my frame!
Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench this vital flame;
Is it death, is it death?
If this be death I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see.
All is well, all is well."

I hesitated about rising to go at that hour of the night, cold and frosty, and dogs at two places on the road were presented as obstacles. Soon, these words came: "*Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!*" I inquired: Have these words come to be sung also? But no tune came with them. Then I *saw*, and sprang out of bed, put on my clothes, boots and cap, felt for the door; brother C—, the man of the house, awakened, and said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I'm going to see that *sick man, or dead man, or dying man*; closed the door and left the house. I found the man had been in spasms several hours, trying to tear his hair and clothes, his wife and her mother doing what they could to hold his hands, and yet be safe from his grip. I laid my hand on his head, it was cold; I sung the words which the Lord had given me before starting, took and held his hand *firmly*; he soon became warm, his head began to sweat. I was much blessed with the presence of God. He soon began to sing and talk about Jesus; I looked a little to see if there was anything more to be done; sat and talked with his own mother. I asked him if I might pray; he said "Yes;" kneeled and prayed a few words for *them*, then left the house to pass a mile or so through the woods, further on; but I soon became *heavy*, so it was difficult to proceed. I kneeled to pray, and found the woods full of devils, and like a pack of wolves howling to frighten their prey. I began to pray and *roar* like a lion, while they threatened me with *fear*. But God soon gave me the victory, and then showed me that "*the man will get well!*" and these devils have found it out, are disappointed of their prey, and now threatening vengeance on the aggressor, who did not know till now for what specific purpose he was sent, but thought, may be, to witness his triumphant death, and then to comfort the widow. God had kept this *secret* from me, so that the devil should not find it out, and hence the *start*, they were all taken by surprise. I *roared* and shouted, making the woods ring, echoing for a few minutes. Soon, every devil had fled. I heard since that some of his friends said he did not believe he would have lived the day out, but *he lives*, glory to God and the Lamb, forever and ever—*Amen*.

TESTS OF PURITY.

Once, in Wales, Erie county, while in family prayer, a young woman, belonging to the Baptist Church, working there—I was specially drawn out in travail for Jane—suddenly she cried out with a loud voice: "*Why, how queer I feel!*" The whole company burst into laughter; in about a minute she rose upon her feet, began to stamp and walk, saying: "*Why, how*

queer I feel!" Two days after this, walking through the room where Jane was working, she said: "Brother Reddy, I never felt so in my life, as I have since Monday morning; I used to get tired with myself, and get out of patience with my work, but since that morning I have felt nothing of it, everything goes right; *what is it?*" I said: "It is the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost." "Is it?" she said; "well, that day I was out to the barn, and stepped my shoe most over the top into soft mud, looked down, saw it, and burst out into a hearty laugh; the laugh continued, seemed to control me all the way to the house, wondering why I should laugh so hearty at such a simple affair." But on reflection, she saw it was just the *opposite* of that impatience and fault-finding spirit towards herself and others she had always felt till now. She was so different she hardly knew what to call it. Here was a *test*, and one evidence of the *purity* which the Spirit brought her. I was slain while standing with a company once, on the camp-ground. Some sinner threw a wash-dish of water in my face; I did not know who it was; but I found such a love of Jesus *in me* towards that sinner, that it seemed to me I could never speak an unkind word to a poor sinner again in all my life, I felt so tender towards them. While I was in prison at Angelica, a young man was there a prisoner for attempt to kill with knife and revolver; had been in the army; he loved to fight with the fist, seeking quarrel with almost every one when he first came. God burdened me for him; made me love him and kiss him once; but he was afraid of my kind of religion; he professed the army religion, had got it there, but could fight yet. One night, just as I was ascending the stairs with my pail of water, he had placed himself at the iron door of his room, his arm through, and threw the cup in his hand full of water square into my face, the Spirit set me laughing instantly, although unlooked for, I felt happy all through my being. With such love to the precious soul, I never thought of retaliation, but regarded it as a mother would a playful grasp or a blow of the hand from the child in her lap. The religion of love does not revile again.

LOVE DISTRESSING.

If such satisfaction and increase of happiness is felt when expressing our love to offspring and to friends who are lovely, when it is only *natural*, how much must the happiness and the satisfaction be increased when that love is sanctified by the Spirit, so that we can and do love our enemies? While they curse, we "bless them that curse us; do good to them that hate us," with a *pure heart*—instinctively—almost involuntarily; yea, quite so, sometimes. But where there is a want of condition of soul to reciprocate this love, or a want of gratitude for its expression, it becomes distressing to those persons in view of the contrast. This is seen sometimes in those professing religion. It becomes irksome; they turn away with disgust and become ashamed of the childlike simplicity and familiarity. Devils, too, are distressed by

it, from envy as well as their inveterate hatred to all that is like God. Peter says, "Ye are made partakers of the *divine nature*." "*God is love*"—*His nature essential*. Talk of Satan being "*transformed into an angel of love*," I ask, Who has done it? "*Love*" is a principle derived from God, the *only fountain*. Whence, then, came this transformation? God has not done it. What deep deception of devils is found in this one thought. But God has given me the key to unlock and to open this dark vault where is hidden a magazine calculated by Satan to explode and supplant the Christian's love and acquaintance with God, in whom alone it is found. This one idea would eventually annihilate from the minds of men at least *all distinctions* between *good* and *bad*; it would destroy all *moral sense*, leaving no marks by which man can distinguish between God and the devil; and hence this point once gained, the next in order would be in close connection with this inquiry or thought, viz.: *Is there a God or any devil?* I say that the very thought in the mind of the author of the article, (viz.: "Satan transformed into love," which was the occasion of commencing this work by the letter to him,) originated with the devil, and is one of the darkest *imps* of hell that has ever shown himself or made his appearance. We read of "*wickedness, or wicked spirits in high places*," that is, high up in religious things, or deep down at the bottom. We use, sometimes, the term in grammar, "*the root of the verb*." Here is the *root* of this idea, viz.: It was started from the *unbelief* in reference to the gifts which God had bestowed on some persons, and their singular exercises and experience, so much beyond or ahead of most ministers and others.

They could not comprehend it nor account for it, to suit them, on any other ground or principle. Then after a while it came out with this new thought and idea, (a new dress,) not only to Christians, but also to every one acquainted with Christianity, viz.: That Satan is transformed into an *angel of love*;" "*enters the soul through the channel of love*." Does he not most frequently do it? I ask who would not repulse such from the heart? If it is from the devil, every *thinking* person, as well as most Christians, must be utterly confounded at this thought, and would be ready at once to ask the author of this new doctrine (this "*new divinity*") this question, viz.: In what, then, do Christians differ from others? or what does Christianity consist of, if it is not seen in *goodness* and *love*, and the sweet, simple spirit which makes others and ourselves *happy*? Is not this the spirit which fills and constitutes the happiness of heaven, "*where all the air is love?*" Is it not for want of this good-will and spirit of love that makes earth and all things about us so unsatisfying? "*Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.*" Here are a few *axioms*, viz.: 1st, *Love is from God*; hatred is from the devil, (a "*murderer from the beginning, and abode not in truth.*") Again, 2d, *Good is from God; evil is from the devil.* Again, 3d, *Holiness and purity are from God, while all sin,*

corruption and impurity are from the devil. 4th, God is the Fountain and Author of all rational happiness and peace. But the devil is the source of all unhappiness, of war, misery and suffering of every kind in this and in the future world. *Sin* never did *any* good; it is always evil. It has robbed heaven, God, angels and men. It has peopled hell with men and women as well as angels, and is filling its wretched inmates with wailing, weeping, with endless groans and gnashing of teeth, after having made this earth a hospital—a scene of blood, of death, and of graves. 5th, The devil is a *liar*, and the *father of lies*; “he abode not in the *truth*.” God is the God of truth; Jesus was born to bear witness to the truth; the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of truth. John says, “*We are of the truth*.” How wrong and inconsistent for men to undertake to confound the above principles. They are also *immutable*. God and the devil are unlike in every respect, except their *natural* attributes, viz.: *spirits*.

MARRIAGE.

“What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.”—*Jesus, the Christ of God*.

Marriage and this “joining together” is, by the bond of *love*, the only way that they can walk together and be agreed. It is not done by the outward ceremony of some Judge, Magistrate, or Minister, at what we call weddings; this is only the witness and the legal recognition of the contract. But the *union* is in the mutual agreement prompted by *love*; this is the only bond joining together in the sight of God. Now, if this bond does not hold them, if this is wanting, then they are *asunder*, they are *divorced*, if they were ever joined together, in every proper sense except the legal “padlock,” the moneyed interests, and the domestic relations, and other obligations connected with this legal relation; these and not God “joins” them together in a kind of co-partnership in business. While it may be God had joined one or each of them really in confidence and feeling with some other person with whom they feel a *union of love*, (if they have any love,) we feel a union with those we love, and it is not of the devil, as some think, although it may not be recognized by the law, for *law* does not make *love*, and this principle from God will and does live in the heart, sometimes, in spite of *any law*. They have divorced themselves by selfishness, or by jealousies, or unbelief, which offended God and separated them from Him first, and hence they are put asunder for want of this love; they are *twain*. Here is the source of much of the misery and discontent which is found in domestic life. They are “mis-matched;” they cannot pull even for want of the *union of love*. Love unites and identifies us with the good and happiness, yea, almost with the very existence and being of those we love. “They were of one heart and of one soul.” Such is the nature of love; it makes us one as the Father and Son are one, as Christ and the Church are, when that love is *perfect*. “No man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it even as the

Lord the Church. So ought men to love their wives even as themselves.” But if that pure love becomes *contracted*—limited to one individual—exclusively on *one* object, it is liable to be smitten with selfishness because it is *pure*, and the object of *envy* by the devil, and because it is from God and like Him; yea, even if it gets centered on wife, husband, or children, then it becomes—unlike its Source and Author, God—*selfish* and *partial*. Then it is almost certain to be struck with *rust*, smitten by jealousy, and contracted by selfishness; it becomes so unlike God, it ceases to be the “well of water in him springing up,” ceases to supply us; so we soon begin to *hunger* and *thirst* again, because it is not allowed to spring up, to overflow and water others as well as ourselves. To illustrate: I knew an old class-leader, who was filled with perfect love, his whole being controlled by the Holy Ghost, praying and in travail for his neighbors’ children; many of them were converted, and he got the witness before they did, while he prayed for them. One day a *new thought* or *idea* was suggested, “Is there not something wrong, something deficient in your religion, spending your time and prayers for others, while *here are your own* four sons who are not converted, and you feel or pray for them no more or even as much as for others; had n’t you ought to love them *more* and better than others?” He was caught, and turned by this strategy to cultivate his love and interest for *his own*, and lost his perfect love, and never regained it; and with it, of course, went the power to do others good. “Without me ye can do nothing.” “Charity seeketh not her own.” The heart that is *true*, filled with *love*,—God within us, the well of water—“he shall never thirst,” if he only lets it “spring up” and overflow so as to water (save) others by that *union* with Jesus the *true vine*, “the same bringeth forth much fruit.” But if it gets *restricted*, narrowed down to self, wife, children, or *our friends* exclusively or even *especially*, because they are *curs*, then that fountain soon dries up, and ceases to supply us, and we lose the *love to all*, as in the case of the class-leader referred to. Many professing to be Christians and in the Church now, yet they know so little of this Spirit of Christ, that they think when they get to heaven all *their* loved ones will be the first to gather around them, and O! what a meeting that will be; when, perhaps, if there at all, and safe, they will hardly be noticed, especially, seeing so many others who shine brighter in the divine glory and effulgence, and where *all* are cured of selfishness and sectarianism, or the idea of *mine*, except God and heaven, and all else forever. And this great *cure* is all done *here*, this side death, *in and for* all those fully instructed and saved by the power of the Holy Ghost, washing and regenerating us through the precious blood of Christ, “Cleansing us from *all sin here*, and preserving us *blameless*.” The disciples were “of one heart and one soul; none said that aught of the things he possessed was his own, but they had *all things common*.” Such is the

true Church of Jesus Christ even here, as well as beyond death. The holy angels have no *near kin*, and we are to be "equal" unto the angels, *i. e.*, we are to be *like them*, equal in kind.

CHAPTER XII.

NARRATIVE.

SIX weeks I preached at Alpine every night but four or five. Once I turned from them, as the last words of the sermon fell from my lips, "Prepare for sickness such as you never had among you, and for death, it is coming; some of you will have to repent on a death-bed, if you ever do; *God will not let you repent before.*" My text was, "Beware, lest that come upon you which is spoken by the prophet." "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish, for I work a work in your days—a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." *Judicial blindness.* I left the house, walked away to the horse-barn near where I was stopping, and remained there until some time after the family returned from the meeting; then I went into the house. Soon they found where I was; many came back from the Centre, came in, wanted me to preach again; said, "We want to give you something." I said, "I cannot preach in view of a collection;" talked some half hour. I said, "I am willing to do anything for you I can;" said God turned away from punishing Nineveh on their repentance. One gave me a dollar, another seventy-five cents, and so on—over two dollars. Shook hands and left.

The next day they beset me again to have a meeting. They wanted to give me something. The day after, while on my knees in my room, the Lord told me to say to them, "I will preach Saturday and Sunday nights, and you may do just what you have a mind to about money—you will not do wrong." They took a collection of about two dollars. I cared no more for it than for so many rags; my soul had become identified with their spiritual interests, being burdened night and day; fall down while praying in the parlor alone on the carpet, and shake sometimes for half an hour or more, crying, "O, my God, save this people; use me any way, but reach and save them." Some, who were backslidden, the Lord made me call out in public by name, tell them plainly, "You are backslidden; God is not pleased with you." I was many times slain by the power of God—thrown out of the pulpit two or three times; set laughing, then crying, till it seemed I could endure no more. Once the Lord said, "You have endured enough, all you are able; take your hat and coat and leave." I did at once. The next day afternoon, they found where I had gone. One man sent his neighbor's wife to tell me to come back to his house, that my friends had not *all* left me. I felt very tender and *sensitive*; could not *intrude*. I went and

visited a poor cripple a mile away first, then came back at night.

One evening I invited them forward for a season of prayer, for holiness, etc. One sister said the devil told her, "you'd better move, he'll *fall* on you." She said, well, he may if the Lord wants it, I won't move. Suddenly, a light came from above, struck her on the shoulder, came near knocking her over; but the devil, she said, was too quick for her, she shrank before she was aware of it; did not go over, but open her eyes, saw the light spill upon her shoulder; had the strangest feelings she ever had in all her life; says she is so different since. She don't think she ever was converted to God or had religion before. But after we were kneeled a little, I became pressed and burdened for the state of unbelief which was on the minds of the whole people. I groaned, felt the power on me, was going over a man, a member of a church who had not kneeled down, he was sent (by the devil) to sit near me, and caught me from going over. Suddenly, the power so left me that I saw something was out of order, *God's order*, a damper came on the meeting. I knew the person who had meddled with me, with my falling, had interfered with God's work, and like Uzzah, was smitten, but was inclined not to say anything about it, for my part I could endure it, and it being *delicate* too on my part; but the Lord made me speak it right out: that God was displeased, the Spirit was grieved, and no success would attend us till that was seen and exposed. But it raised a great commotion, and finally the congregation arose, began to leave the house, each one with his opinion, no one to dismiss or appoint another. After about half had gone, I saw the judgments, sickness and death close by, coming like a sudsing storm against the wind. I sprang on my feet, and upon a bench, and said: I can't leave you yet, I must have another meeting with you before I go to-morrow night. I had to hasten like Moses and Aaron running in with the censor to stay the plague that had suddenly come, because of the murmur and fault-finding about the death of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, when fourteen thousand seven hundred were slain before the plague could be stayed. [See Num. xvi, 41-50]. That man came once more to the meeting; I met him, shook hands and said, well Uzzah, how do you get along? The Lord has made it seem since to me that he is like a tree out in the lot alone, and struck with the lightning, with spiritual blindness and death.

The first time I saw these people, the power came and set me laughing in the road, on my way with others to the school-house; went in laughing, a stranger, and soon fell in the corner laughing some time. While there the Lord gave me this text to preach to them: "The kingdom of God is not in *word only*, but in *power*, in *demonstration* of the *Spirit* and in *much assurance.*" I got up, sat a spell, and preached in the chair. The tavern-keeper said to me, afterwards: "I had once such an exercise when I thought I was converted, but I have doubted it since; but I was happy." He got up after-

wards, in one of the meetings, and said: "I'll board this man a week at my house if he is a devil." His son came at the close, said, "Elder, you must come." I said, "Yes, I'm going with you now." And so I did board with them, at the tavern, just one week, averaging just two meals per day, visiting days, but lodged each night with them. At the breakfast table the son said, "Now, Elder, I want you to cure me of swearing while you are here; I'd give anything in the world if I could break myself from swearing." Well, I said, I'll do the best I can for you. The school-house became crowded almost every night, and three or four Sunday nights, said to be enough to fill it twice or more—would come five miles distant. But the envy of the Pharisees closed the school-house after having a meeting for themselves Sunday afternoon. So we were all shut out together in the open air and God's open world, perhaps enough to fill the house twice, and I preached to them a short time, and said, come Tuesday evening, and we will have a place for meeting. And a place was opened about 36 by 20 feet, that would hold more than could get into the school-house, at some sacrifice of the family owning the house.

I had preached four times in a meeting-house, called a *free* meeting-house, but was not directed to leave another, but have since been invited to come again. I had preached twice in another school district, and four times in another, besides prayer-meetings other nights, visiting and traveling some days eight or nine miles on foot; but this I found was too much, especially to walk a part or one-third of that distance after preaching in the evening. But the Lord forbid me asking how many professed religion in the neighborhood, and after many were reclaimed and converted, I was not allowed to number them, and I never have counted them. Two only daughters were converted in the afternoon, the first time I visited one family, both in the same hour, so I called them my *twin* daughters. One man forty-seven years old, a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism for thirty-seven years, can not turn over, can not bend his elbows, or knees, or hips, one thumb and finger, and one shoulder that he can move a little; he has laid there more than thirty years, swearing and threatening sometimes what he would do if his mother and sister did not mind him. I visited and prayed with him. About two weeks after this, I met his sister, who said, "My brother is not as well; he would be glad if you please and can come and see him again." I went; began to sing "Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move," etc. I saw the tears starting. After singing the hymn, he said, "Since you were here before, I have felt so bad; sometimes it seemed my heart would burst open." I prayed, and he and his mother, two sisters reclaimed, and he is happy, singing and praising God. His mother says it is but little trouble to take care of him now. This gave me more satisfaction than if I had found a purse of gold.* In crossing a wood to an appointment, while on my knees, sometimes silent,

feeling very solemn, a strong intimation was upon me that the Lord was going to send me away suddenly somewhere soon. While preaching that evening I told of it, and said, "I shall go if God tells me to, east or west, north or south, and the curtain may fall, and I have directions in ten minutes, as it has been before once, from Lockport to Cayuga county." I took the next train of cars.

The impression still remained. I told it in my discourse at the village the next night, Thursday, and said, "I shall go when God tells me." It began to look light east. A great excitement was up the next day; stories, misunderstanding the *motive* and *spirit* in a move and work of the Spirit with me; many turned out, it is said, to *mob* or *tar and feather* the preacher, as that had been talked before. An old woman had offered the boys her *large* feather-bed for that purpose. They came where there was to be a prayer-meeting that night—a large company. I had been burdened most all day—certain that something unusual was close at hand. I arose after a little and said, "God has given me these words to say here just now: 'I defy the black devil in that negro woman; and the tar and feather devil in D—h; and the infidel devil in Brother R—y; and I am ready for tar and feathers, for mobs or death, whenever the boys get ready.'" Talked some time. One young man had thrown himself from his seat in mimicry of the power slaying me and others; he lay still a long time. I said, "If God does not *mark* the *mockers* with his judgments before long, then call me an *impostor*." The case of a man in a grocery, in 1832, mocking sufferers taken with cholera: he lay down and rolled about on the floor, saying, "I've got the cholera, I've got the cholera!" In two hours afterwards he was the victim—a corpse by the fatal disease. This came up before me, that I expected that young man would be struck with judgment. About four o'clock next morning, I was waked and told by the Lord to go to Alpine—put up the following

"NOTICE.—A. Reddy, from Orleans Co., will preach on the four corners of the streets in Alpine, Nov. 24, at about 12 o'clock at noon."

And had some other errands shown me. I had to add to the above notice, "By order of Jesus Christ," taking off my own name at the bottom. The next morning, four or five o'clock, about two or three miles where I was lodging, I was waked by a constable with a lantern or torch in his hand. He said, "I have a warrant for you." I arose and dressed myself, and soon I was in "bonds," (iron wristlets,) and was led away to the magistrate, as soon as it was day. I was taken, Sunday, seven miles to the jail for safe keeping until morning, the constable threatening to tie his handkerchief over my mouth if I did not stop shouting; but I was a *free man*.

The magistrate, the constable and Uzzah, the backslidden man, who meddled with God's work, had gone at a late hour of the night to a brother's house to inquire (as they said,) as to the truth of certain stories, saying, "all we

* He is since dead.

want is to know the truth of it from you; it will go no further."

They left near twelve o'clock at night. A warrant was issued without authority, and was put into the constable's hands; two men were waked out of sleep at three or four o'clock in the morning, to assist in the arrest of the "notable prisoner." And he was soon caught fast asleep at the friend's house where he had been lodged before, and could scarce be allowed to wash or do any necessaries ere the *irons* must be locked upon the wrists; he was taken to the 'Squire's, and then seven miles off, lodged in jail for safe keeping, the constable threatening to tie his handkerchief over my mouth to stop my praising God on the highway. But God made me feel the adverse influence so heavy from the devil in the officer, that I *roared like a lion*, and said, "God made me to breathe His air, and *I shall be free.*" The devil fled. But I had put up a notice the day before to preach on the four corners of the streets that Sunday at about 12 o'clock at noon, saying at the close of the notice, "*By order of Jesus Christ.*" The officer said, "How are you going to preach to-day?" But three *noble men* were down after me before noon, went to many of the officers of the county, and became responsible for damages, pledging my return to the prison that night. So I was carried to my appointment a little late, preached, and lodged in jail that night. Towards morning the Lord waked me, and showed me why they had such power to pursue me; that I had shrank, by delay a week before, in a *peculiar* cross of such importance that it must be hunted out at any expense. Of this I told the 'Squire, and started to tell him, "The Lord has got done with you now; you can go no further." But I had not positively rejected the "counsel" offered, and consequently confusion came, and the case had to lay over till another day, to hunt this out to my discovery. I said to the friend in the morning, (a great cross,) "I can have no counsel but Jesus Christ." I went to the court room, dropped on my knees, and the Lord kept me there until the constable touched me and said, "You are discharged." The family had been subpoenaed, but the man charged the 'Squire to his face of *fraud, intrigue*, of devils coming to his house at the late hour of night, and, without any authority from him, had *issued the warrant*; that he could attend to his own business and his own family.

The intimation that had been given about a week before, that I was going to be sent away, was the next day confirmed as from the Lord. About eight o'clock the next evening, I became uneasy, and said, "My time is nearly up; I guess it is to-morrow morning." Brother C— said, "I guess it is to-night." I said, "Yes, it is now." In ten minutes I was on my way, whither I knew not, but soon I was told by the Lord that He wanted me to travel all night. So I did, except a nap or two which I took in a school-house, and again under a hemlock tree. I traveled all the next day; just at dark I asked a man at his gate, "Can you harbor me over night? I am a traveling preacher." "I

would be glad to harbor you," said he, "but we have a woman here that will abuse you. For three weeks she has been raving and swearing; for nine nights we could not sleep." "What ails her, is she possessed of the devil?" said I. "Yes," said he, "I do n't know but she is." "This is the place, then, that the Lord has sent me to; He has given me power over devils." His wife's sister, for nineteen years, had been tormented by the devil, but his power was broken on the poor sufferer. I preached once at the county-house for the poor near Owego; three or four times in a German neighborhood, as much as they could *endure* for the time, for I was slain once while preaching and once while praying, the house filled so that three young women sat in the pulpit, and I stood out. Traveled to Binghamton, Windsor, &c. Then found a letter from Allegany county; a Brother Baker was sick, wanted me to come and see him. I read it the second time. The Lord said, "hasten." I took the train; next day was there. The next day he took his team into the woods, and drawed logs. Stayed a few days, and was then sent back to Corning, after one (preacher) turned out of the synagogue. While leading the meeting by request, at Gibson that night, a local preacher got much blessed, asked me home with him, (a stranger,) the next day he gave me one of his coats; said the Lord, the night before, while I was talking in the meeting, told him to give me that coat. I needed (to appearance) a coat, but after my return to Alpine, I put that coat on some four times, but for some reason I could not *feel free* to wear it. After some weeks, one Sunday, while conversing with a few, suddenly the Lord told me to give that coat to a poor man living out of the village, and the *power of God* came to my body as well as His *Word* to my spirit. I was straightened in my chair, throwed the hymn-book with violence across the room, said "Yes, I will," but no one present had any knowledge of what it meant. I did obey the Lord, but I guess none knows it but three or four of the family at most. The Lord showed me when I since met the first donor of that coat why I could not wear it, viz.: A leading preacher of his sect said, when hearing of it, that it was a temptation of the devil to his mind, while in the meeting, to give me a coat. Well, said he to the "Master," I was honest; but he still insisted "It was from the devil!" So the coat was "cheerfully" given, and in *good faith*. But afterwards *doubted*; then it became "grudgingly;" he wanted it back; and hence God, who knew all about it, told me to give it away, he would not let me wear it, although twenty-five miles away, and knew nothing of the *change* produced by this *poison peddler*. "Their word will eat as doth a canker." "Taketh up a reproach against his neighbor."

A VISION WHEN SLAIN—"THE PROPHECY FULFILLED."

The last Sunday but one before leaving Alpine, I was slain, fell between two of the seats in the hall, was unconscious a part of the time.

I saw, in vision, two Indians dressed fantastically, like clowns or play-actors, with cap and feathers, light pants, a frock of very bright colors "of white, red and blue," with the foundation red, trimmed with other colors, nerved for action, standing in that hall only a few feet from my head, looked as if they had been scuffling. A day or two afterwards, while staying at a friend's house, he asked me if I ever saw anything when I was slain. This vision came up, and I related it, and said, I don't know what it means, except something is going to desecrate that hall; but I shall know some time, the Lord will show me what it means. He has told me since that he related it in public a few days after I was gone from Alpine. In seven weeks I returned. Soon, I heard that the blindness and unbelief which had taken back that hall and had been the cause of my appointment to preach in the streets of Alpine, and displeased God, had soon after admitted (for money) an Indian show into that house, hall, turned it into a play-house. I understand they were dressed as the Lord showed me in the vision some weeks before. I had to relate this the next Sunday after my return, in the meeting, in the hall, now with two claimants in dispute as to the right of possession and control, viz.: God and R—, the proprietor of the house. One man, who had strongly opposed my being slain and other exercises, had been brought to death's door, his breath stopped, they, and he too, supposed his hour had come; but he promised God if he lived he would serve Him, and preach the Gospel. He recovered at once; but was not cured of his scepticism nor opposition to me and my leadings; he was uneasy, asked me if I knew what I had returned for? I said, I don't know. In the night the Lord waked me and set to worry the devil. The next morning I told him what God had said, viz.: *To worry the devil.*

A SPECIAL REVELATION—PREDICTION AND FULFILLMENT.

Soon after the Hall at Alpine was dedicated to God, I was walking in it one day alone. The Lord showed me one of the seats which would be taken out to set a table for a donation feast for me, and required my consent, as I had opposed donations not of God. It remained an entire secret until the day that I was taken out of jail, and still a prisoner to fill my appointment to preach in the street. While I walking the room at the tavern, talking faith and defiance to the devil, the Lord brought me up to this prophecy, (a donation in that hall,) to the few that were in the room with me. Some laughed; one man said he would bet five dollars it would be so, although it had been closed against my preaching in it. But now, under very unfavorable circumstances, the Lord told me to say, "I shall have a donation in that hall yet, for the Lord has showed me the seat that is to be taken out to set the table." And it came to pass. After about four months had passed, I had returned—held meetings—worrying the devil seven or eight weeks, in various ways, under God's direction. After meeting,

on Sunday night, the owner of the house—the hall—came below, slapped me on the knee, and said, "What do you think I have done? I have given out for you a donation up stairs, Thursday night, in connection with the meeting." I said, "Did the Lord tell you to?" He said, "Yes, I thought He did." I said, "Praise the Lord; I am glad to have His will done in any way." But before retiring the Lord made me tell Him all. He bolted on the supper. It would cost \$20; he could not have that; had always been opposed to donations. I said, "Then it will be a failure." But his wife suggested to me the next morning the delay of a week longer, and then an oyster supper. A friend suggested a ticket or some notice. While on my knees in my room, the following was given me from the Lord to write:

OYSTER FEAST AND DONATION.

An Oyster Feast and Donation will be held in the Nazarite Hall of John H. Rumsey in Alpine, Thursday evening, March 19, 1868, for the benefit of A. Reddy and family. All are cordially invited—the rich and the poor, old and young, the widow's "mite" and the child's penny, or anything else which they desire to or cheerfully give; "and he that hath no money, come ye." By order of the committee,

J. L. STOUGHTON,
JOHN H. RUMSEY,
M. P. HALL.
G. H. WAGER.

ALPINE, March 11, 1868.

The feast was had and it was said to be more like a religious meeting than otherwise. All seemed satisfied.

THE POWER PRESENT TO HEAL.

I had some singular exercises after my return to Alpine, in the meetings and in family prayer. At one time, at J. H. Rumsey's, while on our knees in family prayer, I was set walking on my knees towards him, but fell suddenly; attempted to rise several times, but was thrown against the side of the house, my feet up, then down, then stretched, then I groaned, then cried and laughed alternately, like a woman in travail, in her extremity. Rumsey fell, and I was relieved at once. Soon I arose, but he lay three hours, as his wife said, who herself was healed in the meantime, as she told me afterwards; she thought it was more for her than for him. She had been a sufferer for some time in body. But it alarmed the devils and men too at the tavern and other places; many of them came to inquire, and see him before he arose.

MOCKING THE DEVIL'S CLOWNS.

One evening, in the hall above in meeting, I had been slain. I arose and went to my seat by the side of the owner of the hall, who stood talking in the meeting. Soon my eyes rested on some three loose and round blocks, used now for loose seats about the stove, which had been torn up to make room for the Indian show. The Spirit of the Lord told me to rise quick-

and set them rolling over the floor, as it had been turned into a play-house. I arose instantly and set two of them in motion, but the third one I followed, kicking it along before me towards the end of the hall, taking a seat among the sinners, as happy as *any clown* making sport for others, the congregation breaking forth into a hearty laugh, while R—, the preacher and owner of the hall talked on without interruption, and the Holy Ghost laugh came on me, taking my strength, and I went down again on the floor. Some days or weeks afterward, he asked me if I knew *why* the Lord set me rolling those blocks? I said, "Yes; it was to *mock the play actors*, who were allowed to *desecrate* that hall which you publicly consented to have dedicated to God. And He wanted the *meeting-house* and the *play-house* used for both at the same time, and show how it would look and appear together. He laughed but found no fault, for I suppose he had felt the rebuke at the time. God wanted it out in *action*; "actions speak louder than words." "Sigh, cry and howl." See Ezek. xxi, 6, 7, 12-14.

CRAFTY, WITH GUILE.

While I was absent from Alpine, in Broome county, I had a variety of experience. One frolicking, drinking young man, in leaving the cars one night, got his ankle mashed by the wheels. They took off (amputated) his leg, but he was afterwards, by a council of doctors, pronounced beyond help. I was stopping with the preacher in another apartment of the same house, preaching a few times in the meeting-house close by. I heard of the decision, but had not seen him, but became interested, and got his unconverted sister to pray for him, and finally one morning made my way up to the side of his bed, and got hold of his hand, and felt of his forehead, without being suspected of design, talking to him some about giving his heart to God, while I had the evidence given me of his recovery. The next day he was up, sitting in the rocking chair, quite cheerful.

FEAR OF FANATICISM.

While stopping one night in Binghamton, I was invited by the sister to go with her to see a maiden woman who was given up to die of cancer in one of her breasts, as I learned. I had, before I started, assurance from the Lord of some good. I stood by her bedside and talked a little. I kneeled, laying my hand on her head and holding her hand. Jesus gave me *love* and the light of faith, which could help her; told me to rise and kiss her; I did, and said, "Susan, praise the Lord, He sent you that; praise the Lord." I kneeled again and prayed for her healing, amidst the shouts and hearty responses of those present—father, mother, sister, and others. I arose suddenly and left the house, but learned by the sister that she took *some* exception to the kiss, but she and all were wonderfully blessed. She, as her mother said, the next morning, slept all night comfortable, without disturbing her with six or seven hours of severe pain and trouble, as usual every night. Towards morning, the Lord

showed me that I must go in the morning, tell Susan, (who had backslidden somewhat from God,) the following, viz., "The Lord says He wants me to see your breast, lay my hand on it in Jesus' name, and you promise you will not take *any* thing for it, nor put *any* thing *on* it, and He will heal you, *soul and body*." "What do you say, Susan? I am ready to help you just as and only as the Lord leads me." But she said she thought there was "danger of fanaticism." I bid her adieu, could not say farewell; certain of her rejecting Jesus' *only plan of cure*.

CHAPTER XIII.

IMPRISONMENT.

ANGELICA PRISON, April 7th, 1868.

Two or three days after the donation at Alpine, I had an intimation that the Lord was going to send me to Alleghany county again; saw myself sitting at Brother Baker's desk, writing. Brother B. had written me some four or five weeks before, saying: "Come and see me when the Lord will let you." When they learned this on Sunday morning, that I talked of leaving Alpine, I heard that some of the young men and others felt bad, almost cried; but I had to stay a few days for clothing, etc. But I had been to Brother Baker's not quite a week writing, &c., when I was arrested (for vagrancy—very convenient for their purpose), with warrant obtained by Brother B.'s brothers. One of the *accusers*, the *complainant*, (Universalists, both of them), keeping the *minutes* or record of examination, instead of the Court. I made no defense, (and nothing was proved against me, one said he and I disagreed on religion), not even a witness. And they were *cautious* not to have their own brother sworn, subpœnaed by them, lest he should tell that he invited me to his house, and should find what was true, viz.: That I had money in my pocket, and that God has not sent me out to beg, although I am "sent out without a purse or scrip." I have lacked *nothing* for these eight years next June. The Court said: "I shall hold you to bail of two sureties, five hundred dollars each." I said: "I have no bail, I am a *sojourner*." The instrument was made out, and the next day I was lodged in jail at Angelica. The following is a copy of the instrument:

ALLEGHANY COUNTY, }
TOWN OF WARD, } ss:

To any constable of said county, and to the keeper of the common jail in said county:

These are to charge and command you, the said constable, in the name of the People of the State of New York, forthwith to convey and deliver the body of Alonson Reddy, this day brought before the undersigned and charged, upon the oath of Andrew Baker, as being a disorderly person, and having no visible means

of support; and whereas, the said Alonson Reddy was this day duly convicted before me, A. C. Hall, a Justice of the Peace of said county, upon complaint on oath of Joseph B. Watson, and other competent testimony, of being a disorderly person and having no visible means of support; and whereas, upon such conviction, I did require the said Alonson Reddy to enter into recognisance with two sureties, each in the sum of five hundred dollars, for his good behavior for the space of one year; and whereas, the said Alonson Reddy made default in finding such sureties, and I, the said Justice, made up, signed and filed, in the County Clerk's Office, a record of conviction; you, the said constable, are therefore hereby required and commanded forthwith to convey and deliver the said Alonson Reddy into the custody of the said keeper; and you, the said keeper, are hereby required to receive the said Alonson Reddy into your custody in the said jail, and him there safely keep for the term of six months, or until he find such sureties, or be discharged according to law.

Given under my hand this 6th day of April, 1868.

A. C. HALL,
Justice of the Peace.

I could not make it seem that I was a prisoner and going to jail. I told it to Brother B. and the constable twice on the way, of my feelings; he said: "It is of the Lord, I feel good about it; but it seems a little as if you would have to go further, it will be a miracle if you do not." I saw at the first that I was going to copy and write my book, and finish my manuscripts for the printer, as I could seldom get much time out while at large. So I had to be caged up. No prisoners but one, and he out at large all day for a few days, and then but two for over two weeks; so I had a good time to write, and I seemed impressed to hasten, that I would have but little time to spare and get my work done. I told the Sheriff I was sent there to board at the expense of the county and do my writing—that the devil would be ashamed of it. The Lord showed me after a little that I must read and pray in the mornings at least, although the two prisoners were Catholics. The first Sunday I said to the Sheriff's little daughter; "Now, if your folks do not feel as if they would be disgraced to be associated with prisoners, when they think proper, to come in while I read a chapter and pray." Soon, the whole family came in, and I began to read, and soon *felt* an intimation that God is going to do something with me. I drew a long breath or two while reading; I sung a few verses. God was present wonderfully. I kneeled down and thanked the Lord that He had sent me here to this prison. God began to bless me more and more while I asked him to give me fruit in the salvation of Mr. Davis (name of Sheriff) and family. Soon, the holy laugh came into me, and I was slain. I learned that Sheriff's wife jumped and fled out of the prison, as if a locomotive was going to drive her off the track. She has never been in since, although a professor of religion. One Sunday morning the Sheriff happened in, or

came in as I was reading, I said: "We are about reading, if Mr. Davis has time, stay." "I can stay," said he, "but I do not want you to fall." But while I was standing up singing, before kneeling, the power came, and I went over backwards, struck the table, tipped it over, and all went down together. I lay there sometime, happy in the love of God, and everybody else, prisoners and all. Thus I would be slain many times. One wicked fighter came as prisoner, he said afterwards it like to have scared him to death the first time he saw me fall; but the fighting devil had become so afraid of me that he would shut the iron door of his cell nights, lest I should come to him in the night, as I did have to do one night—the walls echoing their oaths through the day—I was waked, had to dress me, come out in the dark and pray. God told me to rise, for I had been slain, and go into the young man's room and speak to him, the devil telling me, "He will strike you," but I obeyed, and found the devil a liar, for he received me kindly. I told him how deeply Jesus moved me for him; asked him if he would promise he would give his heart to the Lord; that Jesus has sent me to ask you, as well as you can, from this time. He said, "Yes." I then said, "God bless you, William," and went to my bed. He treated me with civility; seemed afraid of something in me; would avoid the touch and tell me when I checked him for swearing: "It will do no good; I shall only swear worse. I do not want *your* religion. I never expect to be better; do not want to be." He seemed to want to get into a wrangle with two other prisoners, young men. I was dreadfully distressed with profanity, and they tried to check themselves too; said they swore before they knew it. But I had to fast, and after twenty-four hours, just at break of day, the Lord awaked me and showed me that part of an old pack of cards they played with was one cause of my distress, and the power the devil had over them to make them swear and thus fill the prison; so the Lord would wake me to see how this was ringing in my ears or mind; that it was the Spirit that told me the first day I came in to throw those cards into the stove, but my sympathies came up for the poor prisoners, (although but one, and he out all day;) that this was the cause and the offence, that I must go and put them into the stove, although they had sworn, threatened. But I obeyed God at once, thought may be they will ask about them, then I will tell them. But when the two boys were up, the Lord blessed me with love to them; threw my arms around them before I was aware I had kissed them both. Then the Lord told me to tell them the history of the cards, that He had told me to rise and put them in the stove, and I did. They seemed stunned, never said one word of reply. I have had to grab the young man, have a clinch, once tight, with him, to make the devil afraid. He struck me, and I was hurt some, but I plead for him, told the Sheriff not to be too severe, to blame him, (he was going to shut him up again,) that his temper was impetuous. The Lord showed me the other day that I must call him

“Oneissimus,” whom I have begotten in my bonds. The Lord gives me such tender love to him, as if he were my own son. He reads a Testament I gave to another prisoner a good deal. The Lord told me to give two shillings to each. I was much blessed. They thanked me. I heard that one of them was tempted to buy a pack of cards, but he said he could not make up his mind to do it.

The Sheriff and his family were very kind, and the Lord made me love them. I was so blessed many times while praying for them, that I would be slain, fall on the plank floor, and arise after a little with such love. I told him if it was not for the iron door between us, I would make a prisoner of the Sheriff by throwing my arms around him. I did kiss him once by his consent. I told him the Lord made him seem like a brother. Once or twice he offered me an upper room by myself, but I did not want to leave the poor sinners to sink. But finally the Lord made it clear, and I accepted the offer. I had fasted considerably, sometimes two days without food or drink, and sometimes one day being burdened for the prisoners. I suppose the Sheriff saw I ought to have exercise, and he asked me if I would take a walk with him, about a mile, to his farm, and I did. They saw I was getting poor and pale for want of exercise and open air, (such a change from being active day and night, in meetings, preaching, etc., for years.) He let me out entirely to go about as I chose, up in the Court House, and to his farm and village some, and finally I was not locked up day or night for many weeks. It had seemed very little like a prison any of the time, except the want of being in meetings, and where I could be doing others good as usual. But a week before the court, the Lord waked me up between one and two o’clock in the morning from a dream of a man’s arms and head laying across my breast, weeping, saying, “I am sick.” I inquired, “Is it Mr. Davis? You do not expect to get salvation without telling your name, do you?” But still the reply was, “I am sick.” He stood up, a light complexioned man, took hold of my hands as I awaked out of sleep, the Lord saying to me, “Go to Mr. Kendall’s,” (a lawyer of Angelica, I was told that day, was given up by a council of doctors to die,) “tell them, the watchers, the Lord has sent me here to lay my hands on Mr. Kendall and heal him.” I found the power of God was shaking me with the cross, from the adverse influences I felt was in the way. I arose, dressed myself, and kneeled down, but could get no more light; saw they would call me crazy, but consented, and supposed I should be sent to Utica. I said, “I will go;” and I did. It was noised abroad; it alarmed the people of the village and the Sheriff’s political enemies. I suppose he was afraid I would use it to his disadvantage. He locked me up again, especially nights, close. He told me he would not have had it for fifty dollars. The watchers did not let me into the sick man’s room, and he died in four days.

REPROACH AND SLANDER.

A few days after I had been in jail at Angelica, the Sheriff handed me a newspaper

published in the south part of the county, containing a *slenderous* representation of me as a *vagrant*, giving my sirname wrong, Alonson Bradley: “A brute claiming a mission from God, and where it brought him. A miserable being, professing to be a Minister of the Gospel, claiming to have been sent from God to cure the sick and cast out devils by the laying on of hands, found his way into one of our towns lately. He added to his pretensions another for the cure of women, and found some wretched enough and foolish enough to listen to him. His career was brought to a timely end last week, by arrest as a vagrant, and his present office is one door west of the Court House, Angelica. The wretched man’s name, as given by himself, (not so), is Alonson Bradley.” After going to bed I was filled with thought and recollection of the many sufferers God had relieved by me, (although I had done nothing of this since I came here), and the many wrongs and misrepresentations to the public, and I a stranger. The Lord showed me that I must write a *vindication*. A little after the town-clock struck twelve, everything had become clear what to say. The Lord said: “Rise and write *now* while you have it!” I arose and wrote until about three o’clock, until my candle was used up. I took a copy, read it to the Sheriff, and he took it to the editor of the “*Angelica Reporter*.” It was not published, but the editor said if he had published the first he should feel obligation to publish the reply. I then changed the address with a copy to the editor of the “*Wellsville Free Press*,” who wrote the article. After some weeks he came to Angelica, and called in to see me; he acknowledged what I stated, and the evils referred to were *true*; but finally said: “I am sceptical, I am no reformer, I am after bread and butter.” And I presume he never published the article, although liable for damages in a suit of slander, for he had picked it up from flying reports and inferences drawn from some conversation which I had relating to laying on my hands and healing a woman of inflammatory rheumatism, and some delicate cases, before the court of examination was called, and not from anything proved or even charged against me in the commitment.

REPLY AND VINDICATION.

“A Brute Claiming a Mission from God, and where it brought him.”

[For the Free Press.]

MR. EDITOR—I read the short article in your paper of the 15th April, with the above heading, adding, “A miserable being, claiming to be sent from God to heal the sick and cast out devils by the laying on of hands, and adds another for the cure of women, etc.” Please publish this article as a *reply* and a *vindication* due the public and myself. The Lord shows me that while I am not allowed to *personate* or *localize* delicate cases, yet the following statement of facts belongs to the people, to the public, and to myself also:

A young woman, in Western New York, was diseased, and while she was relating to me her case in some of its aspects, I felt a deep inter-

est for her relief. After a time I said, "It seems to me that this is a judgment of God upon you for something." She replied, "I think so too." After pressing my inquiries for the *cause*, she related in substance the following, viz.: That about a year and a half before, she and the man went to a distant village to a strange doctor, paid him twenty-eight dollars for his *job*, she suffering a little less than death shortly after, and had been diseased and a sufferer (extreme at times) ever since. After relating (with some reluctance) the above, she stated that she was sworn on her knees to keep it *secret*. After making this full confession, God *miraculously* healed her body. She has since been married, (all respectable,) and a letter now in my possession shows that that woman is *now a happy mother*. Another case: I was once called to pray for a neighbor woman, said to be dying. In three or four minutes after entering the house, while on my knees, another spasm seized her, and her voice and agonies ceased together: she lay *still and silent in death*. The doctor being present, said to me: "I charged her with having taken poison." She at last confessed that she had taken the oil of *tanzy*. The young woman had one bright little girl, but she was unwilling to be what God made her to be—a *mother* again. While traveling in Tioga county last winter, I heard that a very popular doctor was called in the fourth instance in this bad work, but this time the woman died and the doctor left the place.

Above sixty cases were laid to his charge, but not so fatal to the mother. Now I ask the *candid to judge* and decide where are the "brutes." Is it the one that God sends to give *relief* to sufferers, or those who *destroy life*? *Brutes* mostly *love* and take care of their young; but here are more infants killed in this land than Herod killed in the land of Palestine in his search for the babe of Bethlehem, which caused such weeping of mothers then. *But it does not now*. Women are diseased from this cause, and others of less or no guilt who are hastening to the grave, some beyond the reach of recovery by medicine or skill of physicians. God only can help them by His *special remedies*, and I have to yield consent to be misunderstood, be called a *brute*, or anything else, if I may be used by the Lord Jesus in affording relief to sufferers, whether of men or *women*; consent to be regarded as a vagrant, deprived of liberty and other rights, if this bad state of things can be interrupted and the unbelief be broken up—that which has made me a prisoner here and a tax on this county for the half year, unless bailed out by strangers or otherwise released,) because I am a *sojourner*, or, like the Apostles, "having no certain dwelling place;" or, like Jesus, my Saviour, who was "annointed by the Holy Ghost, and went about doing good, healing those that were oppressed of the devil." The article further states, "His career came to a timely end. His present office is one door west of the Court House, Angelica." I am *here* just the same happy (not "miserable") man and Christian as when I am outside; for

" Prisons do palaces prove,
For Jesus does dwell with me there."

And now, as far as I can, under these *limited* circumstances, "I am yet preaching the gospel to every creature," treating with kindness and civility *all* who think it proper to make me a "call at my lodgings," one door (said to be) west of the Court House, Angelica, asking no fee, or salary, or doctor's bill.

ALONSON REDDY, (not BRADLEY.)
ANGELICA JAIL, April 19, 1868.

Casper Hawser, the name given to a youth who appeared to be fifteen or sixteen years old, seen one morning in the streets of the city of New York, about thirty years ago or more. He was making some awkward moves, not knowing how to walk or how to act, because he had never been out of doors before; he had never seen even the person who had care of him, fed him, and changed his clothes; he had never heard folks talk, except a few times, or sounds of any kind. The only supposition that was formed of his history was that he was the child of some wealthy, proud, yet conscientious mother or parentage, whose conscience would not (as now they would do) allow the mother to *kill her baby*. And yet public sentiment so severe she would not confess it and be exposed, but could not keep the boy longer concealed.

PASCHAL SUPPER.

When I returned to Lockport the second winter, they all seemed glad of my return. They had been wanting the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; had not had it for years, some of them. They told me what they had been wanting. I said, "Well, appoint it to be held some *evening* disconnected with any other meeting." So when Tuesday evening came, I came in from a busy day of visiting, without any arrangement or thought. I dropped on my knees, as usual, in coming into a place of meeting; but as soon as I had closed my eyes, a *vision* was before me,—a very light room, especially around and above the very large, six-legged table that belonged to the house, spread with a white cloth upon it, standing in the middle of the room, no person at it and nothing upon it but the white cloth. My attention was held, and I was a little surprised, being a Methodist and always kneeling at the altar or bench. But the Lord showed me the upper room where Jesus and His disciples "ate the Passover" in the evening sitting around the table. I did not know how I should get through, for it seemed almost like striking out a new path, at least untrodden at the present day. But I could see nothing else before me, and then too, I was so wonderfully surrounded and blessed with the Divine Presence, I could not doubt. After remaining on my knees ten or twelve minutes, I arose, to be led in a new path in a way I had not known, but to trust the Lord to take me through. The table was cleared and set out; but such a season of association with Jesus and the Twelve, (nineteen of us,) we never had before. One young sister had the power of God upon her while in

her chair; was motionless, her eyes wide open. She had a vision; I believe she has never told, except "I praise the Lord for what He showed me that night," was all she would ever say. A brother had the cross to be baptized, he and his wife, at the close. It is never to be forgotten. One instance since that, the Spirit has specially called me to "eat the Passover" with the disciples of Jesus, at which season (at Waterport, Orleans county,) four children were baptized. One sister fell while another was praying at the close, around the table, and one woman of the house was converted to God, whose husband had threatened to shoot me if I laid my hands on his wife's head; came four times to coax her out, but she said she would not leave till she found the Lord.

On finding that I was illegally imprisoned according to the statute, one night the Lord gave me the following petition to the Judge, who lived seven miles away. I saw myself with it, and the Sheriff before him. But by letting the Sheriff take it without taking *me*, as the Lord had showed me, it failed; yet he said the Court could release me.

ANGELICA JAIL, June 2nd, 1868.

A. Reddy, now a prisoner in Angelica Jail, (for vagrancy,) To Mr. W. Hatch, Judge of Court for Allegany county:

DEAR SIR: Permit me in this manner to address you, although a stranger. I am a *traveling* preacher and Minister of the Gospel, have been for above thirty years; but for the last eight years it has been my exclusive business, mostly in this State—in Ohio and Pennsylvania some—preaching to prisoners and the poor in county houses for the poor, visiting the sick and dying, holding meetings in meeting and school houses, and sometimes in the streets of villages and cities, attending camp-meetings and others of my own notices, being of course absent from my family and place of residence, (Orleans county,) the most of the time. In the village of Alpine, Schuyler county, last fall, I preached every night but four, for six weeks, to a crowded congregation, and labored among them a little more than six months, except about seven weeks absence from them in Tioga and Broome counties, preaching, visiting the sick and the poor, without any stipulated salary. The people of Alpine had just made me a public donation in the Hall where the meetings were being held, generously bestowing nearly thirty dollars for my benefit, only a few days before I came from there to the town of Ward, where I was specially invited by letter. (I came to do some writing which has employed me here, relieving the solitude, &c.) But I had been there but a few days before my work was interrupted by my being brought before a Justice's Court on a charge of "vagrancy"—"disorderly person," and "having no visible means of support," (a convenience for them I suppose.) I made no defence, not even to show the friend's letter who invited me, or the money in my pocket, sufficient for all necessary expenses. But regarding it as a religious persecution, I made no reply except when called on for bail I

said "I have no bail, I'm a sojourner." The complainant keeping the minutes or record of examination instead of the Court. I was then committed to jail for the term of *six months*, or until such sureties be found, or be discharged according to law. Some persons here, sympathising I suppose, have discovered by the statute that *I am illegally imprisoned*. If as "a disorderly person," see §102 of statute, a wrong and violation of the law is seen clearly. It says: "In default of sureties being found, the Justice shall make up and file in the County Clerk's Office a record of such conviction, specifying generally, the nature and circumstances of the offense, and by warrant under his hand commit such offender to the common jail of the city or county, there to remain until such sureties be found or such offender be discharged according to law."

You will remark in my commitment two points of law are violated if the offender is a *disorderly person*. First, there is no specification at all, of the *nature* of the offense, not even *general*. Second, The law says such offender "shall remain in jail until such sureties be found." The document framed to hold me says *six months*. But if the §106, the law of vagrancy, then a greater wrong and violation of the statute is clearly observed. It says: "Or if the offender be an improper person (for relief at the poor house) to be committed to the bridewell or house of correction of such city or county, if there be one, and if none, to the common jail of such county, for a term not exceeding *sixty days*, there to be kept, if the Justice thinks proper so to direct, upon bread and water only, for such time as he shall direct, not exceeding one-half of the time for which he shall be committed." I suppose the appropriate business of a court is to *execute* the laws already made, instead of making one for the occasion. But if the two sections are both taken as they are, no law could be made of them that would hold me a prisoner for the term of *six months*—not over *sixty days*, as defined in the act, to accord with my commitment or *sentence*. I have now served as a prisoner *sixty days* on the fourth (4th) day of June, about as much time as should be sacrificed to this kind of vagrancy. The design had in this lengthy address and petition is to pray therefore the respected Judge to examine these facts in my case and grant me a discharge and release from this confinement, and thus aid me so I can have a wider sphere and larger limits in preaching the gospel as far as I may be able to, "to every creature," for "I must preach to other cities also, for therefore am I sent." The most charitable construction I am able to put upon the wrong is that the Justice took the *six months* mentioned in the class of vagrants to be sent to the poor-house or alms-house for relief, and put it to my case of common jail instead of *sixty days*. I saw the Justice was, or appeared to be confused, and he gave the finishing up of the writing to a young man present—perhaps it was his son.

N. B.—The Lord showed me that I would have been released after *sixty days* if I had

went with the petition. But he found me "something to do or bear." The County Court set after four months and more. They were uneasy at my imprisonment—wanted to release me and please every one but God. A friend came and told me what they wanted and said. Then I wrote the *Reply* to their proposition.

Proposition made by the Judge and officers of the County Court held at Angelica, August 17-22, 1868, to A. REDDY, now a prisoner in the jail, committed for vagrancy and want of bail.

A Reply.—I understand that if I will only promise, give my word that I will not go to Dewitt Bakers, and that region town of Ward or West Almon, a Christian brother and family who have done washing for me since here, and who wrote for me last winter to come to his house from Schuyler county, and at whose house I was arrested in a few days, by precept obtained by two of his brothers opposed to God.

On this condition, the above named officers propose to release me from confinement here in jail, for the six and a half weeks remaining of my six months imprisonment.

I have looked at this proposition as a *contract*, if I accede to it, as a solemn obligation which I should feel *conscientiously* bound to keep. But first, I see it is *indefinite*, they do not say whether the *terms* of wearing this new chain of restraint, though on larger *limits*, shall be for a month, a week, or *forever*. I see some difficulties, and also some *dangers*, and first, as a preacher, a servant of God, I have no right to bind myself I will not preach nor visit in any certain territory unless the Holy Ghost forbid me, as he did Paul and Silas in Asia once. My parish is the world—to the poor, the sick and dying. If Brother Baker, or any of his family, were sick, or *dead*, or dying, I am cut off from them to attend their funeral by this promise. Then again: if God should be displeased with me (and He would be) for making such promise to *men*, and should *leave* me to break my leg or arm, or be otherwise disabled by laying the heavy hand of sickness on me; then Brother Baker would want to take me to his house, nurse and take care of me; then the promise would be violated, and his Universalist brothers, and others too, would say: Here, he has lied. And then, too, I see that this is just what the devil wants, so he can get at the lambs of Christ's flock, separated and alone, then he would have a fair chance at him again as he had when I found him last winter, sick in body, and mind too. (*I am no hireling.*) Now, in view of all these considerations, (although they seem willing to take my naked word—trust my *honor*,) I think it would be a *hazardous step*. I feel *safe* here, in the old jail, I have proved it four and a half months, out of the six allotted me; have met no serious accident nor sickness, "for Jesus does dwell with me here."

I had rather be a prisoner, locked up *safe*, than to be *made* a prisoner still in a new form, *outside* and at large, under such restrictions imposed on me by the blindness of *unbelief*, claiming such *usurped* prerogatives—an insult to God the *Sovereign Judge*, and also to common sense, and to manhood too.

N.B.—They may dispose of my case as they think proper, I assure you I shall not find fault with their decision. To Mr. Jones, the bearer, respect for your interest and sympathy.

A. REDDY.

They, of course, did not change their conditions, and consequently I remained the happy prisoner of the Lord to 6th October, 1868, "glad to find in every station" "something still to do or bear."

Mr. Davis, the Sheriff, had been mortified, (fifty dollars, as he said,) and blamed me for going in the night to see Mr. Kendal, a lawyer, very sick in the place, given up to die by a council of doctors. The Lord awakened me, told me to go to his house and tell them: "The Lord has sent me here to lay my hands on Mr. Kendal and heal him." The watchers said: "He is too far gone." I said: "He is better than a dead man." But they did not want me to make any noise or go into his room. God's power was on me wonderfully; but soon, the Lord said: "That will do." So I returned (with my peace returned to me) to my bed in the jail; (he died four days afterwards.) I had to consent to the Lord when I first arose from bed to be sent to the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, many could be found who would readily swear that I was crazy for that. Then when Mr. Davis made a reference to it after the court week, I then wrote him the following reply, viz.:

A. Reddy to Sheriff:

MR. DAVIS:—Every body must blame me who *will* for going to see that sick and dying man, Mr. Kendal, at the two o'clock hour of the night. "What was I that I could withstand God" when He calls? I thought to wake you to go with me, but the Lord showed me I must carry my boots that squealed so, not to disturb you. I can *endure* the disapprobation of mortals, but God's displeasure I *cannot endure*, even for an hour, much less than to be exposed by disobedience to Him, to *endure* it forever and ever, whatever the consequences to myself may be here, they can only *kill the body*. I must and I *will* "fear (and obey) Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell, yea, I say unto you, fear Him," Jesus the Christ.

TRAVAILING IN BIRTH.

The Lord gave me some work to do, and some things to bear for Jesus while I was a prisoner at Angelica. Towards the end of my time I became *again* deeply interested and in *travail* for Mr. Davis, the Sheriff. Three or four weeks I was the *only* prisoner; he had been sick many times—had poor spells, sometimes *very* sick. He said he respected me, but had no confidence in being helped by the laying on of my hands and *refused* to let me. I was distressed at times by *his unbelief*. The Lord awaked me singing or praying—had to get up and pray sometimes several times in the night, and only find relief by God's power and spirit upon me to *roar* or set laughing. It seemed that Mr. Davis would *die soon*. And I was brought one night or morning to consent to lay down my life—to *die*, that he might be

spared to get salvation and die in peace. Just after day-light I dreamed that I was sent as an officer to a prison to see the conduct of some three women who were there prisoners. But they were not locked up. One of them had to be called—but seemed cross—did not like to show herself. I saw her prominent breasts, and a *ten-fold* ruffle around her neck—that she was the mother of a child that was inside the prison laying *naked* across the cracks of the rough plank floor, unnursed and neglected to *die*, with a very large head and prominent forehead. I said, as I arose, here's a child you must nurse and take care of. I took hold of his feet, and put my hand under his shoulder, but he did not want to live; he flounced and doubled up towards me, so strong that I wondered, but I felt the power of God so it stiffened my hands. Well, I thought that will cure him so he will want to live. A roar came out of me, and I awaked, laughing heartily. I knew it was from God. I thanked Him for the dream—that He would be his own interpreter and make it clear. Instantly while, on my knees, that child's large head was referred to Mr. Davis; I laughed and praised God—a child born (spiritually) by my *travail* in the Holy Ghost. But did not want my hands to touch him. That the ruffled necked mother represented the popular and proud and unskillful church, who would be ashamed of and would not own or know how to nurse and take care of a *Nazarite* baby (who didn't himself want to live)—requiring patience and a deep experience. I called the Sheriff into the prison after two weeks and told him the above; said Jesus showed me I must call you *brother* Davis. God made me *love* him with such a fondness I arose to kiss him, but he said "I don't want any demonstrations." I then saw that this was the first struggle of the boy, or child, who did not want to live, avoiding my hands by which the change would be effected, according to the dream. I wept and prayed and longed to see him free—tried to get him to pray in his family, and finally was told by the Lord to write him the following letter and send it to him, viz:

SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

BROTHER DAVIS—The Lord wants me to write you and say the following words, viz.: "Jesus wants me to *embrace* you as my brother—to greet you with a *kiss of love*, and lay my hands on your head in *His name* and *He will heal you soul and body*." You have the impression that I am deranged at times, or deluded, because of my singular exercises and strange demonstrations—and not a man of God—doing *His will* and led by His Spirit. Jesus wants to disabuse your mind by *this test*. I hope in God you will not peril the consequences to yourself by treating this (may be the last) with stoical *indifference* nor with a *decided rejection* through *unbelief*, for *this is from God*. He gives me such love for you that the most menial service would be cheerfully performed to do you good. I *felt* the other night that the tender heart of Jesus was grieved when I was not allowed to kiss you.

The remedy is very simple like the washing

seven times in Jordan of the leprous Naaman—which was the Lord's plan by the Prophet that so vexed him at first, until his servant said, "Master, if the Prophet had told thee to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much more when he said go wash seven times and be clean?" With deep emotion even to *tears*, I've written this. *God bless you*. Amen. I have still a very tender love and great respect for you, and for your many acts of kindness manifested towards me, your prisoner.

A. REDDY.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISCELLANEOUS.—COUNTERFEITS ON GOD'S BANK.

BETWEEN thirty and forty years ago, there was a great and general revival all over this land, (north especially,) such as had not been for many years, of *pure* religion. It brought the church up in sight of God, of the looked-for "Millenium," and of those forfeited gifts of the Spirit, and of miracles, so essential to success as well as to the existence of the Church of God. But the Church did not step forward and take these presented blessings, because of *unbelief* or *fear*. Soon after this neglect, yea, in a short time after, "Mormonism" was born. And soon this *brat* of the devil stepped up in sight and laid claim to all those gifts of the Spirit, (to *Immediate Revelation*,) working in its other corruptions and counterfeits, calling themselves "The Latter Day Saints." And since, like a satyr, she sits mocking the real Church of the Lord Jesus Christ by this *counterfeit*, so that it exposes any and all to be branded with the disgrace of being called Mormons who even talk or claim to believe the above truths. Then, in quick succession, another child, (bastard, disowned too, by its own mother, viz., the *Church*, was born as the fruit of this amalgamation, this spiritual *adultery* in *unbelief*, between the church and the world,) named "Spiritualism," which began soon to claim communion with angels and to be guided—and after a little to be also *inspired* by departed spirits, leading them to prescribe for the sick, to predict future events, and they have claimed and also attempted to raise the dead. And so deeply has the people generally been smitten by this *counterfeit* in some form, that the great controversy and question in the religious world now is, "Whether there is *any Holy Ghost*." Preachers can and do write and re-write their sermons from books and other sources, and are taught in the schools how to read, to accent, punctuate, and to perform the gestures of a public speaker; and hence, do not see or feel their need of any Holy Ghost, (rejecting the supernatural now as unnecessary). And while a Spiritualist only claims to be a "Medium" or "Trance-Medium," these appear as proprietors, (many of them,) and not as the *servants* of God, "receiving the law from His mouth, and warning the people from Him."

Yet both these sects claim the badges of the true Church, such as opposition from unbelief and *persecution*. "Yea, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."—Paul.

Now, these two "illegitimate" children of the Church of God have not only usurped claim to these gifts, and guidance, and inspiration of miracles, etc., but they have taken each of them respectively at least one step in advance of what the Church has ever stood in, at least professedly. That step is in the *social* relation of the sexes. The Mormons leave all—wife, children, and relatives, to join the saints of the latter day, taking then as many *wives* as they are able to maintain. The Spiritualists, I suppose, take the ground of *free love* and *intercourse*, either from *natural* affinities or from being directed by the *spirits*, or of both, even to annul the marriage contract. Now, all these views and steps are but a *counterfeit*, an attempt of the devil and unsanctified nature seeking selfish gratification in a religious way, and thus to supplant the Spirit of the Lord in His special leadings and unerring guidance of the child of God. And I now see clearly that this has come to pass on the very same grounds of the other *counterfeits*, viz.: because the members of the Church have been called by the Spirit in this direction and shrank, have neglected, delayed to obey this *special* call and voice of the Holy Ghost. And from the same cause, viz.: through *unbelief* and *fear* of reprobation and of the law of Moses; and that it was not the will of God, the voice of the Spirit calling them into this *intimate* association. And having shrank and doubted by the devil's ingenious lies, they have attributed their thoughts to the devil's temptations. And yet some of these have, after backsliding on it, (grieved the Spirit by doubt,) they have been pressed by the devil into this very path which God called them to—an old cross—and have been inspired by the devil to teach and to practice this doctrine. But it is in a distorted form, mixed with much error, besides being under the devil's control, thus claiming pre-eminence over the religion of *love*, found alone in God. This sexual association is being held under the *special* and immediate direction and cross by the Holy Spirit in *every case* and in *every instance*, (and not as a *rule*,) or it would be adultery, selfish and licentious, and consequently done for the devil. And yet I see that when they get near to God again, He will tell them as to *Jonah*. This close counterfeit of the devil is used to scare the conscientious away, just like the first. The miraculous and special guidance has been usurped and used to supplant the church of her rightful inheritance. We must consent to be called "corrupt," "licentious," or anything, only so the will of God is done.

"THEY SPAKE AS THEY WERE MOVED BY THE HOLY GHOST."

In 1832, soon after I was converted to God, I arose in an evening meeting to speak a few words only. The last sentence is all that I have ever remembered saying, they were these, viz.:

"*I feel that Jesus is mine.*" The next I was conscious of, my name was called, saying, "I am glad God has blessed you." I heard some voice with great energy saying, "*Glory to God.*" Soon I heard another neighbor's voice talking in the meeting, and I still heard the voice sounding, "*Glory to God.*" Then the third one talked, and the other voice of "*Glory to God*" was sounding *loud*, but now for the first time I found it to be my *own voice*, over which I had *no control or agency*. I soon found I was stiff, could not move hand or foot, only the organs of speech and the inward man were forcing out the glory which was boiling over *in me*—all the rest of me was a "*prisoner of the Lord.*"

"Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood
Of my Saviour possess'd, I was perfectly bless'd,
As if filled with the fullness of God."

An old school-mate was struck under conviction by the circumstance. How that blessing lasted!—praise the Lord!

A TRANCE AND VISION.

A sister Young, living in the town of Almon, Allegany county, one evening, while we were in family prayer, was found at the close lapsed into a chair, head and arms, sitting on the floor, her strength gone by the power of God. After a while she began to talk to her brother, who had died in the army hospital, and she had had fears that he was lost. Being asked the next morning about it, she had no knowledge of talking, but said she saw her brother coming in soldier's clothes to shake the hand with her, looking happy, smiling, and said, "You are happy." She said, "Yes, but I suppose I am not as happy as you are." That Jesus stood by her side; He talked with her; saw a vast multitude, some that she knew; the bound of the multitude was beyond her sight in every direction, all in the open air; that they all seemed happy; that she and Jesus and others she knew (that I was one of them) stood in the centre, apparently, of the vast multitude which she could not number.

RESTORED AGAIN.

In 1866 we stopped to feed and take dinner with a brother Hyde, a Wesleyan class leader, in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., a man about sixty years old, who once had enjoyed the blessing of perfect love about a year, as he said when I asked him; but said, "I can never get that blessing again." I said, "Brother Hyde, if I could get you into a contract—pledge you will kneel down here and never get up from your knees until you are restored—bind yourself so tight you can't get away, and so that the devil can't get you away neither; I will make the promise too. The devil has lied to you, as he did once to me for years after I had lost the blessing. Will you do it?" "I ought to," said he. "That's not the question," said I, "but will you?" After a little I said, "What do you say, Brother Hyde?" He laughed; we began to be blest with the light of faith. I then said, "If you kneel down under that condition I am

just as sure the Lord will restore you now as I am that I am here, for Jesus has just given me the witness of it." He looked up and laughed, and without saying a word but "let's kneel down." But it was not twenty minutes before the power came, on me first, then presently the witness; I said "The Lord has come." "Yes," said he. I said, "Praise the Lord." He began to praise the Lord, the tears of joy coursing down his cheeks, and saying "Here is where I lost it, in not praising the Lord aloud when it was a cross." He got up, walked the house, clapping his hands and praising the Lord.

TRICKED OUT OF IT.

A sister in Cattaraugus county, while in a season of prayer, in her own house, began to feel the power of God taking away her strength, being blest wonderfully, such as she never had felt before. Suddenly the thought about falling there among the *men*! She turned pale, began to tremble, and was going over. Next came as quick as thought, "It is Mesmerism." I had laid one hand on her head. The Lord left her instantly; I tried to get her to tell what it was that Satan said that had made her shrink, and had grieved the Spirit, for I felt it and saw it. But she would not tell until some days afterwards at a camp-meeting. She came running and screaming for mercy, asking me to put my hands on her head and pray for her. The spell and distress was broken and soon gone; but she did not get into God. The devil was too smart — too quick — and had tricked her out of it by the *lie of science* — of Mesmerism — because it was new to her.

MOCKING THE DEVIL.

I said to a young woman where I was stopping: "If you will thread that needle for me I will give you a dollar." I was going to say a cent, but it came out a dollar. My eyesight was dim, and I supposed the eye of the needle closed. But she put through the thread, and the other woman present laughed and said: "There, now, you must give her the dollar." I said: "You are in no hurry for it, are you?" She said: "No." But I was worked up. The devil said: "There, you old fool, just as you have always called Herod, who promised the dancing damsel half of his kingdom, and you have been thus inconsiderate and without consulting the Lord; and now, if you keep your promise, the folks will think that it is for some consideration, just like the devil's children." I found myself contriving to put it off to some private moment, to save the speech of others about it. The girl was a lame seamstress, and poor at that. Soon, the Lord showed me that it was His Spirit in me had caused me to say dollar instead of cent, that I must give her the dollar right before the company, say nothing, and let the impression go just in that light. I took out my wallet, laid the dollar on her work and said: "There, I have fulfilled my promise." I think I said nothing about the temptations that had beset me. But God has showed me since that it was done to mock the devil, and hence he was at once disturbed, and had made

the rush on me to get me to blame myself before I found it was the Lord, and what it was for. Thus it uses the devil up when the Holy Ghost mocks him with holy mimicry by any of God's sanctified ones.

Another Case.—Two Nazarite sisters set going the donation for me at Alpine, and afterwards made and fixed my clothes. But as soon as the donation was fixed upon, the Lord told me to get each of them a new dress just alike out of it, off the same piece, and so I did, but had told no one of it. One of them said she was glad, and her husband and all her folks laughed and were pleased. But the other sister, after a little, became tempted, said they would say now it was in consideration of some intimacy, just as the devil's children do and act, and make presents. I said, "That is just what God wants you to do, viz.: cheerfully consent to let them have that impression without even wishing to make an apology or excuse. Let it pass just in that light and thus be misunderstood and misrepresented as doing the very same things and acting under the same motives as the unsanctified do, for the Lord's sake, and take the reproach of it, that you may be separated from the world and your name cast out as evil for the Son of Man's sake." The Lord shows me that this also was done to mock the devil, and hence the temptation besetting her. Two Nazarite brethren, B — and T —, have each of them told me that they found themselves drawn, and after yielding to it, they were wonderfully blessed of God, to use some vulgar and low phrases such as some of the most filthy of the devil's children use in private and otherwise. They did not know at the time fully what it was for, and a great cross to stoop as it appeared at first; but soon found that God was leading them thus to use up the devil on his own ground—mocking the devil and his children in their own phrases; yet they were not profane words.

I have been myself drawn and specially called in a few instances to use the expression "God Almighty." It seemed a little like swearing, and it was a great cross, and I have tried to avoid it and have several times said, "Lord Almighty," but have not been clear or released until I have come to the "preaching I bid thee." Once at a camp-meeting, where the Ruler had forbid me taking any part in the meeting, the Lord showed me where I must stand, and made me say, "God Almighty has sent me here, and I claim the right to speak on that ground. I have counted the cost, and am ready to go to prison or to death." I talked and then was arrested, but they backed out and let me go on. But I never use the expression only when I must, and the occasion extraordinary. But I cannot tell but God may yet lead some of His sanctified ones even to mock and shame the devil out of this too, viz., profanity, after mocking and using him up in the various ways heretofore referred to in this work. When God can get a person fully saved, "made perfect through suffering," as Jesus was, then they are proof against the devil; they can then be led by the Holy Ghost and taken through the

devil's dominions unharmed, and come out like the three Hebrew captives from the fiery furnace, without the smell of fire on them. Glory to God and the Lamb forever and ever—Amen.

SUCCESSFUL HEALING THE SICK.

I found a German woman in Wayne county, in 1862, very sick with pain in the stomach, &c., in keen distress for some days. I laid my hand on her head, took hold of her hand, and began to sing. It seemed some of the time that I should fall with the power of God wonderfully on me, but I did not fall that time. The Lord told me to put my lips on hers, and I held them there a little. Soon He told me to lay my hand on her stomach, while standing by her bedside. She remained some four or five minutes with her eyes closed, and without motion, while I sang on with Jesus within. When she opened her eyes I said, "Are you in pain?" She said "No." "Do you want to get up?" She said "Yes." I got her dress, and in a few minutes she was out in the room, clapping her hands, and said, "The devil is gone." I left her well.

REBUKED—CONVINCED—HEALED.

My wife, I suppose, had mistrusted some of my delicate leadings, and had been tempted and tried, no doubt. Once when I was home, she came several times into the front room, where I sat at the desk writing. She drew a long breath, and said, "How my side pains me," then returned to the back room. It had not gained my attention, until she finally came again, stood near me groaning, and said, "I have got a dreadful pain in my side; I wish you would put your hand on my side and pray for me." I looked up and said, "I cannot get to your side." She said, "Can't you put your hand on the outside of my clothes?" I said, "It would not do any good if I did, the pain is not in your clothes. The Lord then showed me how to help her. I slapped my hand on my lap, and said, "Sit down here." She opened her dress; I laid my hand on her side, while with the other I squeezed her to myself with such love—a halo of glory all around us—laughing, and she laughing, and was set to sweating profusely in one quarter the time I have been telling it; said, "I am healed!" wiping the sweat from her face with the towel she had in her hands. I said playfully, "There, now, I guess you will do," resuming my writing, and she to her own work again, with distance nearly annihilated for the time, which unbelief or jealousy, may be both, had reared up as a barrier between us. But all of it on her side of the house, if there was any.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

When getting near home once, and stopping over night, I learned that a Sister S—, one of my near neighbors, had been sick some time, nearly helpless with inflammatory rheumatism. The Lord gave me the light of faith then and there; showed me I must go and heal her. The next day after I arrived home, I went to see Sister S—; I took hold of her hand, but she

was ready to yell, supposing she would be in pain, as heretofore she had been. I tauntingly and playfully said: "See, now, the unbelief." "Well," she said, "I know how it has been." "Yes," said I, "and you think it is going to be so always." I left the bed-room with the door open, to sit down to the table to eat some dinner the hired girl had prepared, but could not ask a blessing. I arose, went into the room, and when I came out again I had the sick woman in my arms, out of the bed, making her walk before me, while the heat from her inflamed body was transmitted or transferred to my body, and seemed hotter than a blanket heated to a scorching point, pressed against my flesh. As we came out of the room, she said, "O, Jesus, help me!" and we both fell backwards, I having the healed woman in my arms still. She has told me since that she never had any pain since that hour, left of that disease; although she had told me that not only the joints were sore in pain and lame, but also her flesh was lame and sore in every part, and I had laid my hands on her almost entire body while on my knees by the side of her bed in prayer. Soon I arose and kissed her, and fell instantly in the room. While there the Lord told me to get up, lift her up, (as Peter did the lame man at the gate of the temple,) and make her walk. I have kept many of these delicate cases nearly secret, until of late the Lord shows me *He must have them out now.*

PRESENT FAITH "GUIDED" BY THE SPIRIT.

At one of the Allegany camp-meetings in Cattaraugus county, a young man was on his knees seeking sanctification, while two or three others were praying for him for some time without getting through. I kneeled down to help them. Soon the suggestion from the Lord that hands should be laid on him and thus help him through. I examined closely but said nothing, to see if He meant my hands, for I would not do it unless the Lord told me to do it. Presently I looked up and saw a Sister B—, a maiden school-teacher who had obtained this blessing about eight feet from us, coming with her eyes both closed, her right hand raised up, and her left hand stretched out towards the head of the young man, and laying it on as she brought her right hand down almost to the ground, saying, "You are blessed." Then repeating the same motion, saying the same words, "You are blessed." In a few minutes he found it was true, "having the witness in himself."

PRESENT FAITH—SALT RHEUM.

While preaching some weeks in the town of Williamson, Wayne county, in the winter of 1867, while walking the floor back and forth at the house of Brother H—, the father of quite a number of small children, his wife nursing the youngest, Sister H— suddenly said, "Brother Reddy, do you know what is good for the salt rheum?" I said, "We obtained some mineral water for one of our children once." She said, "When I nurse I have it very bad in my breast sometimes, so the blood

runs into the child's mouth." I had noticed it inflamed and very red around the centre, and without saying anything, I stepped by her side where she sat with her child in her lap, and grabbed her breast in my hand. The *laugh came on me*. I stooped and took her breast in my mouth, rolling my tongue about it a little, then walked away laughing. I said nothing, but I saw afterwards her breast was changed in its appearance, but heard that she told one of her neighbors that the Lord had cured her breast by my hand, and said, in her usual frank, decisive manner, "*What I know, I know;*" said the moment I took her breast in my hand she thought, "*Now the Lord will heal me.*" I saw her once afterwards and she told me she was entirely cured from that hour. *Praise the Lord.*

RESTORED TO REASON.

I stopped once over night in Cattaraugus Co., seven years ago, with a Brother Gibbs, the father of Governor Gibbs, of Oregon. He had a daughter, a married woman, the mother of three children; but she had been deranged a year and a half. He had brought his daughter home to have the care of her. She would swear sometimes, and kick her mother out of bed. She would tear off her clothes sometimes, and come out into the room. I saw it aggravated her to be looked at and watched. I prayed for her as of one possessed of the devil, which distressed her mother much, as I found afterwards. I became so burdened and distressed for that Eliza all the forenoon of the next day, that I did not know but I was sick. I sung and talked to Eliza a little. I was drawn out with such *love and faith* too, for her healing. I asked the Lord to turn that crazy woman's heart towards me, so I could get hold of her. Very soon she came and sat down beside me, and I got her hand in mine, for some time silently praying for her. I told Brother Gibbs, Jesus could restore her. She tried to engage with me in conversation before I left, would laugh, etc., when I sung. I met Brother Gibbs when in that region once since. He stopped his horse and said, "*Brother Reddy, my daughter is restored and entirely well.*" Oh, how glad and rejoiced I was at that. Glory to God! I told Sister R— how I was exercised for that woman. She said, "*Do not give her up, and Jesus will heal her.*"

THE DEVILS CONFOUNDED.

While holding, with others, a meeting of some weeks' continuance, within a few miles of Brother Gibbs', in a neighborhood nearly overrun by the bewildering influence of Spiritualism, one watchnight, when I thought it might be the last night I should be among them, and only a few had been converted and reclaimed, I went back into the congregation, closing my eyes to all but God, to pray silently for them, while many began to talk. Soon the sister where I boarded fell hard against the side of the school-house while she was talking. I then felt and said silently in behalf of the deluded ones, "*O my Master, let it seize some of them.*"

Presently I opened my eyes; there lay in the lap of another woman a widow woman named O—, panting for breath, while a man had hold of her, striping her hand with his, and occasionally would bring it over her face and sling it off. I jumped upon my feet and shouted, "*Glory to God!* He is here, and you will have your match, my dear sir, to wipe the Holy Ghost off that woman; that is not the spirits—that is God Himself." She had been their medium about four years—once a Methodist. They became alarmed and carried her out of the meeting, but when she came to she was happy and wanted them to sing. She was thus reclaimed and continued to walk in the light of the Spirit of the Lord the last I heard. Thus the devils were confounded and many of his deluded children. The nest *broke up*.

SUCCESS OVERTURNED.—DEATH CAME.

While I was preaching in Lockport, in 1863, my son Charles came after me to go home, (some thirty miles,) sent by his uncle, T. W—, a brother to my wife, who was very sick with inflammation on the lungs. I took the cars, and arrived at his house in the evening. He had been induced to pray and give his heart to God two days before, by a neighbor and my wife praying for him, and persuading him. When I came he was very glad to see me, for I heard that he had some hope of being healed. He seemed a little in haste to have me pray, saying, "*Why don't you pray?*" He was happy, said he had found the Lord; but he had a great difficulty in breathing, his lungs seemed to be hard pressed. I sat, after praying, by him, laid my hands on his head, took off the plaster from his stomach, and he began to sweat. My wife had previously taken up a spoon to give him something. I said, "*What is that?*" She said, "*It is medicine.*" I said, "*Dash it to the devil, where it came from.*" At that word the power of God came on my body. I then gained his consent and the consent of the whole family present, to throw all the medicine away, and I supposed I had. His breathing became easy; he got up, sat on the side of the bed with his feet on the floor. I asked him if he wanted to or felt like walking out into the other room; he said, "*No.*" But the second time he did this, he did walk out and sat in the rocking chair a long time, breathing with ease, his wife meanwhile asking him if he did not want to lay down on the lounge,—if he was not tired, &c., but he still answered "*No.*" I saw an uneasiness about her that lacked faith, (a bad omen,) but he was so comfortable I lay down and went to sleep. But she became tempted, and gave him some medicine which they had called molasses when I threw the rest of the medicine away. When I arose I felt pressed heavy, that something was out of God's order. I went away and prayed, but began to have fears of something adverse to his recovery, that was coming. Soon the doctor came and said he was better, but should have some castor oil. I said, "*Doctor, I heard that you said it would be a miracle if he got well.*" "*I did,*" he said. "*Why then*

not let him be, and let the Lord have him and raise him, if you have no hope?" But some of the absent members of the family had come, who heeded the doctor's counsel, who said: "Now, uncle, you must stop this or go away; he shall have some oil." Then I said, "He will die." My wife said, "Alonson, let us go home." I shook hands with Thomas, the sick man, said "good bye, Thomas," and left with my wife for home, about two miles, and found afterwards probably he was a corpse soon after we reached our home. But I have not made any allusion to it since to any of the family until this record.

A CASE OF SUCCESS.—HEALED.

While I was attending a camp meeting in Cayuga Co., in 1864, on the east side of the Cayuga Lake, near the place where I was born, I heard that at the house of the father of the man where I was now boarding, there were five persons sick in the one house, viz., his mother, brother, and three sisters; that one of the sisters, twenty-two years old, was thought to be dying the day before. It was about a mile distant. I went the next morning (Sunday) alone, talked with the man of the house about religion; found him in trouble, wit's end about his family, and but little confidence, if any, in the religion of camp-meetings and others. I said, the devil has hung a mist, a veil over your perceptions, smitten with unbelief; stepped to him laughing pleasantly, and laid my hand on his forehead. He looked up and said, (his black eyes sparkling,) "You don't put your hands on the sick, as the Bible says?" "Yes I do," said I, "when God tells me to." Soon he conducted me to the rooms to see the sick two daughters in one bed, the one back-side recovering, but Rachel K— was a very sick girl. I stood by her bedside on my knees, with my hand on her head, and holding her hand with the other, it may be an hour, while the sweat came out of me profusely, with such tender love as I scarcely ever felt for any human being in all my life, wondering why it was Jesus made me feel so tender towards a stranger, and she not a Christian. But soon Jesus showed me the reason, viz., that I must tell her first what He wanted, and then to lay my hand on her *bowels* and *stomach*. It was delicate for both of us. She shrank at first, but her sister, older, said. "Rachel, I would consent to it; it wont harm you." She finally did consent, rather reluctantly. But she was *healed*. I heard that she was out in the kitchen the second day after, and the rest all recovered immediately. I never saw her since, but when ever I think of Rachel K—, she seems as near and dear to me as a daughter of my own, because of the tender love Jesus gave me to that precious, suffering girl. I found an experience that day which I never fully understood before, viz., "He took our sicknesses and shall bear our infirmities." I had a test of my strength before I reached my boarding place, after being there most of the day with that sick family. I had to go and lay down awhile and sleep before I could go on the camp-ground,

which was only a few rods distant from the house of the kind family who had, although a "stranger, took me in," and boarded me without fee or pay.

BIBLE SORCERY—COUNTERFEITS.

I once found a *nest* of this *sorcery* spirit and mimicry of some of the deep things of the Spirit of God, in Allegany county, and after suffering some by its deluded votaries, the Lord called me, after some weeks had elapsed, to give a written notice that I would preach on Sunday in the W—— Meeting-house, on "Bible Sorcery," where no regular meeting had been held for a year or more. It was a new subject then to me, but I went to the Bible and to God, the Author of the Bible, for wisdom and light. I took a minute of the Scriptures from the Old and from the New Testaments, and commented on some twenty-five passages on this subject, viz.: of magic, magician, wise-men, sorcerers, conjurer, sorceress, enchantress, witches and witchcraft. About two hours the congregation sat patiently until the close of my remarks. I said, "You have in this region the darkest counterfeit of Christianity that I have ever found. Women go into the woods and stay and *freeze* their feet, saying they are bearing burdens for others by direction of the *Holy Spirit*, and claim help to support them from some of the community on that account; *fall down* on the floor, bruising the head, and body, and limbs too, saying they are getting a *victory* by the *duty* of falling on the *Rock*. A man goes out and throws himself into the water in winter, drives his head against a plastered wall and calls it the *Cross*; pound each other and ask to be struck again, and *hard* at that, blacking the eyes even—that it feels good. And some modes of mimicking the Spirit's work in a more *delicate* manner in His leading the sanctified, those who are fully saved, thus supplanting some and forestalling others by this usurpation and counterfeit, so as to strike with *dread* some of the most conscientious and inexperienced of the *real* children of God in this direction. The most of those who have never experienced the 'powers of the world to come—been made partakers of the *Holy Ghost*' are and would be at a loss to distinguish the difference. The counterfeit is so close in some points, *exactly* as the Spirit of God leads the obedient believer. See the exact counterfeit by the devil, inspired magicians in Egypt in the three first miracles done by Moses, viz.: They changed *their* rods into serpents—changed the waters of the rivers into blood with their enchantments; next they brought up the frogs. But when they tried to *mimic* and make *lice* out of dust, they failed and said to Pharaoh, 'This is the *finger of God*.' All previous to this was so *exactly* similar that Pharaoh, though wise enough to be made a *ruler* supreme over Egypt, could not distinguish any difference, and hence he was not impressed with any right to superiority of their claims or pretensions as being from God, and hence he hardened his heart and did not consent to let the people go. Now, in this deep work of the Spirit of God, the devil hates every

thing that God does, and hence his satanic skill to educate his servants to *counterfeit*, in order to *use up plans* of the *Spirit* to overthrow and destroy the works of the devil. On this plan, no doubt, rests the *healing* by the spirits, as heard of among the so-called *Spiritualists*. And hence their claims of superiority over Christianity. And because most of the churches, as such, have rejected the *supernatural*—anything *miraculous* now-a-days—have become suspicious and consequently afraid of every thing of this kind and of everybody who profess to believe such things; and more especially if they claim to have received any of these supernatural gifts of the Holy Ghost sent down to men, and some women too. But the devil has strained this cord of uubelief in some of these points that it is ready to snap. Since this faith which was once delivered to the saints' has been contended for and has also come—is dawned on the minds and does possess the hearts of some in this day and generation—so we rejoice while we sing in truth these lines:

1. “ ‘Tis the very same Jesus,
‘Tis the very same Jesus,
‘Tis the very same Jesus,
That the Jews they crucified.

But He rose, He rose, He rose, my Saviour rose,
And went to heaven in a cloud.

2. “ ‘Tis the very same power,
‘Tis the very same power,
‘Tis the very same power,
That they had at Pentecost.

‘Tis the power, the power, the power, ‘tis the power
Jesus promised should come down.

3. “ The martyrs had this power,
The martyrs had this power,
The martyrs had this power,
And they triumph'd in the flames.

By the power, the power, the power, by the power
Jesus promised should come down.

4. “ The Apostles had this power,
The Apostles had this power,
The Apostles had this power,
And we have got it too.

‘Tis the power, the power, the power, ‘tis the power
Jesus promised should come down.”

CHAPTER XV.

CONFESSON—“SHORT COMINGS.”

Once at a camp-meeting at Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, a couple of sisters—one of them a married woman—invited me into into their tent for several times; but the husband, somewhat backslidden, and had become a Sectarian withal, watching for an occasion, suddenly kneeled down in his tent, and began in the appearance of prayer alone, telling the Lord, and giving his opinion first in reference to Brother F—, a preacher present, and then of Father Reddy, and what he thought and feared would be in five years. I said, “The Holy Spirit has not told you that; it is the devil.” He arose from his knees, (having doubtless the occasion he had sought), and ordered us both

out of his tent, saying he would have us both arrested for disturbing a religious meeting, (as a kind of hypocritical pretext,) “I feel the influence of modern Spiritualism in this tent.” And he bragged in a public meeting soon after, that he had turned Father Reddy and Brother F— out of his tent, although I had only thrown the curtain of the tent the other side of me, while I remained sitting on the chest near the door, and said, “There, I am outside.” But his wife was taken sick soon afterwards, and lay eight months prostrate on her bed, with watchers most of the time. I was traveling the next spring off some fifty or sixty miles north of their place. The Lord laid such a burden and travail on me for Sister W— towards morning that I could not sleep or rest; I saw my hand on her left side and on her limbs, with the *love* and *light* of faith to heal her, the Spirit referring me to Tabatha when Peter put them all out and kneeled down and prayed, and she was brought to life. The Lord showed me I must turn my course and go there. I went and found her still alive, but reduced to a skeleton nearly. Soon after her husband conducted me into her room, where she and two watchers who had come to stay with her, and I had kissed her, and sat down at the head of her bed, and was telling her how I was burdened for her a few nights before, and was sent to see her, she seemed quite happy and glad to see me; but she soon began to complain with a return of the usual pain in her side. She called her husband to come and rub her side. He did sometime, but still she complained. He finally said he must go and have the girl come, if he could not succeed. I then dropped out of the chair on my knees at the head of the bed, put my hands, one on her head, the other on her side, higher up than his, and said: “Where is the pain, Sister W—?” She said: “A little lower down.” God’s power was on me wonderfully. I said: “Lord bless this precious one, this sufferer.” I arose and said: “I will not trouble you any more to-night,” and left the room for bed up-stairs. But the pain left her side, she said to her husband, as I saw in their conversation the next morning; but he beat her out of it, so she became in distress again. About midnight I was awaked, and the light and direction sufficiently clear to dress me and go down, have the watchers leave me alone with her as Peter did, read that lesson to her, and tell her all the Lord had showed me; but a little delay, then reasoning and indecision, soon I was asleep. But the next morning I read it and told her; she thought she could not submit to that. I told her she had submitted to a greater humiliation than that. Her husband heard of it after a little, and began to *rail*, said: “Why did not you tell me; I believe in healing faith, that some were healed by his prayers?” talked hard and loud that he had rather that woman would die and be bury her than to have it go out that she was healed in answer to my prayers. I was much blessed with calm, said: “Well, I feel clear.” His wife meanwhile saying: “Oh, do not talk so, do stop.” I said: “Brother W—, you l o not know what you

are saying." They moved her into a crib. Soon she said: "There, Father Reddy, is my arm." I went and took hold of the bare arm; she had unbuttoned the sleeve. I talked about her being poor, handled her arms a little, but never thought until afterwards that there the Lord had provided a *remedy*, if I had seen it and continued it in *faith*, and said to all present now go out and let me obey God, I do believe the Lord would have sent them out, notwithstanding all that had passed, and Sister W— would certainly have been healed and she had been living to day; but the delay in the night, and his hard words and clamor saying, "I never want you to come into my house again," had led me to infer I had done what I *could*. I have seen and learned some lessons since: that God sent me to *heal* her, and I should have looked for the opening of the Lord, and unheeding his growl in unbelief and Sectarian pride. But still he was wrong in saying, "His blood be on us and on our children." But I am called now and in this manner to record this under the head of "*Short Comings*."

BEREAVED IN CHRIST.—"SHORT COMINGS."

The Lord told me to take the brother into my bed room, (who had given me the horse I have referred to,) and tell him, "Joseph, Jesus is grieved with you for employing that doctor for your wife, after you have had the faith given you and you have been healed once yourself, and others have been healed in your house." God said, "I know Abraham that he will *command* his children and his *household* after him." "The Lord told me to talk to you. If your little girl was taken sick, you would also let your wife dictate you and send for the doctor?" He said, "Yes." "Then if you should be very sick, and she should still want a doctor?" "No," said he, "I would not have a doctor." But before the next summer was out, he had been up and down, (although a very healthy man,) under the doctor's care, by his wife's dictation. While Brother T— and I were going to a camp-meeting, we came there and heard that Joseph was very sick; his wife came to the parlor door and said: "If I had seen you before you got in, I had intended to fasten the door." I said, "You see that was not from the Lord, or you would have seen us." She had pushed brother T— away, who had started to go in to see Joseph. I stood laughing, wonderfully blest for some reason, telling her the Lord converted a young woman while in family prayer this morning, where we stayed. I had married them, and he had given me the horse. I was deeply interested for him, and I have since seen why I was so blessed, *viz.* It was to walk in to the sick man in spite of his wife's prejudice and unbelief, in spite of *men or devils, or both together*, lay my hands on him, and get him away from the devil and the infidel doctor. But we slept in the barn and did not see him at all, although he earnestly requested that she would let us in to his room. But she said, "You are too sick," (we had this from the watcher). In the fall, on our return from the east—a camp-meeting at Cazenovia—

my son said: "Father, did you hear that Joseph C— is dead?" I went to the horse-barn and mourned on my knees two hours or more for Joseph, bereaved of a *brother*. I had not thought that Joseph could die. One of the best men I ever knew, until he employed that doctor, and grieved Jesus by it, as the Lord showed me that was the cause of his death, and brought me then and there to promise I would never take medicine but under His special direction. But Joseph died in peace, but his wife was stunned, half distracted.

DELICATE CASE.—"SHORT COMINGS."

A Sister M—, in Lockport, who died in child-birth. About six or seven weeks before she died, I stayed at their house, and I was in travail and burdened all night at intervals for her, but did not say any thing to her about it, how I felt—it was delicate. In about a week I stayed there again, but slept but very little. She had spoken of lameness, and some how I received the truthful impression that her time had expired before I was burdened the first time. But this night the Lord had me in His school all night, learning some new lessons. I saw my hand on her to cure her lameness, and before morning, in half sleep and deep *love*, which would have done any service, and the light of *faith* in her miraculous *delivery*, in answer to prayer. And the Lord showed me I must not leave there this time until I told her how I felt. Her husband did not go to his work that morning; I did not know why, for I wanted to tell her alone. While in family prayer, I turned and laid my hands on her head, and was slain; she was much blessed. But before noon, I found why he had not gone; he was afraid his wife would be a Nazarite, and throw away her hoops. He said, rather good naturedly, "I wish you would wipe off your feet against me, and not come here." I said, "I shall not wipe my feet against any body, unless the Lord tells me to." But after dinner he went to his work, leaving none but the hired girl, E. W—, his wife and myself. I soon found an opportunity to tell her about seeing my hand on her lameness, her limbs. She thought of it awhile, and gave me to understand in the room that her child was alive. I prayed for her; we were blessed wonderfully with the power and presence of God; but I did not tell her all, the *whole*, *viz.*, that the Lord had taken me in the night through the whole process as her doctor, that I had been shown her child in my hands, all alive and well; that He would answer prayer and give it me then and there. After two or three months, on my return from Cayuga Co., I learned that Sister M— gave birth to her child in five weeks after, and died with it after twenty-four hours. I felt bad, but never knew the secret of failure until in the woods in the town of Wales, Erie Co., alone and pressed heavy, I was brought under a great cross to pledge to the Lord that I would never leave the woods till I was free and knew what was the matter, when soon the Lord showed me that if I had told Sister M— the *whole*, she and her child both would have

lived. And now I have to record this for *nearly* the first time on the record of "short comings."

LOST THE GIFT.

Two of the Nazarite sisters in Lockport went to see a Methodist brother who had been confined to his bed about a year. While they were on their knees praying for him, one of them said she felt the power in her arms and hands, so she could scarcely withhold them from the sick man's head, and the words given to tell him to "Get up." Then she thought what if he should not get up, what a disgrace it would be on the Nazarites, and on the cause of religion an increase of prejudice and opposition would be the result. Her *reason* was gained and entangled, she told me when they came home; she said she did not feel right about it. She then and there forfeited and lost the gift of healing most likely, which it may be she never knew she possessed until it was called for. She said afterwards she believed the man would be well if she had obeyed the Lord.

Another.—A preacher's wife related just such an experience while she and her husband were once praying for a sick woman. But I suppose she never came to or was brought to that point again, without repentance of course she never would be, God's Spirit does not trifle in that way, nor does He bring any soldier up in battle array to be thus foiled by the devil, and a greater victory gained over the Holy Ghost by this irresolution and cowardice or *care* for the consequences to ourselves or to the *cause* of God: "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to harken than the fat of rams." God will be responsible for *consequences*.

THE DEAD NOT RAISED—"SHORT COMINGS."

A minister by the name of S—, residing in the town of B—, on my way homeward I heard was very sick, was not expected to live. I felt a deep interest at once for his recovery; but was deeply conscious at the same time of the amount of unbelief about him and of all his surroundings in reference to *healing faith*, and of course against any and all of the Nazarite spirit, whether in his own particular church or out of it. I saw many difficulties in the way of reaching him so as to help him. But when I reached the village of A—, the Lord would not let me feel clear without turning about and going to his house to inquire his health and state. His wife came to the door, said he was very sick, but did not invite me in, and I did not ask or tell her how I felt about him. The next day I heard he was getting better, although the doctor did not know certainly what ailed him. A Brother T— had been into the door-yard, but was not allowed to go in to see him, who was also burdened for him. One sister told me afterwards that she was so distressed she could not leave the village, she got another sister to go with her, but the hired girl came out and stopped them in the door-yard, said they must not go in; that she liked to have fallen in the door-yard. Two or three days after my first call, I returned from a distant neighborhood and stopped to stay over night with a preacher

of the place, and while at the supper table, two preachers present, one of them spoke and said, "Father —, have you heard that brother S— was dead?" I said, "No." "He died last night." I said, with deep emotion, "I wish I could have seen him." The power of God came on me to *roar*, but I restrained or quenched the Spirit out of a little delicacy at the table, because my mouth was full of food, but turned my chair around and made but a restrained, suffocated noise. I have seen since that the Lord wanted then and there to *show* and give me direction. Then again about midnight I was waked up deeply burdened and in such *love* too that would have broken asunder *death's iron bars*, and was directed to go and take the preacher of the house with me to the house of brother S—. These words were given me to say, as I entered his room: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; if a man believe in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" lay my hands on him, embrace the dead man, kiss him, and say, "O, death, I'll be thy plague; O, grave, I'll be thy destruction." I had the *assurance of faith* from the Spirit that he would be *given me from the dead*. But the reasoning on the difficulties in the way of my being allowed to do as the Lord would lead me. Soon the doubt held me fast, and closed me in from the light of that faith once delivered to the saints. The Lord calls me here to make this confession for the first time, except to a few, and make this record publicly, that that minister was designed of God to have been *brought back from death*, for "the glory of God," and confounding the unbelief which has prevailed to such an extent among many of the Lord's people since. I have never been directed so since; I have some queries if still I have that particular gift.

SHORT OF THE MARK.

While I was preaching in Lockport during the second spring of the war, I was deeply distressed about so many going to be killed, and in view of the accompanying evils of war. One brother and one sister also of the Nazarite Society had the burden on them too. About the time the law made it an offense to discourage enlistment, one Sunday the Lord held me to pray publicly against the continuance of the human slaughter. I became deeply burdened and yet felt a little restraint and caution not to utter in that public manner anything that would expose me to the law. But while I saw in prayer the greatness—how extensive the evil and the greatness of that power which alone could interrupt its progress—these words were given and repeated, "I will rebuke the devourer for Thy sake," (viz., Christ.) I fell by the awful power of God upon me, and while laying there, He asked me if I would give my *life* to stop it, giving me the words of the High Priest of the Jews, viz.: "It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people and that the whole nation perish not." I had the faith given me that it could be interrupted and rebuked on those conditions. I saw some twenty or twenty-five about the President, which could move the

whole machinery of the nation; all the vastness of view at first had dwindled down to a few, and less than this number. I saw I would have, to go there (I did not see how) in person; be misunderstood at first, and ridiculed. I saw myself *there* in vision and before the President. But my consent was not fully given. Then the reasoning began to dim my faith and my *caution*, still in the way. However, I arose in the meeting, talked, and said, "I do believe the war will be stopped," but did not *commit myself by pledge* to offer my life for the nation. Here was the *flaw*, and I have been twitted of prophesying wrong because the war continued. But I never confessed this before *now*, I believe, to anybody. The brother who was burdened also prayed that day and said, after I fell, he also repeated the same words. "*Rebuke the devourer,*" and the power of God seized his arms and hands as if he were frozen instantly. The sister said one day she was so burdened by the Spirit that she would have been willing that a thousand bullets might be shot through her, if that would stop the war. I do firmly believe now, and have most always since, that the war was designed of God to be interrupted that spring by His selecting me as the voluntary victim, (a prophet of the nation.) Great as the idea may seem to others, and not much less so to me too, at the time, which was one thing that caused the hesitation, I have never felt exactly clear when I have thought of President Lincoln's death, that if I had committed myself on that Sunday morning, as God showed me, I probably would have been arrested soon for some alleged fault, and God would have had me before the President. He has always seemed near to me since that time, and I do not believe he would have been shot in a theatre if I had not shrank that day. God has brought this to my mind to make this confession for Him in this manner. I did not think it would be believed by scarcely anybody, and then, too, it is a great humiliation and cross thus to speak it out. While at one of the Cazenovia camp-meetings, in prayer, I was slain, and while laying there I heard a hypocritical woman, having a strange exercise, mockingly say to the Presiding Elder, Brother R—, "One must die for the people," in a sort of ridicule, repeating the words once or twice. The Lord showed me that it was a mocking devil in her who alone knew what it meant and got her to say it, that I knew and the Lord knew, and perhaps the same devil alone (not even the woman) who got me to shrink two or three years before at Lockport. N. B.—I was arrested at Lockport that spring, charged with enticing a soldier to desert the service of the Government (growing out of a dream in reference to his family,) and was indicted by the United States Grand Jury at Rochester. But God set two young women of the Nazarite Society at Lockport to fast and pray for my release, and the Lord did *set me at liberty*—glory to His name. My feelings were so deep during the remaining time the war lasted that I could scarcely look at a soldier thoughtfully without being ready to weep, thinking of the spot where the Southern bullet

would strike him and let out the blood and take his life. I could not read an article about the war, but never knew fully why I had such afflicted and tender emotions about it until since the Lord has called me to make this humiliating confession and record in this work, and in the manner above, among the confessions on "short comings;" this one chapter devoted to it in particular.

FEAR TO ROAR.—SUPERNATURAL GIFT.

It has always been a cross for me to *roar*. The temptation makes it seem so awful—that it will disturb others—that it will frighten the feeble of the flock; and yet I know God always sends victory to others, even the feeble in meetings, when I do. Some have said they felt the ground jar at one time at a camp-meeting. But when I do roar without restraint, then I have a *perfect faith*. But I embarrassed myself by promise when I was in prison the first time at Albion. The sheriff said he sometimes had had to punish prisoners. I replied, "I will not do any thing to trespass on your regulations." Yet the Lord had and did wake me up every night but one, viz., four out of five, about one o'clock, to pray, and would make me *roar*, but there was a *restraint*, so I had not a perfect victory. And this embarrassment was still upon me when I was in prison at Buffalo, where the prisoners are not allowed to talk or make any noise. One Sunday, in the meeting, while the young Episcopalian minister was warning the sinner, faithfully and truthfully, about hell as a consequence of living in sin and dying without the knowledge of Jesus as their Saviour, I sat with my eyes closed. Soon I saw the burning lake come up in sight; I felt an intimation of *roaring*, and yet a little fear or wish not to roar. The Spirit was powerfully on me, but soon I was sorry I had quenched the Spirit. Some left soon afterwards for whom I had felt a deep interest, and I never was led up to that point again in the meeting. But the last night before my three months expired, I was waked as usual to get up and pray. After a long time on my knees, I arose to get into bed, but the Lord would not let me do it with a clear conscience till I had *roared*; that I must make a noise before I left. It seemed like death—the watch below always up; "Big Tom," as they called him, was cruel. It was the tightest place nearly I was ever in; the devil threatening with fear, heading my thoughts, while the Spirit was leading me up to a crucifixion and *death*. It was a long time ere I could get courage and strength, in view of consequences. But at last I said, "*My God, I will obey Thee, if I die.*" The awful *roar* came, and I fell on the stone floor of the cell, crying, "*Oh, that burning lake! Must they be lost—must they be lost!*" Tom was soon in my cell; he emptied the cup of water into my bosom; his sympathies were touched, and he struck under conviction. My flesh was filled with God, prickling in every part; I was so blest. He said, after some time, when I arose, kindly, "*Now get in bed.*"

SOLD JESUS.—THE POTTER'S FIELD.

The first spring of the war, a young man, an exhorter, thought he had the cross on him to go and *enlist*. He prayed about it a few times, and thought the last time that he got the answer from the Lord; but found soon it was from the devil, to get him from preaching. He afterwards married, went to England about a year or less in successful labor, then returned; but having lost holiness in his return. After a little he came to a friend's house in Erie Co., where I had stopped. The old lady of the house came into the parlor where I was and said, "R— has *enlisted*, and he gets most seven hundred dollars." Instantly these words were given me by the spirit: "*He has sold Jesus.*" I had to go right to him, shook hands and said, "Well, R—, the devil has got you into his trap after all; you have *sold Jesus*; the Lord let the light on you to see what you have done." The potter's field was about me, some time being repeated. I asked the brother of the house what he supposed it meant, "the potter's field," while I was so burdened for the young man; he said he talked *some* of buying the place near by which was once owned by a man by the name of Potter. The newly enlisted soldier went to Elmira, was soon taken sick, came very near losing his life and his soul too; said he felt the misery of a lost soul, but found mercy and recovered with the permanent loss of sight of both eyes. I suppose he preaches some, but is now receiving a pension from the Government, I have understood, of about twenty-five dollars per month. Now I have to record short comings on this also. Three years ago, the Lord told me to write him a letter and say, "R—, the Lord shows me that when you are fully restored to the clear light of that holiness which you once enjoyed, Jesus will not allow you to take that *pension*."

SMITTEN FROM NEGLECT.

In the winter of 1865, I stopped over night with a Brother W—, near Rushford, Allegany county, N. Y. In the morning the Testament was handed to me, and after reading, while standing up singing a few verses, the power of God laid me down on my back on the carpet. Soon after I arose and took my seat. I was sent by the Holy Spirit to Sister W—, who was sitting in a chair, but not well. I dropped on my knees, took hold of her hands, and was set crying as I tried to utter some words for some little time. At last they came out—"Jesus, bless her; bless this precious one"—weeping on till relief came; then went to my seat. I found afterwards she was *deeply* afflicted with *piles* and was expecting to die; that the doctors could not help her. I talked with her, but did not tell her that Jesus had shown me *how* He could help and *cure* her. A few nights afterwards, I was awaked and found the burden and power of God on me, trembling under the cross to go into her room and lay my hands on her in Jesus' name. I dressed myself, struck a light and went into her room. I told her how the Lord made me feel about her, and

what *faith* He had given me for her *cure*, shaking wonderfully, asking her to consent to be *healed*. But I went again to my bed; then once more after daylight I tried to persuade her and her husband; told him finally the third time that he *must* talk to her, that I could not endure to stay in this house, I was so burdened. But I was *released*, but smitten with the same affliction on me ever since, at times, though never troubled with it before. She died with it the next summer, after suffering much, as she confessed to a Christian friend that I told her she would be a worse sufferer by rejecting God's plan to relieve her, and that she was sorry; that she had no doubt but that she would have been *healed*. And then, too, how much better than to have ungodly doctors (as she expressed it) handle her and get no help, but get worse and die, as she expected to; that her husband was sorry after I was gone. It may be from the extraordinary exercise on me that all three of us were *smitten from neglect*, viz., she died. He died in about a year, and I am afflicted yet with the consequences—with her disease.

UZZAH SMITTEN.

A maiden woman by the name of Lucy B—, in Niagara county, was an invalid by inflammatory rheumatism. For twelve years she had not walked, I think, at all. But a Brother T— heard of and visited her, preached to her about Jesus having the same power over diseases and also over devils (the agent and author of all diseases) now as He ever had; and while he was praying, or soon after he left, she felt and heard her joints crack, and she was straightened somewhat in the bed. Soon after this, a Brother S— came and prayed for her *cure*, and he told her to *rise and walk*, but she thought she could not do that. But soon after he left, she arose and walked across the room. But her well and healthy sister, who had taken care of her, saw Lucy walking, and sprang forward in alarm, or surprise, throwing her arms around the restored cripple, saying, "Lucy's walking—Lucy's walking!" But in four days the robust and hitherto healthy sister was a corpse, for touching God's work in unbelief, steadyng the ark of God (like Uzzah who died by the ark), while Lucy was left well to go about and tell what great things the Lord had done for her.

LIFE FORFEITED.

A young man in Broome county, by the name of George, an exhorter, was called of God and shown by the Spirit that he must go and lay his hands on the *dead*—the daughter of a traveling preacher who had died in a foreign land, a missionary, and was preserved in spirits and brought home to her father. George went and told the preacher what the Lord had told him. It alarmed the preacher who said he would not have it done for anything in the world, and at first made a great ado. But at the funeral he looked for George—he expected he would be there and do something; but George was grieved and disheartened, and had left the neighborhood and did not obey the Lord. And

he died himself in about six months, and the preacher deeply regretted it, after the funeral, that he had not encouraged George, and it was harder to be reconciled to the last disappointment than the death of his daughter.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A CHILD'S VISION OF HEAVEN.

The particulars of the following vision were taken down from the lips of Nancy M—, the aunt of the boy with whom he was then sleeping, in the spring of 1863, in Syracuse, and from the grandfather of the boy, who drew out by questions many of the items of this vision, and especially the *proofs* in the descriptions given of persons who had died many years before the child was born, and of whom he had never heard a word. Its truthfulness so deeply impressed the grandfather, J. M—, that he expected the boy would die at the expiration of the two years which was consented to for him to stay with his little brother on his request, as related in the vision.

William M—, eight years old, whose mother had been dead about eight months, and his grandmother, who had been dead about five years, came in the night, (as he told his aunt in the morning and afterwards,) and took him out of the bed, and carried him to heaven. That the devil made a grab at him just as he was going in, but he was not afraid, that he was very tall, had black, ugly eyes. That when they entered about fifty persons came around them, the grandmother introducing him to them. Some preachers and some relatives; his aunt Lydia, who died many years before he was born, at two and a-half years old, the most beautiful of all the children there. Two preachers, one named Crandall, who died sixteen years before in Illinois; one named Burrit, had sandy hair; had been dead nine years. She showed him Father Puffer and Kelsey; that she went away, was gone a long time; came back with a large cluster of grapes, the largest and sweetest he ever tasted, so very rich he said, "I can taste them yet." Soon his mother came with a large peach; then came a Brother Porter, a preacher, with a large pear. He saw the tree that bore "twelve manner of fruit;" counted six or seven kinds. This Brother Porter was, as he said to Willie, a particular friend of his grandfather; was there one Saturday night and promised, with his wife, to visit him on Monday night, but said, "I died and did not go." "Was you sorry?" said Willie; he said "No." Which was so; he was taken sick in meeting on Sunday, and died on Monday. Said that all the beautiful infants were close around the throne together with their harps. That he went and took a seat by the side of the Angel Gabriel, who had a large golden trumpet. He asked if he might blow it; the angel said, "Yes," but he was not strong enough. Then

Gabriel blew a very loud but a pleasant noise.

Then God took up the Bible and read the thirteenth chapter of St. John, many also had Bibles. The singing he tried to imitate the sounds, but stopped because it was so unlike it. Their faces shone so bright and glistened, he never saw any like them in this world. His grandmother's crown shook when she walked, and the stars in it glistened like diamonds. He said God on the throne shone so bright that he could not go very near Him; that when He turned around the light distressed him, and seemed to go right through him, and the light from His crown lighted up heaven, which was so large that the oldest ones there had not been all over it. That God had a large book, as large as the room he was in, containing the names and daily account of all upon the earth; that he looked for his own name, W—, and saw that all his sins were blotted out but two, that he would have to be forgiven of them. Saw the accounts of his father and uncles; said they could not go there unless they repented. Saw Christ on the cross and the two thieves; over one of them was written, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,"—the Father, Son and Spirit, that these three are one. Saw John the Revelator, some of the old Prophets and Apostles, Fletcher and Wesley, and also some of his associates; one that he played with at Cazenovia, the fall before, had been dead two or three weeks, eighteen miles off, but had not heard of it or known it till he saw him there. Saw them constantly coming into heaven, their robes all ready for them, and crowns to put on as soon as they came in who had died on the earth—about a thousand while he was there—which seemed a year, he saw so much. He asked God when he might come there and stay. He said in a year. Then he thought of his little brother, and asked if he could not stay with him longer. Was told, "You can stay two years if you are good." Saw an angel take up a child and go with it down into the River of Life, clear to the bottom—very deep and very clear, and no water on them when they came up; it seemed playfully done. Saw the place where the wicked were burning; it seemed to be this world on fire; heard their groans, and they burning in it. Then Gabriel sounded his trumpet for the Resurrection, and the graves opened; saw the bones of the dead before they came to life and began to rise, and then the wicked crying for mercy, but it was too late; seemed to know at once who were saved and who were wicked still.

After viewing this scene, he seemed to know without being told that he was going to be carried back to this world, when suddenly his mother and grandmother came, took him up, and brought him back to the same bed. His grandmother said, "Here's Nancy," as they left him. He immediately spoke and said, "O Aunt Nancy, I've been in heaven all night," his eyes looking red and full of tears, as if he had been weeping a long time. She then asked him what he had seen. He began to tell her, then paused with apparent reluctance. He

then said that his grandmother told him to tell his uncle David and his father, who were unconverted, but she continued by questions until she drew out most of the above. Then when his grandfather came to see Willie, he asked him more particularly, and found the proof in some of the following descriptions, as well as those mentioned. He saw his two great-grandfathers and told their names; being asked to describe them, he said one was a small man, that his skin was as yellow as that bellows, and he died of jaundice. The other had the reddest nose he ever saw—as red as fire—which was true, from a disease in the nose. They had been dead fifty or sixty years. It seems from this that heaven has varieties, and not all sameness, but pleasures and scenes adapted to the variety of age and taste of all the family of God above especially. And we see it something so here, in the distribution of the gifts of the Spirit and also in the variety of His leadings and demonstrations with the saved—the saints here. Everything to show the wisdom, love and goodness of God to make us *happy*, complete and thus glorify Himself in us who believe and obey Him.

MYSTERIOUS LEADINGS—A VISION.

In 1861, while at the Bergen camp-meeting, in Genesee county, a few of us had an early prayer-meeting each morning at five o'clock, where some good was witnessed. In one of them I had a mysterious exercise and experience with my shawl pinned around me in the cool air. While in prayer I was slain by the power of God, and was soon set in motion like a saw-log, rolling among the trees and bushes, over the leaves, (as it was outside the circle of tents.) I was perfectly conscious of the motion. I had no fear, but thought of the trees that they *might* be in my way. Suddenly I was stopped by the same invisible power which made and started my body in motion. It *seemed* the distance of a rod or more. After a little pause I was rolled back again. It seemed (for my eyes were closed) the same distance, when presently I began to be stretched, limbs and body, as if upon the rack, yet in no pain, and perfectly happy and conscious and safe, viz.: that it was the Lord. But I did not know but He would tear my limbs from the body, it was drawing so tight. I began to wonder and inquire in my mind, “*What does this mean?*” when suddenly stood Samuel, the ancient prophet of the Lord, before my somewhat astonished mind, with King Agag (whom Saul should have slain; see 1st Samuel, xv, 33,) with a butcher's long-edged axe in Samuel's hands, and he hewing Agag to pieces. Then the inquiry was again, “*What does that mean?*” Immediately three of the prominent ministers of the meeting and of the pilgrim army stood, then passed before my *vision*, viz.: Brother A—, the oldest, first; next S—, and R—, the last and the least one of the three *kings* or *rulers* in Zion, (*that wanted to govern in Zion.*) I was told then that I must *hew these kings to pieces*—must go into the stand that morning and relate this vision in their presence. It was so wonderful, and the

work of such a rough nature for *me*, (did not see how,) that it took *all* there was of me to consent. I arose, looked at it sternly, but said or intimated nothing to any one. I came into the tent. Sister H—d met me, said, “*You are willing to become a barley loaf, are you not, Brother Reddy?*” It did not occur to me the import of the figure, viz.: *that* (figuratively) which sent such dismay, terror, and overthrow of the Midianites; the dream representing Gideon and his little army of “*water lappers*” with their broken pitchers and lights. The time came; the bell rang for preaching. I started at once for the stand, got there, and so few had come. A sly suggestion was presented, viz.: “*You will want them there when you tell it.*” Then a thought to step away a little into the woods and pray, so as to keep ready for such a great cross. When I returned a vast congregation had assembled, and Brother P—y was talking in the stand. The suggestion was made, “*There, it is too late; you will have to wait till he is done—he is so stern, he will not let you speak till he is done.*” When he had done, I arose in the stand to speak, but such a state of confusion I never saw—several speaking at once, and nobody knew what ailed the meeting, nor myself either. I thought may be it is for some other time, since the way is shut up. I have seen since that my going away to pray was a ruse—a trick of satanic generalship, and thus the whole army—the meeting—was betrayed into the hands of the enemy, and I did not know it, and, too, on a matter and subject of such magnitude and importance that it must be hunted out and remedied, or the devil would triumph over the whole, and I came near forfeiting my further stay on earth by it. After the meeting closed, (for it had to be dismissed, nobody could work but those deceived and hypocrites when God did not lead the meeting,) a Brother W— invited me to dinner. While in his tent after dinner, I stood conversing with a sister on holiness, encouraging her to believe now, when suddenly the power of God came upon me, and I went over backwards, something striking me between my shoulders, and knocking the breath out of me, throwing me over on my face; but instantly, yea, miraculously, my body was turned on to my back. I soon found in my heart or mind a complaining thought, and soon almost, if not quite, a wish to *die*, and be out of this world of trouble and pain. I do not know but I made some noise in my efforts to recover my breathing and live, unconscious of every thing about me, except those thoughts. I suppose I must have lain there some time. The first I was conscious of, my attention began (a thought or two at intervals,) to lean towards what the Lord had called me to do, but saw its light was gone. I found repentance in *me*—was sorry, but it looked impossible now to remedy or ever get it right. I thought if I could only be placed back a few hours. Now I perceived by the singing that they were commenced in the afternoon meeting—that all had left the tent where I lay alone, but my feelings had undergone a great change, from despondency to a ray of *hope*. Now I

was required to go into the stand without the light I had had of the words. But I asked for the *words*—but *no*; then if I could have assurance of success, that they would let me speak when I got to the stand; but *no*, I must go now without *any*, in view of being entirely deprived, and without complaining of the treatment or care for the disgrace. When these *unconditional terms* were consented to I was upon my feet at once, and on my way to the stand. As I came up into the stand, Brother Gorham had just read his text. I said: “Brother Gorham, I have a word of testimony.” He scabbled up his papers quick, and went into the back part of the stand. With deep humility and emotion too, I asked the saints of God to pray for me; that I had crosses to bear for the Lord which few or none others had, and felt the need of help. I then related the whole which I have now said, except the particular of the Kings in Zion, and the work which I was called to do, I recollect, came out last. I began to feel the awful power of God nerving me up to a very high point, far above men and devils too, for instantly, as I stepped towards the north end of the stand, I looked away out on *Eternity*, seemingly without bounds to my vision, my left foot raised clear from the floor, with the leg nerved wonderfully. The last I was conscious of till I heard the voice of Brother G—— in resuming his sermon with a little irregularity of step as he walked the stand. Soon I felt my feet and legs drawn two hitches aside by his foot; then I lay crooked, but did not feel discommoded. Suddenly I was rolled *swift*, packed up snug against the front side of the stand, under the breastwork or shelf. I had a thought—may be the Lord will roll me up over the front down into the congregation. But soon I was shown two things or designs, which the Lord had in that violent motion and my present position, viz., 1st, a *rebuke* of that unbelief which was the cause of my feet being moved out of the way of the preacher of the Gospel, he not recognizing the Lord as the Author and Agent in the Miracle or Sign; 2d, He showed me that my position was to be in front of all the ministers, and was called to it *now*, from the deep miraculous experience He had given me,—a prominence and position I had always avoided. One woman said to my wife, who was not there: “He went down very quick;” I presume it was almost invisible even to those looking on. The next morning, in the love-feast, I stood in the stand, said a few words, was turned suddenly, threw my arms around Brother S—— (one of these kings,) and kissed him, saying, “I never loved you so in my life; I have got you, and the devil shall not have you.” He replied, “Brother Reddy, I begin to love you.” Thus I was beginning to “hew” these kings by this love of the Spirit and the childlike simplicity of His *guidings*. That preacher is now deceased. A sister had the cross on her to speak in that love-feast, but did not know a word she had to say. She thought as she stood in the crowd, “Now, if that man will only step down off that bench, I will get

up there and speak.” Instantly he stepped down, and she took the place, began to speak, the tone of her voice so changed that some of her sisters hardly knew her voice, and a strange unusual power seized her body, which she had never felt before, (probably the martyr spirit or power,) as she said, “The Lord holds me to stand by Brother Reddy;” meanwhile the Lord had sent me out of the stand, so I was not present to hear it at the time. I have never made reference to this vision since publicly, and seldom privately, from delicacy, &c.

NOTORIOUS, NOT FROM CHOICE.

“Persecution dragged them into *fame* and forced them up to *heaven*.”

While I was attending one of the Brockport tent-meetings, I saw a man from Vermont who had heard of the “wonderful works of God” among the pilgrims in Western New York. While he stood in front of the stand talking under deep conviction for the blessing of holiness, saying, “I want it—I must have it,” my inmost soul was at once in travail, drawn out in prayer for him, that he might obtain it *now* while he was talking, even before he sat down. I stepped a little nearer to him, within a few feet, my very bowels yearning for his deliverance; that it was close by, while the man began to stagger under the power of God, and raising his voice. The Lord told me to go quickly to him, lay my hands on his head, and say, “Baptize him with the *Holy Ghost*.” The way was crowded with chairs. I started quickly to go around, but saw some difficulty in that direction. I stopped to consider, when immediately the *lord* of the meeting made a move, said to the man, “Now kneel right down here.” They all kneeled, and I too. I felt sorry that my delay had been used by the devil quickly and taken advantage of, and might keep him out of God. I worked my way along towards the struggling man to get my hands on him after all. But in my attempt to lay my hands on him, I was seized by a strong man, Brother T——, a preacher, and pulled back, so I had to give it up. They prayed, exhorted, and counseled him, and tried hard and long to “smuggle” him into the harbor of perfect love, while at the altar, and then took him to the tent to finish up the hoped for triumph on *their plan*. But it was a “strangled birth.” The Lord called me the next day to confess this publicly, which I did, and found relief; but I had no more to do about it afterwards, but still felt sorry for him. At the same meeting, while singing

“Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit’s course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?”

I was slain—fell on the platform. I heard Brother R—— preaching after a little, with life and plainness. The Lord told me to rise and lay my hands on his head there before the vast congregation and many ministers too from a distance. It was unlooked for, and it seemed as if it could do no good with such unbelief in those gifts now, and especially such prejudice

as I knew was against me and the Nazarites in general. I asked the Lord to excuse me on that ground. I was let up soon, but an old minister in his talk cast reflections on Brother R—— for his sharp uncompromising sermon at the close, which caused him to be grieved, and he burst into tears and dropped on his knees facing the congregation, weeping aloud. The Lord said, “*Go now and lay your hands on his head and pray for him.*” I started instantly, but the *lord* of the meeting said, “Here, you can not come over here.” I then saw where I could get to him another way. I turned and another preacher grabbed me, but by that time the Lord had got my will in desperate motion. I got to him, and said, as I dropped on my knees before him, “Brother R——, the Lord has sent me to pray for you.” “*Do pray for me,*” said he, while weeping aloud still. I added, “and put my hands on your head.” “*O no,*” said he; but my hands had already come on his sweating head and the spell was instantly broken on him, and he arose, but I went over backwards, laughing and crying too, for joy, with such *love* as I never remember having had for any man in all my life; such *tender love*, I could have cheerfully given my life for him. I cared not for the whole world what they said or thought of me. *I knew* where I was and what I was doing. I was conscious of two *roars* of the Spirit coming out of me while I lay laughing, a few minutes before I arose. They told me afterwards that three persons fell when I was made to *roar*—two men and one woman. I saw the woman laying after I arose.

Now, I have to say that this was a *remedy* which the Lord provided after excusing me from the other call; and this first even in so public a manner, was but a remedy for my neglect or delay, and shrinking from laying my hands on the same preacher once in Erie Co., when he was going to preach, the first time I had failed to obey God promptly after he had called me to leave *all* some six or eight months; I had been obedient. But these were new crosses and duties out of the ordinary custom, and was making me prominent, a position I had always chosen to avoid. I had once, at a camp-meeting at Alleghany, Cattaraugus county, gone into the stand while Brother Stiles was preaching, and laid my hands on his head, he responding *Amen* to my request to the Lord, viz.: *Let the Holy Ghost come on him. Lord bless Brother Stiles.*” It was about the first thing I remember after being brought by the Spirit while in the tent to this decision, viz.: *I will.* But I fell backwards, while I heard the *Amen* repeated by the preacher who had left his sermon and turned facing me, saying, *Amen—Amen.*

CONSCIENCE.

There is very little suffering now for *conscience* sake. The martyrs had a conscience which they *could not violate*. They were burned at the stake and to death, because they would not offend God. When five words, dictated by their enemies for them to say, would

have saved their lives, one of them said to the sympathizing friends who were holding out presents to induce him to recant: “*If you love my soul take these things away.*”

The early Christians could not *war*, go into battle, but could suffer death because of it, and keep a clear conscience before the Lord. The Quakers in England were fined and imprisoned because they could not conscientiously take off their hat to reverence the *king* or *court*. Wm. Penn was fined for contempt of court for not taking off his hat himself (others did it,) when he came into the court-room, and then was sent to jail for months because he could not with a good conscience pay the fine imposed.* Ste-phenson, Marmaduke, and Mary Dyer, were hanged in Boston, because they were condemned for being Quakers, and the judgments of God followed the people heavy for years about that region after their execution. Mary Dyer was released through the influence of her son, but she came back again the next spring, went and told them that the Lord had sent her there again to have them hang her and fill up their cup; and they did hang her. Charles Wesley kept on preaching when a loaded gun was pointed to his breast, threatened with death if he did not stop. But with boldness he talked on for God and for souls. He could not stop with a clear conscience when God told him to preach. Many of the Quakers I have known have suffered their cattle and hay-stacks sold for a tenth their value, because their conscience would not allow them either to train or pay the fine imposed on them. *I could not* with a clear conscience promise the court nor the sheriff at Angelica jail I would not go to Brother Baker’s and that region, to be released from prison, because God would be offended with me. And so with all the above cases, because it would be done for the devil, yielding to the devil’s stipulated conditions and *plans*. We can not do any thing for the devil without offending God. So the devil’s blind children call us *wilful, stubborn, &c.,* and think we might bend, yield a little, so not to provoke their wrath. We could and would cheerfully for the Lord, if the devil did not want it done. This is the reason why God will not let us do it, nor compromise, as many would do *now*, to save their lives or to keep out of prison. *This is a holy war of principle.*

VISION AND REVELATION.

In 1860, while sitting on a platform at a grove meeting in Wales, Erie county, while Brother M—— was talking, after his wife and Sister F—— had preached, a fearful heaviness came over me, seeming as if it would almost *annihilate* me, it was so sudden and heavy. Then I saw a vision. Platoons of devils in rank and file, compacted like an army, filling all the space clear down to hell on an inclined plane from the platform, connected with this Revelation from the Lord, viz., that He had called me to “*use me up in fighting them.*” I

* It was here he wrote his work, “*No Cross, no Crown.*”

arose on my feet as Brother M—— closed, and stepped aside; I uttered these words: “*I am going up Calvary.*” I seemed to be about half way up the mountain, on the east side. As I uttered the words, Brother M——, standing at my right side, yelled and was thrown some eight or ten feet through the air off the platform, and fell on the ground in front of the large congregation present. I talked a few words more, but sat down happy, and found my strength had left me in part. A Sister P—— stood with her eyes open, motionless some hours, stiffened by the power of God, while two others lay strangling, one of them as if she was going to die, and the other had her eyes wide open—both preacher’s wives. I had to carry the bread and wine, and put it to the lips of one of them. There was awful power there, and some mysteries to my mind. But God was *in it all.*

THE MARTYR SPIRIT.

In 1861, while I was talking one evening in the meeting-house at Collins Centre, Erie Co., N. Y., to a large congregation, crowded full, I felt such a strange power suddenly *seize* my body, especially my thighs, that it seemed that *fire would not give me pain.* And as I told of it I was laid over at the corner of the altar by the power of God. I had thought always before, while reading the book of Martyrs, that it was a dreadful death. But God has showed me since and by it that the martyrs did not suffer much, unless by *fear, unbelief.* Once since, at a quarterly meeting on Pompey Hill, in Onondaga Co., while speaking a few words in the altar after the sacrament, I told of one of the martyrs who, when his flesh was mostly burned from his bones, called out, “*Here, you Catholics who have wanted to see a miracle, here is a man most burned up, and not a particle of pain.*” That same martyr spirit seized my body again; so twice I have felt it on me. A Sister D——, while bearing the cross at one of the Bergen camp-meetings, felt this same power, I suppose, from her description of her feelings, they “*quenched the violence of fire.*”

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

A young man, nineteen years old, from Belfast, Allegany county, N. Y., by the name of James C——, who came to one of the Bergen camp-meetings; when near the close, a young friend of his saw he acted strangely. He came to the tent and asked me to go and see James, that something ailed him. I went; saw there was something out of order, but my eyes were “*holden.*” That night he raved like a maniac, jumped, whistled, kicked some of the women, one he kicked in the neck hard, saying, as he threw one preacher across the tent as you could a cat, “*Samson’s here!*” But he was finally overpowered by seven men, who carried him away about half a mile to a preacher’s house. They had to bind him; but the Lord laid the cross on three of us to go and pray for James. We went, and one of the preachers of the house turned us out of the house, supposing that they had got him soothed by rubbing camphor on

him, and did not want him disturbed. The other preacher, the father of the family, came and found us on the door-step, and he turned us out of the door-yard. Then we went into highway, under some trees, to pray for the poor sufferer, but they came and threatened us with arrest if we did not leave. But we were intent on his deliverance; said we would go to State Prison or to death. They left us for the Sheriff at the ground, but before the company returned we were all fallen by the power of God, and the victory and witness too had come. The last I remember, I was bent backwards over the root of the tree, holding James by faith up before me to Jesus, saying, “*Jesus, give me James from the devil.*” Suddenly the Holy Ghost laugh came with the witness. The next morning he was walking the door-yard; and has been to the army since as a soldier. But we were all taken prisoners while thus slain, had to be supported, a man on each side; but before we reached the camp-ground, the Sheriff and most of his company were under conviction—took us to our respective tents, and said they had rather take us to *heaven* than to jail, where we all supposed we were going. Thus the *Samson devil* was cast out; but how little the preachers understood that faith that had conquered.

Another case.—I had traveled all night and nearly all day, when I came to a man’s house in Chemung county. I said to a stranger at his gate, “*Can you harbor me over night; I am a traveling preacher.*” “*I would be glad to,*” said he, “*but we have a woman here who will abuse you if she knows you are here; she has been swearing and raving three weeks.*” “*What ails her—is she possessed of the devil?*” “*I don’t know but she is.*” “*Well, this is the place the Lord has sent me, and has given me power to cast out devils.*” (An old maid fifty-seven years old became deranged by the Advent meetings and doctrine nineteen years before, and now for nine nights they could not sleep.) While at the breakfast table the next morning, (she had not seen me before, only heard of me,) she began to talk about beasts with the hair in their mouth, and about the *lion*. I said the *lion* is the strongest of the beasts. She said, “*You lie,*” and took up a knife, threatening to cut my throat. But the power came on me, and I grabbed her, and we went over on the floor and I held her until the fierce look left her eyes, saying, “*Barbara, they have not loved you as they should; but Jesus has loved you, and sent me to love you and pray for you.*” No one said anything to me of the family, but after a while she gave up; *I felt her nerves relax*; she dropped the knife. The Lord told me to let her up. She took up the chair, sat down awhile, then went up stairs, relieved and in her right mind. She ate nothing, nor was heard again till the next morning she ate breakfast.

One case more.—Some converts at one of the Cazenovia camp-meetings had persuaded a young woman to get on her knees with them in one corner of the tent. Soon the Presiding Elder’s wife came and asked me to go and help those young folks. The girl was lying down,

writhing and choking. I laid my hand upon her head, but she twisted like a snake, and looked at me with a vengeance. We began to sing

“ Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before Him fall.
And devils fear and fly.”

But the unbelief of the older ones was desperate—preachers too. They grabbed to pull my hands from her head, tried to pull me over, but we sang on, and Elsy was delivered from the devil. She soon reached her hand to me and then arose, embracing and kissing her mates, her countenance lit up with a heavenly radiance, and went to her tent happy. Very few religious assemblies would be able to endure the excitement of devils being cast out where the struggle was tight and the fight with devils was hot, as with Jesus.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS.—MORALITY.—SHORT BREATH SYMPATHY.

A professed Christian friend at the jail door, Angelica, during the court, with others whose mistaken sympathies would have me forfeit a principle of honor and of loyalty to God, requesting me to promise the court I would not go to Brother Baker's again, where my clothes are being washed; a Christian brother, whose friends in *unbelief* got me here. Then the whole court and all concerned in my persecution and imprisonment, would cheerfully consent to my release from jail at once. The friend said, “ You believe in morality, don't you? ” I said, “ Yes, I believe in *obeying God*. ” “ Well, you believe in *morality*, don't you? ” he insisted. I said, “ *Morality?* What morality? ” “ An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.” This is the principle of moral *justice*. But Jesus said, “ I say unto you, resist not evil, but if a man smite you on one cheek, offer also the other; if he compel you to go with him a mile, go with him two; if he sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for He is *kind* to the unthankful and the evil.” “ *Morality* ” of the extortioners, who shave on their money, are *covetous*, and yet they are respectable members of the church—they are called Christians; and *moral*, *Christian* men (so-called) head an army in battle to slaughter thousands of human beings in an hour, all unprepared to meet God. Yet these are called *moral*. Men persecute and try to hinder the righteous from serving and worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and yet they are esteemed *moral*. Men take the advantage offered by the bankrupt law, or make an assignment—cheat their creditors and become rich at others' expense, and then soon the people run these *moral* men for public office, even for members of the Legislatures, to make our laws. They, of course,

must be considered *moral*. Here are some of the numerous standards of morality, and yet most religious people are struck with horror—a panic seizes them when some *new mode* of the Spirit is heard of, leading some of God's children to overthrow and destroy the works of the devil, like the Jews strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. They do not believe that it is the living God that makes them feel so troubled and bad with conviction for *their* unbelief. It comes in contact with their former and stereotyped ideas and education, even from the Bible itself in some instances, just as the chief priests of the Jews rejected the teachings of Jesus Christ, which teachings and spirit they thought was going to destroy the “ *law* and the *prophets*. ” But Jesus said, “ Think not that I have come to destroy, but to *fulfill*. ” But not indeed to perpetuate the same teachings, standards, modes, etc., of worshipping and serving God, but saying, “ The Father seeketh such to worship Him as worship Him in *spirit* and in *truth*; in *newness of spirit*, and not in the oldness of the letter.” *The will of God is and always was the only immutable standard of morality or of acceptable righteousness*. But God's will, as expressed in regard to the conduct of the Jews, found in their law—called now the moral law—cannot be the *invariable rule* or the will of God always, to every person, in every climate, and at all times, (i.e., the letter,) because at some places on the globe the day lasts several months, and in other places the night. The Jewish Sabbath, commencing at sun-set and ending the next day at sun-set, was to them “ *holy time*. ” Then, too, most of the commandments in the law were *prohibitory*, to show the sinfulness of sin. “ The law entered that the *offense* might abound.” And even the requisitions, viz., *love*, (on which Jesus said *hang all the law and the prophets*.) could not be kept by an unchanged, unrenewed sinner; yet it shows him his need of mercy and regeneration. God crosses our path with His law, *His will*, until He gets us governed; then He holds us without law, except the “ *Law of the spirit of life* in Christ Jesus, viz., *love*, which makes us free from the law of sin and death.” The words at the close of the general rules as found in the Methodist discipline, bring out this vital truth, viz.: the manner of and knowing for each one what the *will* of God is concerning him, viz.: “ All these things we know, that God, by His Spirit, writes on all truly *awakened hearts*. ” (See discipline showing that God makes His will known to a sinner when He awakens him by His *Spirit*, even if he cannot *read the Bible*.) To illustrate this truth: One wicked, gambling, swearing sinner, for pride and fashion, wore his beard without shaving at all, when it was not so common as now. But God got hold of Hiram B—; He revolutionized him and then sanctified him. Then very soon the Lord began to *govern* Brother B—. He showed him He wanted him to cut off his hair, his beard, which he had worn for the devil and pride. Another, Brother R—, who had always shaved and despised the “ *old bear* ” appearance of long beards—almost felt guilty to go to meeting with three days’

or a weeks' growth of beard on his face, if he had not reached home on Saturday night before twelve o'clock, so to not shave on Sunday. God called him and made it very clear that He did not want him to cut the hair (which He had caused to grow on his face,) from it any more. Although it was a great humiliation and a cross, yet he had promised *obedience*. He stated it publicly in a tent, and said, after giving the history of the light which had been on his mind for months, "*I am done shaving,*" and *I* stand a witness that that brother has never shaved himself since, seven years. Another, of a tavern-keeper, now an old man, who told me that after the Lord converted his soul from a dreadful dark state of infidelity, that he cut his hair once, but the Lord soon showed him *His will*, viz., that he did not want him to cut his hair off any more, and he never has since, now over forty years. Although some of his brethren were going to deal with him for wearing "*long hair*," contrary to the *Bible*. But the Presiding Elder said, "*Perhaps Brother W—— can not get to heaven and cut off his hair.*" So it ended. I wish we had more such Presiding Elders and preachers of such common sense even now to check such fault finders and *little Popes*. *Amen.* Here, now, are three persons who have received the knowledge of the *will* of God concerning them, and obeyed, and yet two of them had to do, to please God, contrary to the plain letter of the *Bible precepts*, viz., "*Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of your beard.*" (See *Lev. xix, 27*). And the other case of long hair: Paul says, (2d *Cor.*, xi, 14,) "*Doth not nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him.*" The "*entranced female*" who saw heaven and its glorious inhabitants, said, "*They all seemed to be moved by a mysterious influence, proceeding from the throne of God.*" *This, then, is the law, viz., the will of God.* "*Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.*" This must be the intention of all who please God, angels or men. He says, as to the outside letter service, "*Sacrifice and offering,*" "*Thou hast had no pleasure,*" is not pleased with it. This is the standard of *morality*. "*I delight to do thy will, O God,*" "*By the which will we are sanctified,*" (see *Heb. x, 10*, and context.) If the thousands in the land who are not free and are not saved would just stop, with *decision*, all *their* performances, and say "*What does God want of me—his will now—and I will do it, whatever it is, anything, I am ready. They would not be at loss long to know, and they would be made free.*

"MATCHLESS SANATIVE."

Quacks and patent doctors, when they wish to recommend their nostrums and their inventions, they usually seek some notice or recommendation which will commend *itself*, and thus inspire confidence in the *author* and also in the *sanative* or *curative* properties of the medicine, so that strict attention will be observed to the rules and manner of the prescriptions, in order to effect a *sale* and a *cure*. One author, some

years since, came out with the above recommendation, viz., "*Matchless sanative*," which signifies a *sanative* or mode and means of *cure* which has no *equal, matchless*. Now, I am no quack or patent doctor in religion, but am an *Agent* of and for Jesus Christ, and I am authorized by Him who "*is alive forevermore*," to advertise a *matchless sanative* for the *entire cure* of human beings from the guilt and *all* the consequences of sin in *this life*, and consequently of that which is to come, by simple *faith and obedience to the will of God*. Here is the "*tonic*," viz., 1st, negatively, "*Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you;*" 2d, positively, "*My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed; whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him.*" The *blood of Christ* is the *only cure*, the *only tonic* or *sanative*, to purge the conscience and cleanse the heart from sin. (See *Heb. ix, 14*,) "*How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works, (formalism,) to serve the living God?*" And "*if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;*" (see *1st John, i, 7*,) Third, and lastly, the mode of administering this medicine in order to insure a *cure*, especially if *your* case is a chronic one, or even a relapse of the disease, (viz., "*lost thy first love,*") 1st, admit *in yourself* that God alone must have *your* case and *you* too, if you are ever *cured*; 2d, consent to be led in a way you have *not known*; not on *your* plans, nor as in your former experience, because it never comes in that manner; 3d, consent and determine to *trust God*, your *Redeemer and Saviour*, if you think He is *yet alive*, by making the following vow, viz., 1st, *I will not allow this getting right with God to be put off any longer*; 2d, *I will now go (just as I am,) into my room or closet, and I will never leave there until I "feel after Him and find Him," stay till He comes.* Now, I ask, *will you do this?* If you say, *yes, I will*, then I am authorized to *warrant a cure*. I have proved it; others have proved it, and are *free*. Do not experiment, but settle it with the *will* before you begin. The battle is then half fought.

WRESTLING JACOB.

1. In vain thou struggest to get free—
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know—
Thy nature know.
2. Although my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain—
When I am weak, then I am strong;
And when my *all* of strength shall fail,
I shall with Jesus Christ prevail—
With Christ prevail.
3. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
To know it *now*, resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know—
Thy nature know

4. Yield to me now, for I am weak,
Yet confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be love—
Thy name be love.
5. 'Tis love, 'tis love, thou died'st for me.
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee—
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love—
Thy name is love
6. Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth and sin with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is love—
Thy name is love.

Make the above *vow*, and then sing these lines while on your knees, before the Lord, in your closet, in the spirit of them, and the Lord will bring you in possession of all you hunger and thirst for—into the “Holy of Holies;” yea, *into God*.

N. B.—If the hymn is not long enough to bring you through, then sing it over and over, all or a part of it, or put another with or to it; then go over it again, get up, and walk and sing, but keep your *promise*. Here is the *issue* with the devil and with your *unbelieving self*. Remember, the darkest hour of the night is just before the day dawns. Abraham felt “a horror and a *darkness*” come down upon him just before the “burning lamp and smoking furnace came down on the offering,” which gave him the witness that the *covenant* was accepted and ratified, on the part of God, and on the conditions *He* had proposed. God *will not* come to our terms until our will is *entirely* subject to *His will*.

SPECIAL PRECEPT.

“*Greet one another with a holy kiss.*” This is one of the most expressive modes of showing our love to each other, that God has provided. But if there had been no danger of neglect or of shrinking from this outward *expression* of love, (and thereby to “let your love abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgment,”) this precept probably would not have been written. And, too, the Apostle being a prisoner, he could not, by *oral* precept and example, enforce this duty of Christians to each other, although they were all taught of God, of the Spirit, to love one another, and also the command of the Saviour, viz.: “This I command you, that ye love one another as I have loved you.” The Apostles being prisoners, and under the authority of civil officers, could not teach the disciples of Jesus, so they had recourse to writing. Here is the source of some parts of the New Testament. John was banished to the Isle of Patmos. If they could have murdered him by casting him into hot oil, we perhaps would never have had the Book of *Revelations*. But by having these letters, and the account given as *records*, seen in the four Evangelists, viz., Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the writers of the history of Jesus and the Acts

of the Apostles, and of the Christians constituting the church in that day, it carried the church (the few who survived the corruption) in and through what is termed the “Dark Ages,” as a kind of *detector*. But it is not the Bible, nor any part of it, that *makes* Christians—it is this *love* which makes and constitutes a Christian; and being *led* and *guided* by the *Spirit*, who inspired that love in the heart, and who alone maintains that flame of love and union with Jesus, which makes us fruitful branches of the vine. And He it is who prompts it and leads to greet the child of God—whether man or woman—“with a holy kiss;” and whoever *restrains* or refuses to give it outward expression, when felt and directed by its promptings within, will invariably grieve the Holy Spirit of God; lose the love and peace with God, and bring darkness and confusion on themselves, and also upon those they neglected to kiss. There is wonderful *power* in a kiss of *love*. I have seen several blessed so they lost their strength and fell by the power of God, by being greeted in this manner, and the power of temptation broken instantly on others, when God has sent that melting, dissolving expression of His love, and has been obeyed promptly.

Give, then, ye disciples of Jesus your Master, this expression of your love to those belonging to the family of God, without hesitation or restraint, when inspired by it, and do not be particular or *careful* about the circumstances, or who are present,—remember God is present, and He will be pleased when you follow these feelings and this familiarity with one another. It is love which constitutes the happiness of heaven. *Get it*, if you have it not, and then do not restrain its promptings.

TWO SECRETS FOUND.

Mercy B—, a young woman, living then at Montezuma, Cayuga Co., with Brother Warner, one of the traveling preachers of the Oneida Conference, and stationed there in 1863; she had obtained the blessing of holiness at the camp-meeting in the summer, on the Auburn district, and she had been pressed by the spirit ever since the camp-meeting to make some noise, and was so fearful that she would make some strange ado or noise of some kind, that she would be ashamed of, that she many times did bury her face in the bed clothes while on her knees by the side of her bed before retiring for the night, as she confessed to me, this first secret after being made free, in the following manner, viz., First, in a prayer meeting at a private house in the village. The Spirit made me *roar* once or twice, and she was *tried* with me, then an entire stranger. But being introduced, shook hands, but said nothing then. A few evenings afterwards, while in a prayer meeting in the meeting house; the power of God was so manifested that Mercy *screamed* before she was aware of it, with all her caution. She said her mouth came open, and the loud, shrill scream came out. Next, in a season of prayer in the family, Mercy screamed and lost her strength, and Brother Warner and I left her lying in the rocking-chair, head and arms

not able to move. The next time I shall mention was on Sunday, in the class-meeting, while she was speaking she screamed and fell back into her seat, happy as a girl could well be, as she said afterwards. But it was mortifying and crucifying to her ambition and to her *will*, insomuch that she tried and even wished she could be blessed some other way. Then she began to *avoid me*, and, after a little, distressed with my presence, would leave the room, which I had noticed, and when I inquired the cause, she said, "Brother Reddy, I feel so distressed when you come into the house, I can not stay here; there is something about you that is wrong, I feel so distressed *all through my body*." I said, "Mercy, your *will* is not entirely given up to God." She said, "I know I am all given up; I am willing the Lord shall use and lead me just as He will." Brother Warner then proposed a season of prayer, but Mercy went to one corner of the room, so distressed with being close to me. Brother W—— said, "Mercy, take your chair and kneel down close to Brother Reddy, and pray for him, and you will feel better, and get help." She finally did, and prayed for me, and she found the other *secret*, viz., her *unbelief* in reference to *me* and herself too, that she was under conviction for her unwillingness to be led in such a singular way, and be a speckled bird in the flock, be led to try others, to be so *dead* and separated from the great mass that profess religion. The old temptation, but a little changed, so as to bear more directly and heavily upon the instrument which God had sent to help her away from the devil into that happiness and freedom which she had for a time enjoyed. The subtlety of the devil, in his hatred to me and her Holy Ghost screams, had made it seem like a truth that she was all given up, *will and all*, and that it must be something *in me* or *about me* which was not just right in the sight of God. But when she was persuaded by Brother Warner to resist the temptation, to kneel by and pray for me, the spell was broken on *her* instead of a change *in me*. She had no distress then with my presence, then it was agreeable; but while she harbored the devil, though disguised, she could not *endure me*. "He that receiveth you receiveth me."—Jesus.

Another young woman, referred to in the thirteenth chapter of this work, who finally made the confession and disclosure of the *whole secret*; said to me at first she could not *look at me*, could not look into *my face*, it distressed her so. I suppose God's Spirit was then calling her to make the confession to me, that she might be healed *then*. But she suffered more than a year after this before I knew fully why I was burdened so deeply whenever I came where she was. She could not be healed until the wrong on her part and the secret was out; then God could heal her body and keep her whole, if she did not become ashamed of it or doubt some part or all of it. "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee." *Unbelief, doubt*, is the worst sin in the whole of moral actions which offends God; yea, *it is the root of all sin*; it makes God the liar instead of the

devil. "He that believeth not God hath made *Him a liar*." (See 1st John, v, 10.)

Another woman, a Sister White, from Elmira, while I was holding a meeting in Cayuga Co., in conversation with her a few minutes where she was taking care of a sick sister; she came to the meeting the next Sunday, came forward and found the sanctifying love of God, and was one happy woman; she lost her strength when the work was done. She said, while I conversed with her about a clean heart a few days before, she began to tremble and was afraid she would fall out of her chair, from the inward *agitation*. She arose hastily and left the room, but thought it was caused by the wonderful stories she had heard about me. The Spirit *thus seals conviction*. See the case of Moses, who had to vail his face so they could *endure the light*. See also the case of Stephen, "They saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." God thus makes us his representatives. "I said, ye are God's." This is God's way to save.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

1. O, who'll stand up with Jesus,
The lowly *Nazarene*?
And raise the blood-stained banner
Amidst the hosts of sin.

CHORUS—The Cross of Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixions bear,
Assured I'll never perish,
Since Jesus leads me there.

2. Ah, who will follow Jesus
Amidst reproach and shame?
Where others shrink or falter,
Confess the Naz'reite Name.

The Cross of Christ, &c.

3. Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storm may blow,
Though friends may leave forever,
Who will with Jesus go?

The Cross of Christ, &c.

4. Though foes should madly gather,
And devils rage and roar,
Who'll tread the fiery furnace
With Jesus evermore?

The Cross of Christ, &c.

5. My *all* to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my *reputation*;
This path is now my *choice*.

The Cross of Christ, &c.

6. O, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend,
Still hold me to Thy bosom,
'Till toils and trials end.

The Cross of Christ, &c.

DOXOLOGIES FOR THE TABLE.

CHRIST IN THE HOME.

1. Welcome, welcome, gracious Saviour,
Welcome to this dwelling-place;
Here, if we have found Thy favor,
Let the smilings of Thy face
Rest upon us, rest upon us,
As a cloud of glorious grace;
Rest upon us, rest upon us,
As a cloud of glorious grace.

2. Come, as when to Martha's dwelling
 Thon did'st seek a calm retreat;
 As when Mary, softly stealing,
 Sat in meekness at Thy feet.
 So in mercy, so in mercy,
 Bless us as we sit at meat;
 So in mercy, so in mercy,
 Bless us as we sit at meat.—*Amen.*

NEVER UNTIMELY.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him *all* creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—*Amen.*

INVITATION AND " THANKSGIVING."

1. Be present at this table, Lord,
 Be here and every where adored;
 These creatures bless, and grant that we
 May feast in Paradise with Thee.
 In Paradise, in Paradise,
 May feast in Paradise with Thee.—*Amen.*
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food;
 We thank Thee more for Jesus' blood;
 Let manna to our souls be given—
 The Bread of Life, sent down from heaven.
 Sent down from heaven, sent down from
 heaven,
 The Bread of Life, sent down from heaven.
 —*Amen.*

TEN ARTICLES OF RELIGION.

1st. God made man in His own image, *pure and holy*, consequently happy like Himself, and designed him to be thus, with an increase while in union with Him and in obedience to His will on earth and in heaven forever.

2d. The origin of *evil*, of *sin*, was in the action or consent of the *will* of a holy being, a creature of God, moving without consulting the *will* of the Creator; and hence the sinning angels, their downfall, the origin of devils, "Who kept not their first estate, but *left their own habitation*," (but not in heaven.)

3d. These *first* sinners by *stealth* gained first the attention, then consent, of the *will* to *reason*, then struck with doubt, the spirit or mind of Eve, moving her with lying or deceptive motives to do the *will* of Satan, instead of the *will* of God. "Satan beguiled me, and I did eat."

4th. That satan struck the poison of *sin* in man first, and the most *deeply* on the finest sensibilities, and on the most *delicate parts*, the *affections and passions*, and there took his seat. Hence the "aprons" to hide those parts, and also the *unbelief* seen in the *care*, then in the *shame*, covering the (now) *secrets* first.

5th. The *remedy* for the evils of *sin* originated in the *love and wisdom* of God inventing or devising redemption by Jesus Christ, as a *substitute*, a scheme, found *outside* of the *law* and ordinary principles of His government and unthought of previously. (See Gen. vi. 6.)*

* And hence the word Saviour, after sin came, and then death.

6th. That Jesus Christ, by His *sacrificial* death, brought back the race of man, and the forfeited kingdom of Adam. And he commenced taking possession on the day of Pentecost, by the Spirit and by His servants and representatives, in or by the *miracles* and *signs* which *confounded* the people and the devil too.

7th. That the system of salvation provided is *complete*, in its *design* and *adaptation*, to accomplish the full and complete remedy for all the evils of *sin in this life*. Renewing us in the "image of God," as at the first, and at the close of life immortalizing the body by the power of Christ's Resurrection, who is, spiritually, "The Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

8th. That the Holy Ghost has come to carry out this scheme, and finish up this restoration in *all* who *believe and obey Him*; imparting to each some miraculous and adapted gift or sign, thus equipping them for this aggressive war, and whose guidance and authority they regard as *supreme here*, above all *law or rule* even of the Bible itself, *now as ever* subject to His interpretation.

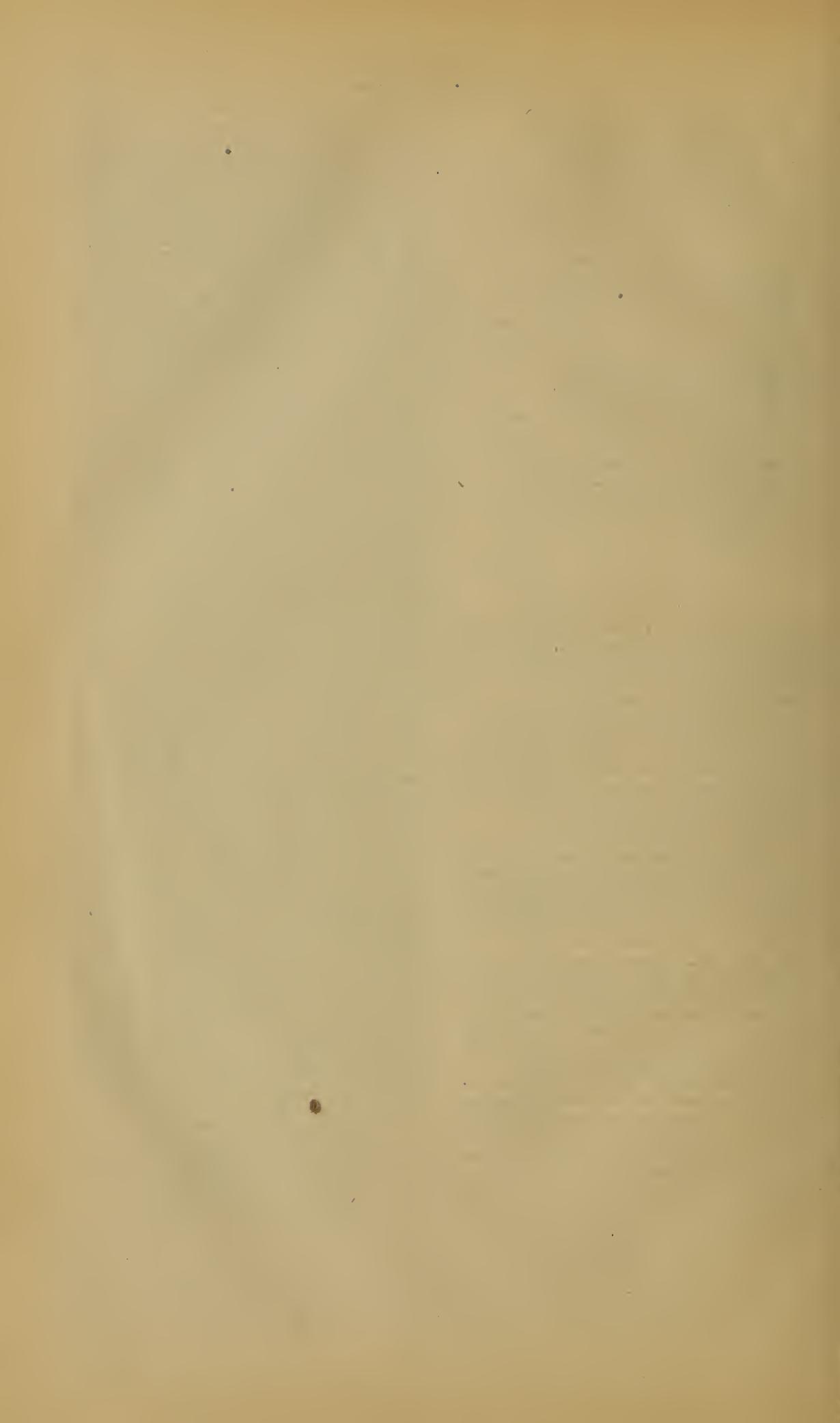
9th. That there will be a *general and final* judgment at the *last day of time*; over which Jesus Christ will preside as King and Judge. From whose lips will be pronounced the unalterable destiny or doom of men and angels, according as their works have been: "They that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation."

10th. That there is a heaven where God and all *pure* beings do and will live and dwell forever, and none others but the *pure*; where was never any *pain or sin*, because not a probationary state or trial, but of *reward*, where happiness is *unmixed* and increasing—duration *without end*. And also a hell of fire in the future world, where the devil, his angels and all men and beings like him, sinners in disposition and temper, and unrenewed, will be punished with unmitigated sufferings, and increasing in endless duration, and no *sympathy* existing among them, nor between the inhabitants of the two worlds. No hope of release from the woes of the one, nor danger of ever forfeiting the safety and bliss of the other. "Be ever with the Lord;" "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words." While the wicked are cursed and doomed, with the devil and his angels, to everlasting fire, where is weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth; "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

" Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste His love.
 Since now thou standest at the door,
 O let me *feel* thee near,
 And make my peace with God before
 I at thy bar appear."

(NOT)

THE END.



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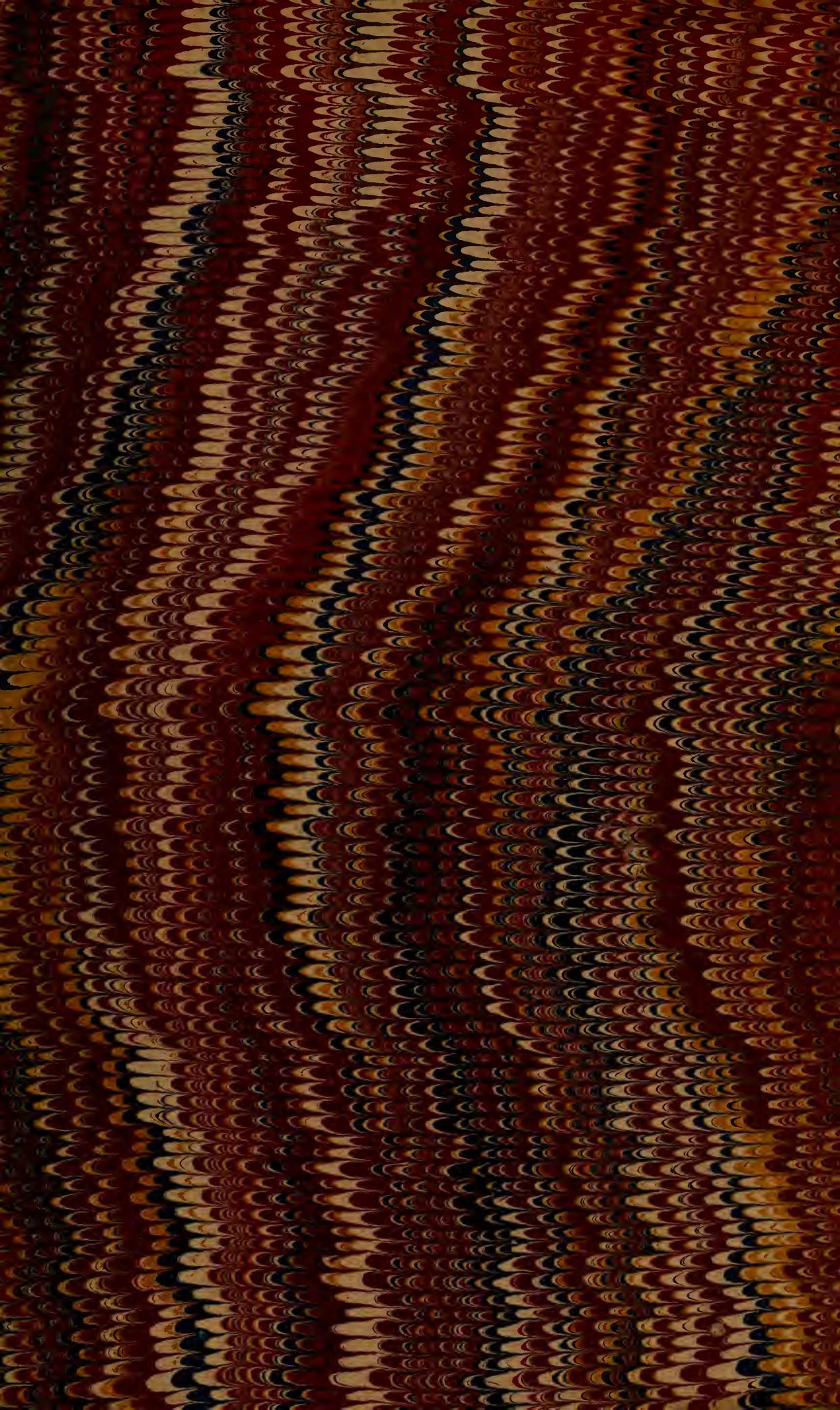
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